# The Public Sphere of Birds

## Volume 2
## 1776 to 1800

The Public Sphere of Birds. Volume 2. 1776 to 1800

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# The Public Sphere of Birds
## Volume 2. 1776-1800.

### Introduction.

This volume collects bird-related articles in U.S. newspapers from 1776 through the end of 1800. These articles were found using the search terms “bird” and “birds” in two commercial newspaper archives. Please see the introduction to volume 1 in this series for more details about the origins and purposes of this project.

The term “public sphere” is used deliberately and for two related reasons. First, this is a collection of items about birds that circulated in the print networks of the day. Second, it highlights the fact that communication and media, particularly in political discourse, were often figured as birds.

This volume includes a particularly good example of both aspects: the use of “Mother Carey’s Chickens” (storm petrels) as satiric proxies for “Jacobins” warning about Federalist conspiracies. (See Pete Kyle McCarter (1979) for more details about the political context). Mirroring the story of Psapho (see volume 1), a story in the *Gazette of the United States* (April 13, 1793) began with a “philosopher and politician” who trained the birds, parrot-like, to utter Jacobin slogans, which were then sent to federal ships to scream : “Aristocrat! Aristocrat! Hell of Monarchy! Sash and Ribband! Apollyon son of Beliah! Treasury Blood-sucker! ...etc.” This story was widely reprinted and responded to in other papers, both Federalist and Republican. But the storm petrel itself was a kind of communication medium to sea-faring people—an omen of rough weather. While they are not known for their vocalizations at sea, recordings of their calls suggest that while foraging in groups, they can be incessant chatterers, and nesting colonies, particularly from a distance, can sound uncannily like the mutterings of a crowd of humans.

In many ways, the appearance of birds in newspapers during this era was an extension of the way they were represented during the colonial period (Volume 1).

Fables set “when birds could chat” continued to be effective ways to talk elliptically about politics. A particularly pointed example in this volume was a retelling of the “flittermouse” fable in a 1787 poem that compared the bat’s expedience in alternately choosing sides during the war of the birds and the beasts with Americans who did the same during the Revolutionary War.

But more attention was drawn to stories from natural history, though such stories often perpetuated myths, such as the ability of snakes to “fascinate” birds (robustly criticized in a long piece by Benjamin S. Barton) or the sub-aqueous hibernation of swallows during the winter. The British enthusiasm for natural history during this period made reliable species accounts available for insertion, including a detailed study of cuckoo brood parasitism and a extended piece by Thomas Pennant on the rice bunting (not yet called the bobolink).

Some bird-related monuments of British literature made it to U.S. newspapers.

Coleridge's "The Nightingale," was excerpted from an early edition of a *Collection of Lyrical Ballads*. Gilbert White's observations on the notes of birds ("...little is said, but much is meant and understood") was excerpted from the *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*. And Laurence Sterne's starling episode (simultaneously a symbolic caged bird moment and a rhetorical bird) from *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy* made an appearance in U.S. newspapers. Newspapers also began publishing more bird-related poems in the "sentimental" mode stimulated by the 18th century sensibility movement, including Jago, Shenstone, Pratt and Cowper; some of these fall into the oft-parodied "elegy to the dead pet" category.

The sentimental mode might be best exemplified by Samuel Jackson Pratt's poem, "The Partridges: An Elegy," which urged the reader to sympathize with the plight of the bird during hunting season. One commentator noted that the poem would not "spare the life of a single bird," though sportsmen may be "subdued to tenderness" while reading it. Indeed, increased sensitivity to cruelty can be seen in responses to a 1786 trained bird show in Boston, the trainer accused of torturing his birds in a "recital of cruelty," that was also criticized for revealing the low state of public culture in Boston during that period.

The period covered by this volume shows an increase in mass bird shooting parties (often in combination with "grand squirrel hunts") as well as hunting-related accidents and increased regulation and enforcement of shooting on private property and city limits. Both serious guides to bird shooting and humorous stories of "cockney hunters" were imported from Great Britain. Most of the hunting stories were reprinted without comment, but some received special critical attention from editors and correspondents.

The best example of this was a widely circulated report of a blackbird hunting party in Boxford, Massachusetts in 1800, that received an impassioned response from C.W. Peale, who had gained public notice because of his heavily publicized Philadelphia museum. Indeed, Peale's "Address to the Inhabitants of Boxford Parish," might be the most consequential newspaper advocacy of wild bird protection during this early period (see Oehlkers 2025). In supportive response, the *Salem Gazette* inserted Benjamin S. Barton's annotated list of "useful birds" from his *Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania* into the conversation, a moment that not only shows the development of the "useful birds" framework justifying their protection, but that scientific documents like Barton's *Fragment*s, often held to be the reserve of the intellectual elite, were readily introduced to larger publics via newspapers.

In 1790, a widely circulated article touted the house sparrow as useful bird, drawing from an early 18th century agricultural periodical edited by Richard Bradley. From this point on, "Bradley says a pair of house sparrows consume 3360 caterpillars in a week" would be a factoid filling space in newspaper columns; in reframing a "pest" as a "useful bird," it was ultimately a significant influence in the later decision to import house sparrows to the United States as pest-destroyers.

The plan for this volume is straight-forward: a collection of bird related-articles (including verse, fiction and advertising) listed in chronological order. Items largely about birds or bird-relevant topics are included in full; items that mention birds but

are not mainly about birds are included in edited form. Each item header includes the name of the publication the item appeared in, the state in which the publication was based, the date of publication, the page number, and when available, the headline and/or author. I've also indicated in brackets the original source of the text and made a note in cases where item was widely circulated or uncredited. I have used endnotes for additional commentary.

## References

McCarter, P.K (1979). "Mother Carey's Jacobin Chickens. *Early American Literature*. 14(2), 163-173.

Oehlkers, P.W. (2025b) The Blackbirds of Boxford. Early American Wild Bird Advocacy, *Bird Observer* 53 (5)

## 1776

*The Norwich Packet and the Connecticut, Massachusetts, New-Hampshire & Rhode Island Advertiser* (CT) 1776 07 22 page 4 The Goose by "A Whip Poor Will"

A Prologue—no—call it an Epilogue
A forward Goose pluck'd feather from its side
And thus bespoke the long-neck'd cackling tribe:
"I'll make this pen make rhymes, to blast the fame
"Of that bold-soaring Eagle, John* by name; [*A popular preacher[1]]
"Have we not cause to pull this up-start down?
"To clip his pinions, and to trim our own?
"To check the fly a-ways, who hear him sing?
"To hold the few remaining yet on wing?—-
"Discordant are his notes, yet something charms;
"For all the flying world around him swarms
"Already; has he lured the Swans away—
"The Ducks may follow, if the Geese should stay
"This is the burden of his fame."—Come—try;—
All birds have wings, and what has wings may fly;
Disdain the meanness of an earthly grove—
Quit all your paths in shades, and with me rove,
Thro' fields of Aeither to my father Jove:
"See how the flocks attend his aerial flight;
"Even Wild Geese flutter after, out of sight;
"'Tis time, high time, that something should be done;
"Or soon, my friends, you'll waddle here alone,
"Through desert pens; and if the ponds be dry,
"The dusty plain is ours, and his the stey[?]
"Come, then, if Swans can sing, why may not Geese,
"As like to Swans? As Chalk is like to Cheese:
"I'll try to rhyme with wounds, this thing so vogue;
"See, here it is—what is it? a Prologue: * [*Norwich Packet*, No 146[2]]
"Clap all your wings, and all your voices raise,
"Ye Geese, ye Ganders, scream the Prologue's praise."

N.B. Under the favor of a Pythagorean metaphysics the Eagle, Swan, Ducks, Geese, and wild fowls may intimate the several dispositions of mankind, as it regards the subject of the above lines.

## 1777

*The New-York Gazette and the Weekly Mercury* (NY) 1777 01 27 page 1 Extract of a letter from Southampton, Sept. 17

…October 17. The following melancholy accident happened last week near Fort

George. Major Balfour, of the First or Royal Scots Regiments, and his brother, being out a shooting, the major fired his piece at some birds, and desired his brother to fire also, who was preparing to do so, when unluckily the Major stepped forward before the muzzle of his brother's gun, which went off, and lodged the shot in the Major's head, who expired a few hours after. The Major was universally esteemed. No words can express the agony of this brother on this melancholy occasion....

*Dunlap's Maryland Gazette or, the Baltimore General Advertiser* (MD) 1777 04 29 page 4 For the Maryland Gazette by W.C.D.

You must know, it is my general custom after the dawn of day, to walk a mile, in order to reap the salutary benefit of the fragrant air, and to behold the rising of the glorious sun…

The morning air, my senses cheer,
With Nature's rich perfumes;
While dew drops bright, attract my sight,
Which Phaebus now illumes/
But hark! how sweet, the birds repeat,
Their morning hymns of praise;
Whilst man alone, will scarcely own,
the Author of his days
….
Content alone, is worth a throne,
And all that I desire.

**1779**

*The Royal Gazette* (NY) 1779 05 05 page 3 Extract of a letter from Savannah, Georgia, dated April 17

...His Majesty's ship Daphne, Captain Chinnery, some days ago, off Charlestown, fell in with the rebel brig Hornet…the Hornet being presently taken…This enabled Captain Chinnery to man the Hornet with the brave lads lately set at liberty, and as this vessel is one of the smartest sailors and best appointed that ever was built in America, much execution is expected from her operations against the tobacconists, rice birds, wheat ears, &c. &c. &c.

*The Pennsylvania Evening Post* (PA) 1779 06 29 page 4 Worcester, June 10

A melancholy accident happened last Friday at Sutton. Mr. Edward Severy and Mr. John Holman went out in a field in order to shoot birds; Mr. Holman presented his gun at a bird which flew away before he had time to fire, and in attempting to unlock his gun, it unfortunately went off and discharged the whole of its contents through the body of Mr. Severy, who was but about one rod distant. He died five hours after....

**1782**

*The Royal Gazette* (NY) 1782 01 16 page 2 Advertisement.

> Goldsmiths History of Animated Nature[3], a most elegant edition, with fine cuts. To be had of the Printer—Also, Mr. Pennant's History of Birds, Beasts &c.

*The Independent Chronicle and the Universal Advertiser* (MA) 1782 01 17 page 3 Boston, January 17 (widely reported)

The refugees at New-York seem to be in the slough of despond. Those of Sandy-Hook, are if possible in a still worse condition, as the vigilance of the Brunswick whale boats is a considerable check as well to their robberies as the clandestine commerce they carried on with the disaffected inhabitants over the lines. It is affirmed for truth, that the Sandy-Hook tories have subsisted for some time past chiefly upon the crows they shot at that place, but as these birds have at length become shy by having so unremitted, incessant and well directed a fire kept up upon them, it is hard to say what will support these deluded people through the winter, unless the British allow them to draw rations. Some think the crows will, in turn, pick their bones before all is over….

## 1783

*The Royal American Gazette* (NY) page 1 1783 02 11 page 1 Advertisement.

> Now ready for the Press and proposed to be published by subscription, at the printing office, No. 2, Queen Street.
> The Sportsman's Companion; or, An Essay on Shooting
> Illustriously showing in what manner to fire at birds of game, in various directions and situations;
> and
> Directions to gentlemen for the treatment and breaking their own pointers and spaniels, and the necessary precautions to guard against many accidents that attend this pleasant diversion;
> With
> Several other useful and interesting particulars relative thereto
> [Never before Published]
> By a Gentleman,
> Who has made shooting his favorite amusement upwards of twenty-six years, in Great Britain, Ireland, and North America....

*The Independent Gazetteer or, the Chronicle of Freedom* (PA) 1783 09 13 page 4 Address to a Redbreast (J. Langhorne, 1766, uncredited)

> Little bird with bosom red,
> Welcome to my humble shed.
> Courtly domes of high degree
> Have no room for thee and me.
> Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
> Nothing mind an empty song.

Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal,
Doubt not little tho' there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
Well rewarded if I spy
Pleasure in thy glancing eye;
See thee when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.

Come my feathered friend again
Well thou know'st the broken pane,
Ask of me thy daily store;
Go not near Avaro's door;
Once within his iron hall,
Woeful end shall thee befall.
Savage!…He would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Nor should innocence or song,
Thy unpitied life prolong.[4]

*The Maryland Gazette* (MD) 1783 10 30 page 1 London, July 13. (widely circulated for many years)

When Montesquieu was asked which had the greatest right to salvation, a merciful infidel or a cruel christian? he made this reply:—"I knew a Turk, a slave on board one of the king's allies, so very merciful, that he never gave the least pain to his fellows by a vile insinuation; and when at any time he possessed a few livres, he would distribute them for the release of poor birds, or any pitiable creature in confinement. On the other hand, his keeper was cruel as the Turk was merciful. The Turk lived and died as a christian ought to do; the christian like the vilest Turk. Which now, think you, had the greatest right to salvation? the Turk, returned the priest, for the latter renounced Christianity the moment he relinquished mercy.

**1784**

*The Independent Ledger and the American Advertiser* (PA) 1784 02 16 page 1 [John Wesley, *Thoughts Upon Slavery* 1774]

As historical knowledge how the Negroes live in, the occasion and manner of their being made slaves and transported from their native country, must at once enable the humane and benevolent to form their conclusions in regard to the justice and propriety of discontinuing the slave-trade, the following observations and historical remarks, extracted principally from the pious J. Wesley's treatise on the subject, are now thought proper to be offered to the public, for their serious consideration…

Barbot...says, many of the slaves sold by the Negroes are prisoners of war, or taken in the incursions they make into their enemies territories—others are stolen. Abundance

of little blacks, of both sexes, are stolen away by their neighbors when found abroad on the roads or in the woods, or else in the corn fields, at the time of the year when their parents keep them all day to scare away the devouring birds; "that their own parents sell them is utterly false…."

*The Continental Journal and Weekly Advertiser* (MA) 1784 02 19 page 1 The History of America by William Robertson, D.D. (continued)

...From the condition of his ships, as well as the temper of his men, Columbus now found it necessary to hasten his return to Europe…He had on board some of the natives, whom he had taken from the different islands which he had discovered; and besides the gold, which was the chief object of research, he had collected specimens of all the productions which were likely to become subjects of commerce in the several countries, as well as many unknown birds, and other natural curiosities, which might attract the attention of the learned, or excite the wonder of the people…

*South Carolina Gazette and General Advertiser* (SC) 1784 02 19 page 1 Advertisement

Wanted to purchase
And a generous price will be given,
A dozen or two of red-birds, black-birds, great larks, sparrows of the different kinds, and a few pair of summer-ducks.
Enquire of the Printer.

*South Carolina Gazette and General Advertiser* (SC) 1784 02 28 page 1 Advertisement

For Sale,
At No. 88, Broad Street,
An assortment of foreign birds, imported in the last vessel from London.—
Likewise, wanted a quantity of various sorts of birds, quadrupeds, &c for which a generous price will be given.

*The Independent Ledger and the American Advertiser* (PA) 1784 02 28 Praise of a Marriage State

Hail Wedlock! hail, inviolable tye!
Perpetual fountain of domestic joy!
Love, friendship, honor, truth, and pure delight
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.
In Eden first the holy state began,
When perfect innocence distinguish'd man;
The human pair th' Almighty Pontiff led,
Gay as the morning, to the bridal bed;
A dread solemnity th' espousals grac'd,
Angels the witnesses, and God the priest!

All earth exulted on the nuptial hour,
And voluntary roses deck'd the bow's;
The joyous birds on ev'ry blossom'd spray,
Sung Hymeneans to th' important day,
While Philomela swell'd the spousal song,
And Paradise with gratulation rung.

*The Massachusetts Centinel and The Republican Journal* (MA) 1784 03 24 The News-Paper

To preserve a similitude of publications in our introductory numbers, we have inserted the following.

Did you ne'er see an Hawk or Kite,
With rapid wings first take its flight;
Then hovering round the field or spray,
Souse down at once, and seize his prey.
  The Politician thus you spy,
Tripping to Coffee-House just by;
And fixing on the News his eyes,
With greediness enjoys the prize:
Then however returns with head quite full—
Extremely wise—extremely dull.
Assumes political capacity,
And deals out news with great sagacity:—
Of all the senates of the States,
He tells their motions and debates:
Tells where the Congress will remain,
And who's the resident from Spain:
How New-York whigs the tories plague,
Who's our ambassador at the Hague.
His hearers all admire his sense,
And wonder at the intelligence.
At night the Club enjoys his gleanings,
Assertions—observations—meanings:—
The fearful shrug—the knitted brow,—
The fact—the place—the when—the how.
  We say (with def'rence to the college)
News papers are the spring of knowledge;
The gen'ral source throughout the nation,
Of every modern conversation.
What would this mighty people do,
If there, alas! was nothing new?
  We tell you, patrons, what relates
To make us formidable states;
We tell how Europe's balance stands,

How Russia's Queen the Turk commands,
How Popish power hath dissipated,
And Frederick just annihilated,
Our services you can't express
The good we do you hardly guess;
There's scarce a want of human kind,
But we a remedy can find.
  If any gentleman wants a wife,
A partner (as 'tis termed) for life,
An Advertisement does the thing,
And quickly will the party bring.
Lands may be had; if you would buy,
We tell you where you may apply;
Goods of all sorts where bought and sold;
Houses to purchase, new or old.
Ships, shops of every shape and form,
Carriages, horses, servants swarm.
No matter whether good or bad,
We tell you where they may be had.
  If you want money you'll be serv'd,
And strictest secrecy observ'd;
The sum you ask will straight be lent,
At the small charge of cent. per cent.
  A News Paper is like a feast,
Some dish there is for every guest.
Some large, some small, some strong, some tender,
For ev'ry stomach, stout or slender;
Those who roast beef and ale delight in,
Are pleas'd with trumpets, drums and fighting.
For those who are more puny made,
Are arts, and sciences, and trade;
For fanciful and am'rous blood,
We have a soft poetic food;
For witty and satiric folks,
High-seasoned, acid, bitter jokes;
And when we strive to please the mob,
A jest, a quarrel, or a job.

*The Salem Gazette* (MA) 1784 04 27 page 4 (The Ape, the Parrot, and the Jackdaw) contributed by "Z." [Fables by William Wilkie]

To the printer of the Salem Gazette

As the air-balloons, lately invented in France, have made such a noise in the world, excited so much curiosity in most persons to see them, and a strong desire in some to fly with them, I send you the following extract from an excellent Fable (a little altered

for the present purpose) to publish in your useful paper, before the arrival of these dangerous machines in our aerial regions; that those, who may have a disposition to venture their necks or limbs hereafter, may not have it to say (if it should turn out no worse with them than the sequel in the Fable) they were not better advised.

An ape that was the sole delight
Of an old woman, day and night,
Indulg'd at table and in bed,
Attended like a child, and fed;
Who knew each trick, and twenty more,
Than ever monkey play'd before,
At last grew frantic, and would try,
In spite of nature's laws, to fly.
Oft from the window he would view
The passing swallows as they flew,
Observe them fluttering round the walls,
Or gliding o'er the smooth canals;
He too must fly, and cope with these;
For this, and nothing else, would please
...
He thought it best to ask advice;
And to the parrot straight applying,
Allowed to be a judge of flying,
He thus began: "You'll think me rude,
Forgive me if I do intrude,
For you alone my doubts can clear
In something that concerns me near;
Do you imagine, if I try,
That I shall e'er attain to fly?
The project's whimsical, no doubt,
But ere you censure, hear me out;
That liberty's our greatest blessing,
You'll grant me without further pressing;
To live confin'd, 'tis plain and clear,
Is something very hard to bear;
This you must know, who for an age
Have been kept prisoner in a cage,
Denied the privilege to soar
With boundless freedom as before.
...
…I fain would rise
Above the earth and mount the skies;
The meanest birds and insects too,
This feat with greatest ease can do.
To that gay creature turn about,
That's beating on the pane without;

…
Shall I despair, and never try
(What meanest insects can) to fly?

…

Poor Poll, with generous pity moved,
The ape's fond rashness thus reproved;
My friend, the privilege to rise
Above the earth, and mount the skies,
Is glorious sure, and 'tis my fate
To feel the want on't with regret;
A prisoner to a cage confined,
Tho' winged and of the flying kind.
With you the case is not the same,
You're quite terrestrial by your frame,
And should be perfectly content
With your peculiar element;
You have no wings, I pray reflect,
To lift you, and your course direct:
And therefore, if you choose the way,
To leap the window, as you say,
'Tis certain that you'll be the jest
Of every insect, bird and beast,
When you lie battered by your fall,
Just at the bottom of the wall.
Be prudent then, improve the pow'rs,
Which nature gives in place of our's.
You'll find them readily conduce
At once to pleasure and to use;
But airy whims and crotchets lead
To certain loss and ne'er succeed.
The ape, tho inly vexed and teased,
Went off as satisfied and pleased;
The advice he scorned, and still was bent
On making the experiment.
He to the Daw next broke the matter;—
The Daw was more dispos'd to flatter.
He knew how the attempt must end;
But would not disoblige his friend;
Reflecting that advice is lost
In which the inclination's crossed,
And how much enmity we raise
By blaming those who come for praise,
He rather chose that Pug shou'd try,
At his own proper risk to fly,
Than hazard, in a case so nice,

To shock him by too free advice.
Quoth he, I'm certain that you'll find
The project answer to your mind;
Without suspicion, dread or care,
At once commit you to the air;
You'll soar aloft, or, if you please,
Proceed straight forward at your ease:
The whole depends on resolution,
Which you possess from constitution.
The Ape, altho' he had believ'd
The flatterer, and was deceiv'd,
Felt some misgivings at his heart
In venturing on so new an art;
But yet at last, tween hope and fear,
Himself he trusted to the air,
But fared like him whom poets mention
With Daedalus's old invention;
Directly downward on his head
He fell, and lay an hour for dead[5]….

*The Pennsylvania Journal, and the Weekly Advertiser* (PA) 1784 05 15 page 3
An Ode to May by A.P.

Ye Virgin Nine assist my song
Awake, my tuneful lyre
While from the noisy giddy throng
To where the Schuylkill rolls along
I joyfully retire:
Fair river, on thy verdant brink,
With me the Muse shall sit and think;
While thy waves incessant wand'ring,
Rove amid the happy vales,
And in limpid firearms meandering
Learn the plaintive lover's tales.
Lo how the trees in glad array!
And feathered throng with warbling throat
Rejoice to see the vernal day;
The little dove resumes his lay,
And welcomes in the month of May,
With many a moving note.
The bubbling Thames extoll'd so high,
Where many a tyrant wanders by,
Whose banks are filled with fierce alarms,
Shall never shine again so fair:
While youthful bards tune forth their lays
To Schuylkill and the Delaware,

That saw the deeds, the matchless praise
Of Washington renown'd in arms.
Great man! Swift time shall still convey
Upon his wings thy name,
And age, to age, and day, to day
Shall still rehearse thy fame.
Then Schuylkill flow with gentle wave,
And Delaware glide on;
Freedom is fix'd secure and safe,
And tyranny undone.
Ye little birds that haunt each grove;
Your notes of harmony display.
Ye fleecy flocks that restless rove,
And through the meadows stray,
Let all put on a joyful strain
Since Peace and Independence reign.

*Pennsylvania Evening Post, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1784 06 25 page 3 Literary Fables Translated from the Spanish [*The Westminster Magazine*, April 1783]

...The Bee and the Cuckow.

In coming out of Colmenarez, thus spoke the Bee to the Cuckow, "Do have done, and give your disagreeable voice a holiday, for surely never had a bird a more disagreeable one since birds were created. Cuckow, cuckow, and always cuckow. Was anything upon earth ever half so fastidious?" "Marry come up, my plodding cousin (answered the cuckow) I say fastidious! You are a pretty fellow to talk of variety, with your eternal hexagons and honey all of one colour; but I suppose, since the mathematicians have found out you are wonderful skillful person, you think you have a right to abuse every body," "Not so, my little horned friend (replied the bee) not so; the want of variety is no fault in things that are of real use; but in works destined only to amuse, where there is no variety, there is nothing."

*The Massachusetts Centinel: and the Republican Journal* (MA) 1784 07 14 page 3 The Hawk and Owl: A Fable by Lorenzo

In days of yore, when birds could chat[6],
An Owl and Hawk together sat.
Thus said the terror of the wood,
(Who oft' had thin'd the dung-hill brood)
"Of all the actions that disgrace
"The human and the feather'd race.
("Tho' both are apt to be unjust)
"I think that cruelty's the worst :
"Now let us for a moment mind,
"The greedy views of all mankind;

"He makes no more to kill a chicken :—
"His bones eternally he's picking :
"'Tis true, I eat one now and then,
"But what is that compar'd to men?
"While I eat one, ('tis never more)
"A man devours an half a score:
"Humanity is, I declare,
"The greatest ornament I wear.
While thus the Owl himself expres'd,
"In what you've said I've acquies'd;
"Of all the passions of the breast,
"I think humanity the best;
"'Tis for our joy as well as man's,
"Did all act on consistent plans;
"Then should we all enjoy our peace,
"Discord and bloodshed then would cease,
"And harmony would then pervade,
"The sweet recesses of each shade;
"Then should we see throughout the grove,
"Friendship, urbanity and love."
The Hawk politely said good bye;
He takes his leave and mounts the sky;
And scarcely had got out of view,
But stole a chicken as he flew.—
"How soon, alas !" cry'd out the Owl,
"Are vows forgot by every fowl,
"When ghosts of murder'd chickens rise,
"T' increase his tears,—augment his sighs;
"When conscience does annoy his rest,
"What horrors then must seize his breast!
"What terror when he comes to think,
"Whose conscience is as black as ink!
"'Tis for his sins I heave the sigh,
"How free from ev'ry fault am I."
Then in the wall of yonder house,
He downward flew, and seiz'd a mouse,
Mankind we blame but can't espy,
The mote that dims our partial eye.

*The Massachusetts Centinel, and the Republican Journal* (MA) 1784 08 21 page 3 Advertisement (printed in several Massachusetts newspapers)

Please to take notice.

The subscriber having suffered by gunners, coming on Noodle's island after birds, &c. on account of which the cattle and sheep are continually on the move,

and often times killing sheep, as also endangering the lives of his family, which case happened on the 9th inst. as a number of men were moving, a scoundrel of a gunner fired his piece and covered one of the men with a shower of small shot, which providentially did but little damage: These are therefore to forbid all persons gunning on said island for the future, as they may depend upon being prosecuted for trespass and damage, according to law.

Henry Howell Williams, Noodle's island. August 14, 1784.

*The Hampshire Herald: or, the Weekly Advertiser* (MA) 1784 08 24 page 2 Newbury-port, August 13.

On Saturday last a young fellow of about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who was sitting by the side of a pond in this town, loading a pistol, which he intended to fire at some birds then hovering about the pond—by some accident it went off and discharged the whole contents into his head—of which wound he languished 'till Monday evening—then expired—and the day following was decently interred.—He said his name was Stephen Tippet—was a native of Bristol, in England, where his father still lives.

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1784 10 23 page 4 To Pity

Hail lovely pow'r! Celestial maid!
  Soft pleasing pity hail!
Whose gentle influence—balmy aid,
  Suspends affliction's tale.

…

Thus when I roam the verdant mead
  And view seductions round,
To doom the harmless birds to bleed
  Who tread th' insidious ground

Teach me, when struggling and oppressed
  They pine for liberty
With sensibility impress
  To set the captives free….

*Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1784 12 31 page 2 A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean. Book II. Chap. XI.

...They have, however, very proper sentiments about the immateriality and the immortality of the soul. They call it life, the living principle, or what is more agreeable to their nations of it, an Otooa; that is, a divinity, or invisible being. They say, that immediately upon death, the souls of their chiefs separate from their bodies, and go to a place called Boolootoo…As to the souls of the lower sort of people, they undergo a sort of transmigration; or as they say, are eat up by a bird called loata, which walks upon

their graves for that purpose[7].

## 1785

*The Pennsylvania Gazette* (PA) 1785 02 09 For the Pennsylvania Gazette

The public have been entertained with a very curious paper, called "A proposed address" from the General Assembly to their constituents, which was intended, say the editors, to have been offered for the adoption of the House.—It is really matter of amusement to observe the various ways which are fallen on to deceive and gull the poor people of Pennsylvania, like so many unfledged birds gaping in their nests, with closed eyes and open mouths, to swallow whatever shall be offered by any creature that approaches them. The wiley serpent steals to the unsuspecting brood, and thinks himself certain of his prey; but, like the tender hearted husbandman, who views the fatal fascinating eye, we hope we shall rescue our devoted countrymen. Believe us, gentlemen, that pompous address is a mere forgery, an arrant imposture, and in its place we beg leave to present you a true and genuine intended address, which several members of the Honorable House have prepared, and which they conceive contains the true sense of the majority....

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1785 03 12 page 2 The Partridges: An Elegy. Written on the last day of August [by Rev. Samuel Jackson Pratt, 1771 (*Annual Register*), uncredited. ]

Hard by yon copse that skirts the flow'ry vale,
As late I walk'd to taste the evening breeze,
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
And notes of sorrow ecco'd thro' the trees.

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew:
But my rude step increas'd the cause of pain:
Soon o'er my head the whirring partridge flew
Alarm'd; and with her flew an infant train.

But short the excursion;—for, unus'd to play.
Feebly th' unfledged wings th' essay could make:
The parent, shelter'd by the closing day,
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,
And hushed the affrighted family to rest;
But still the late alarm suggested dread,
And closer to their feathery friend they press'd.

She, wretched parent doom'd to various woe,
Felt all a mother's hope a mother's care,
With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,
And, to avert it, thus preferred her prayer:

O thou! who e'en the sparrow dost befriend,
Whose providence protected the harmless wren;
Thou God of birds! these innocents defend,
From the vile sport of unrelenting men.

For, soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,
The slaught'ring gunner, with the tune of fate,
While the dire dog the faithless stubble tries,
Shall persecute our tribe with annual hate.

O may thy fun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
Parch with unusual heat th' undewy ground;
So shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
So shall the sportsmen leave my babes unfound.

Then shall I fearless guide them to the mead,
Then shall I see with joy their plumage grow,
Then shall I see (fond thought!) their future breed,
And every transport of a parent know.

But if some victim must endure the dart.
And fate marks out that victim from my race,
Strike, strike the leaden vengeance through this heart;
Spare, spare my babes; and I the death embrace.

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1785 03 16 page 4 Pitch-Wood Hill [Written in the Year 1780. by S.D. (Samuel Deane)]

Friendly Muse ascend thy ear,
Moving high in liquid air:
Teach thy vot'ry how to soar
Heights he never reach'd before.
Pitch-wood Hill demands a song:
Let my flight be bold and strong:
May the landscape, bright and gay,
Raise to fame my rural lay.
…
Oft to this silvan scene I've stole
T'allay the tumults of my soul
Where birds of various notes combine
And raise my thoughts to themes divine
These do their best to chaunt his praise
Who gives to them, and me, our days….

*The Boston Gazette and the Country Journal* (MA) 1785 04 11 page 1 The Yellow Hammer and Nightingale [William Richardson. *Anecdotes of the Russian Empire*. Letter XXVII. Fables imitated from the German of Gellert]

A Yellow Hammer and a Nightingale were suspended in their cages at the outside of Damon's window. The Nightingale began to warble and Damon's child was smit with admiration of his melody. 'Which of the birds,' said he, sings so delightfully?' 'I will shew you them,' answered the father, 'and you may guess.' The boy fixed his eyes on the Yellow Hammer: 'This must be the songster. How beautifully painted are his feathers! The other, you may see by his plumage, is quite unmusical, and good for nothing!' 'The vulgar,' said Damon, 'judge precisely after the same manner, and form their opinion of merit merely by external appearance.'

*The Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser* (MD) 1785 04 15 page 2
Political Reflections

Religion and learning are useful in a State, and where they have their native tendency, they add to the happiness of a people; yet virtue, unity, and public spirit are the essential ingredients of a happy and permanent government; many heathen nations, who worshipped birds, beasts, and fishes, and had lesser degrees of literature among them, flourished for many centuries, when love of their country, justice, and humanity were the reigning principle….

*The Independent Ledger, and the American Advertiser* (MA) 1785 05 09 page 2
Advertisement

To Be Sold, By John W. Folsom, on the west side of the market ...Mr. Telltruth's Natural History of Birds. Embellished with thirty-five curious Cuts. Price 1s. ...

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1785 06 23 page 3
Anecdote ["Curious method of catching fish in China," *Scots Magazine*, uncredited]

In China the natives fish with a bird, which in their tongue is called Louwa; it is somewhat smaller than a goose, and not unlike a raven, with a long bill and a neck like a crane, at the end crooked, with feet like a swan, and a very wide maw. The Chinese teach those birds to catch fish, as we teach our dogs to hunt; and the method they fish with them is as follows: The fisherman goes with little boat, or floats of cane joined close together, put out into some river or lake, with the aforementioned , which being let out, dive under water, and shoot down with incredible swiftness; as soon as they have overtaken a fish in the water, they swallow him up, and immediately rise to the side of the boat, where the fisherman forces open the bill, and pulls the fish out of the maw, then puts the bird over again to fish for more; but in order to prevent those birds from swallowing the fish, which they are very greedy of, they lock their throats, by putting on an iron ring, beyond which the fish cannot pass. If the fish is too large from them to swallow, they bring it up in their bills; and it has been frequently known, that when the fish has been large, on bird has assisted the other, and each held a part in his bill. The natives beat the birds very severely, if they appear slothful, which makes them alert; and when they have fished long enough, they take off the ring, and let them fish

for themselves.

*The Freeman's Journal or, the North-American Intelligencer* (PA) 1785 06 29 page 2 Extract from "Letters from an American farmer, describing certain provincial situations, manners, and customs, not generally known, and conveying some idea of the late and present interior circumstances of the British colonies in North America. Written for the information of a friend in England. By J. Hector St. John, a farmer in Pennsylvania." [J. Hector St. John de Crevecoeur, published in 1782, fictionalized, popular in Europe]

"I was not long since invited to dine with a planter…Alarmed and surprised, I precipitately looked all around, when I perceived at about six rods distance, something resembling a cage, suspended to the limbs of a tree; all the branches of which appeared covered with large birds of prey, fluttering about, and anxiously endeavoring to perch on the cage. Actuated by an involuntary motion of my hands, more than by any design of my mind, I fired at them; they all flew to a short distance, with a most hideous noise; when, horrid to think, and painful to repeat, I perceived a negro suspended in a cage and left to expire! I shudder when I recollect that the birds had already picked out his eyes; his cheek bones were bare; his arms had been attacked in several places, and his body seemed covered with a multitude of wounds. From the edges of the hollow sockets and from the lacerations with which he was disfigured, the blood slowly dropped, and tinged the ground beneath. No sooner were the birds flown, than swarms of insects covered the whole body of this unfortunate wretch, eager to feed on his mangled flesh and to drink his blood. I found myself suddenly arrested by the power of affright and terror; my nerves were convulsed; I trembled, I stood motionless, involuntarily contemplating the fate of this negro, in all its dismal latitude. The living specter, though deprived of his eyes, could still distinctly hear, and in his uncouth dialect begged me to give him some water to allay his thirst. Humanity herself would have recoiled back with horror. She would have balanced whether to lessen such relief-less distress, or mercifully with one blow to end this dreadful scene of agonizing torture! Had I had a ball in my gun, I certainly should have dispatched him, but finding myself unable to perform so kind an office, I sought, though trembling, to relieve his as well as I could. A shell ready fixed to a pole, which had been used by some negroes, presented itself to me; I filled it with water, and with trembling hands I guided it to the quivering lips of the wretched sufferer. Urged by the irresistible power of thirst, he endeavored to meet it, as he instinctively guessed its approach by the noise it made in passing through the bars of the cage. "Tanki, you white man, tanki you, puti some poison and givi me."How long have you been hanging there? I asked him."Two days, and me no die: the birds, the birds, aaah me!" Oppressed with the reflections which this shocking spectacle afforded me; I mustered strength enough to pass away, and soon reached the house at which I intended to dine. There I heard that the reason for this slave being thus punished, was on account of his having killed the overseer of the plantation. They told me that the laws of self-preservation rendered such executions necessary, and supported the doctrine of slavery with the arguments generally made use of to justify the practice; with the repetition of which I shall not trouble you at present[8].

*The Falmouth Gazette and Weekly Advertiser* (ME) 1785 07 09 page 4 An Elegy. On the death of Tom, a Lady's favorite yellow-bird, murdered at Falmouth, 25th of June, 1785.

I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,
Now swell to rage, now melt to tears again.
Pope's Sappho to Phaon.

Poor Tom is dead!—Weep, weep ye tuneful nine!
My trick'ling tears shall moisten every line,
My rage and grief alternately arise,
Nor can my pensive breast suppress its sighs.
Six times this huge, unwieldy earth has run
Its annual course around the central sun,
Since Tom first grac'd my hospitable dome,
And made his pendent cage his pleasing home.
But now (oh! how the tears gush from my eyes!)
By curs'd Grimalkin seiz'd, he bleeds, he dies!
With cruel fangs, and wide extended jaws
Display'd, my bird expires beneath her claws.
His golden plumes lie scatter'd here and there,
Wantonly blown by ev'ry breath of air.
See drops of crimson gore around his cage!—
Why, Vengeance dost thou sleep?—Give vent to rage.
Fly, Furies, stop Grimalkin's noxious breath.
And send her, trembling to the shades of death.
Dear bird, how oft, though in thy cage confin'd,
Thy melting notes with kindred birds were join'd!
With pleas'd attention have I heard thee sing,
While passing birds hung hov'ring on the wing,
But now thy charming notes are heard no more,
And all the winged throng the loss deplore.
They fill the air with imprecations dire,
And on Grimalkin vent determin'd ire—
I mourn forlorn—all pleasure now is fled,
For Tom is gone, my lovely Tom is dead.

*The South-Carolina Weekly Gazette and the Public Advertiser* (SC) 1785 07 16 page 4 Verses occasioned by a young lady's finding her favorite bird killed by a cat. [by "J.N.D." (uncredited) April 1785 issue of *The European Magazine*]

Cease, all ye little warblers of the plains,
Your cheerful notes and lofty strains,
Let groves no more with echoes ring,
Nor you, sweet birds, in rapture sing.
Cease, that I may lament with tears,
The loss of one of tender years,

Who here lies dead, and without cause,
Became the fatal prey of puss's claws.[9]

*The State Gazette of South-Carolina* (SC) 1785 12 29 page 3 The Roundelay [credited elsewhere as sung by "Mrs. (Margaret) Kennedy"]

Here on my perch, like a bird on its spray,
I stand for to warble my roundelay;
Phoebus has swept from his altitude high,
To kiss the sweet Nymph in the Ocean!
I'd sing of the bright golden streets in the skies,
And the trees
By the breeze
Set in motion.
But since the sun has fled away,
We light on artificial day;
And since the birds forsake the spray,
I'll warble out my roundelay!
Is that the Blackbird?—No!
The Goldfinch?—No!
Or if the Nightingale, I may go!
Hark!
The Lark!
No!
Hush!
The Thrush?
No!
No! No! No!
'Tis the fiddles and sweet flutes that ape them so!
I think I hear two turtles cooing,—
'Tis only Damon his Phillida wooing!
Sweet the language of the grove,
Kind the season made for love!
Within each heart let care resign;
Here pleasure claims the hours,
And joy, and laugh, and song combine,
To bless her favorite bowers;
Thus still be Life a Summer's day,
And Evening bring a roundelay!

## 1786

*The American Recorder and Charlestown Advertiser* (MA) 1786 01 03 page 1 Description of the Island of Joanna in Africa, with some account of the Natives by the ingenious Major Rooke [From *Westminster Magazine*]

...In the interior part of the island, surrounded by mountains of a prodigious height, and about fifteen miles from the town…the adjacent hills, covered with lofty trees, and the unfrequented solitude of the place, seem more calculated to inspire religious awe in those who visit this sequestered spot, than any sanctity that is to be discovered in a parcel of wild ducks inhabiting it, which are deified and worshipped by the original natives, who consult them, as their oracles, on all important affairs, and sacrifice to them. Being extremely averse to conduct strangers there, they stipulate that all guns shall be left at a place five miles from the lake. The worship paid to these birds ensures their safety and tranquility, and rendering them perfectly tame, they fearlessly approach any one who goes there. The Arabian part of the islanders hold this barbarous superstition in the utmost detestation, but dare not forbid the practice of it, so bigoted to it are the others[10].

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1786 01 21 page 3 On contemplation [from Dr. (James) Fordyce's Address to the Deity 1785] (widely reprinted)

Heavenly Father, what satisfaction is his, who, often withdrawing from the tumult of business and the noise of folly, flies to the sanctuary of divine meditation, there recovers the composure of his mind, enjoys undisturbed tranquility, and tastes that peace of thine "which passeth all understanding!"…

But, alas it grieves me to look upon the multitudes immersed in sensuality, enslaved to covetousness…The lark that mounts toward Heaven, with implicit gratitude chanting thy praise, the birds that sing among the branches, straining in sweet emulation to warble forth the joy with which thou hast inspired them, unbraid those sons and daughters of men who neglect to join in the symphony. Father of Spirits, awaken them to reason and to duty. Show them the emptiness of sin, and the wisdom of religion…

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1786 01 21 page 4 The Year (widely reprinted, for years)

…September.

Hark! a sound like distant thunder,
  Murderer, may thy malice fail!
Torn from all thy love asunder,
  Widow'd birds around us wail…

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1786 02 04 page 2 Natural History of the Dodo from Dr. Goldsmith and other eminent writers.

Mankind have generally made swiftness the attribute of birds; but the Dodo has no title to this description…This bird is a native of the Isle of France; and the Dutch, who first discovered it there, called it in their language, the nauseous bird, as well from its disgusting figure, as from the bad taste of its flesh. However, succeeding observers

contradict this first report, and assert, that its flesh is good and wholesome eating. It a silly, simple bird, as may very well be supposed from its figure, and is very easily taken. Three or four Dodos are enough to dine an hundred men[11]....

*The Boston Gazette and the Country Journal* (MA) 1786 02 13 page 4 Natural History (continued) [Buffon, uncredited]

...The customs of these different nations [of India] are all very singular if not whimsical. The Banians eat nothing which has had life in it; they are even afraid to kill the smallest reptile, however offensive to them; they throw rice and beans into their rivers as food for the fishes and grain of different kinds upon the earth for the birds and insects. When they meet with a hunter, or a fisher, they beg him instantly to desist from his employment; if deaf to their entreaties, they offer him money for his gun, or his nets; and when no persuasion, no offer, will avail, they trouble the water, in order to frighten away the fishes, and cry with all their might, in order, in like manner, to put the birds and other game to flight[12].

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1786 02 15 page 3 The farmer and the robin red-breast. A Fable. [*The Festival of Wit*, 1782, uncredited]

"A farmer once, to save his grain,
  Amidst a flock of sparrows shot;
And so it chanc'd among the slain,
  A Rob-Red-Breast went to pot.
When thus the dying bird with anguish spoke.
Alas! Did I deserve this fatal stroke?
    I never did you any harm;
    But pick'd up worms about the farm.
Your destiny is hard (the boor reply'd)
  And much my heart it grieves;
But 'tis your own imprudence you must chide,
  Why did you herd with thieves."

*The Charleston Morning Post and Daily Advertiser* (SC) 1786 02 16 page 2 House of Representatives. February 16.

....Took up a bill for promoting the destruction of wolves and other vermin. … General Sumter thought there was an insufficiency in describing Tygers; he thought Panthers should be substituted, being nearly of the same species…Mr. Izard pleasantly recommended birds of prey being included in the list of proscribed animals; rats too he wished to promote the destruction of…After some alteration the bill was agreed to.

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1786 03 13 page 4 An Ode on the pleasure arising from vicissitude (by the late Mr. Gray)

Now the golden morn aloft

Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek and whisper soft
She wooes the tardy spring:
…
New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief, the Sky Lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzling sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.…

*The New Haven Gazette and Connecticut Magazine* (CT) 1786 03 30 p. 7
Lamentation of Mary, Queen of Scotts (widely circulated)

I sigh and lament me in vain—
These walls can but echo my moan,
Alas! It increases my pain,
When I think of the days that are gone.
Thro' the grate of my prison I see
The birds, as they wanton in air—
My heart—how it pants to be free!
My looks they are wild with despair!

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1786 05 06 page 1 Extract of a letter from Plymouth, Dec. 9

...Letters from Paris mention that Mr. Vaillant, botanist, had lately arrived in that Metropolis from the Cape of Good Hope and had brought with him a valuable collection of valuable curiosities, among which were specimens of near forty birds, no one of which has been hitherto known in Europe, or described by the writers on Natural History…Mr Vaillant, we are informed, confirms the accounts hitherto generally doubted, that in the interior parts of Africa, there is a colony where natives have trained the ostrich to bear burdens and employ them on all occasions instead of horses!…

*The Continental Journal and the Weekly Advertiser (*MA) 1786 05 18 page 4
On the Month of May

Awake my muse, and turn the vocal lay;
Behold yon landscape, beautiful and gay,
...
Join with the warblers on yon rosy plain.

When lo! from east, the sun his pow'r assumes;
Awakes the songsters, and excites their tunes—

Up springs the lark, just from his bed of lawn,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn.

Then, all at once, in music unconfin'd,
Their joys o'erflow, in rapture most sublime:—
A lovely scene! when all, in concert join'd,
Unite their notes—make music undesign'd.
...
Hark! from the meadows hear the black birds lay,
Elate to make the night excel the day;
The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove—
The jay, the rook, the linnet and the dove.

Thus pass those scenes, those lovely scenes of May,
Awake, my muse, and join the vocal lay;
Join with those songsters, in yon rosy plain,
Go bless the God from whom those blessings came.

*The Norwich Packet, or the Country Journal* 1786 06 10 page 1 On the happiness of farmers (very widely reprinted)

When we take a cursory view of mankind, we find every man in pursuit of happiness…Farmers in general are not men of the greatest learning, nor is it bad they should be, as that would not have a tendency to increase their happiness, but the contrary…On a summer in morning the farmer rises well refreshed with sleep, walks thro' the fields and views with pleasure the springing corn, the full grown grass bending to the crooked scythe. At noon he calls together his servants and laborers and they all recline themselves on the green turf, beneath the shade of some mighty oak; —there they refresh themselves with the cool breeze that fans the air and shakes the leaves over their heads. Then again, being charmed with the warbling of birds, and the gentle murmurs of some running brook near at hand, they indulge themselves with a short nap of soft slumbers…

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* 1786 05 29 page 2 London

March 18. A gentleman, in his way to Alicant, by the way of Perpignan, was shewn a bird of the heron kind, which had been shot by an officer. It had a brass plate affixed to one leg, with the characters engraved, "T.Thornton of Thornhill, manager of the confederate hawks 1780."

*The Massachusetts Sentinel* (MA) 1786 06 03 page 4 The Morning

The day comes on, the rising morn appears,
Thro' yonder clouds, and ev'ry object cheers.
Between the trees his radiant beams I see,
The birds prepare their softer harmony.

Hail to the God of light, methinks they say,
Hail to the beauteous harbinger of day....

*The New-Jersey Journal and Political Intelligencer* (NJ) 1786 07 05 page 2 London

...Peacocks feathers have found their way from the tails of those birds to the heads of the fair, and will, it is thought, for a time, rival the princely plume of the ostrich...

*The Freeman's Journal: or, the North-American Intelligencer* (PA) 1786 07 05 page 3 A Shooting Account for the year 1785 [From an English Print (*Leeds Intelligencer*)]

Sir, I am by trade a grocer and tallow chandler; and I live in a small market town, in a fine sporting country; and have wife and seven small children; and have, for a few years past, by my industry and hourly attention to my business, accumulated so much, that I began to think myself above the world, having gained 1,000l. and upwards, besides my stock in trade. My recreation, when I could spare an hour from business, was angling, which I did not find an expensive amusement; but hearing that every person that took out a license to shoot was to be a gentleman, I therefore resolved to attempt that character for one year, the account of which I transfer to you, for the inspection of the gentleman sportsmen.

Shooting account for the year 1785.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Taking out certificate — — — | 2 l. | 3 s. | 0 d. |
| A bay cropt pony (with one eye) — — — | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Bridle and saddle — — — | 2 | 12 | 6 |
| A new silver mounted gun by Twig — — | 12 | 12 | 0 |
| A brace of pointers — — — | 6 | 6 | 0 |
| Fustian shooting jacket, and scarlet waistcoat, &c. | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Half-boots, powder-horn, net, shot, belt, whip, turn-screw, and silver whistle, &c. — — — | 1 | 19 | 6 |
| Powder, shot and gun flints, — — — | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| Keep of horse — — — | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Ditto of dogs — — — | 2 | 12 | 0 |
| Paid farriery in attempting to cure my poney's eye — — — | 0 | 18 | 6 |
| Extraordinary expenses attending shooting, being frequently out upon parties with the 'Squire and Parson, and entertaining more company at my own house upon their account | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Paid a boy for holding my horse divers times and carrying the game — — — | 0 | 17 | 6 |
| Paid carriage of game to London | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| Paid for three informations lodged | | | |

against me— — — 15 0 0
Expense attending the justices a great
many times, and paid my attorney — — — 3 9 6
Paid for ten sheep worried by Pluto — — — 12 10 0
Paid the surgeon setting my collar-bone,
and sewing up my lip, occasioned
by a fall from my horse, my gun
going accidentally off whilst upon him — — — 1 11 6

Total: 87 19 6

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1786 08 16 page 3 Advertisement. Mr. Wllman (sic)

An artist newly arrived in this metropolis, from the city of Ausburgh in Germany, begs leave to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this town, that he exhibits many curious exercises by living BIRDS—which he has had the honor of exhibiting before the Emperor of Germany, his Majesty Lewis XVIth of France, and at other European Courts.

Among a number of curious exhibitions are the following,

1. A LIVING Bird is presented on a machine, and lies extended as if he was really dead.

2. A living Bird appears with a grenadier's cap on his head, a cartridge-box at his side, a gun in his claws, as a soldier upon sentry.

3. A living Bird is placed upon the carriage of a cannon, gives him a lighted match which he holds with his claws, and sets fire to the piece, without quitting his place; which is contrary to the nature of this timorous animal.

4. He takes a living Bird by the wings, gives him a small stick, which he holds in his claws; at the word he gives him in Dutch, he obeys not, but when he commands in English the animal executes his orders.

5. He puts a living bird on a machine, spreads eight spoonsful of powder round him, sets fire to the powder, but the Bird stirs no more than if he was dead; which is contrary to nature in a living Bird.

He exhibits at Concert-Hall, Tomorrow afternoon, beginning at Five o'clock.

The price of Tickets for Ladies and Gentlemen will be 3s.—For persons under 14, and not less than 10 years of age, 1/6.—and for children 1s.—to be had at the Hall.

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1786 08 19 page 2 Torturial Exhibition

Mr. D'ilman, a torturer newly arrived in this metropolis, from the city of Augsburg in Germany, begs leave to inform the cruel and insensible of this town, that he exhibits many curious tortures of living birds—which he has had the infamy of exhibiting before a variety of Europeans. Among a number of curious tortures are the following:

1st. A living bird is presented on a rack, and lies extended as if really dead.—2d. A living bird is drilled into a soldier, and tortured with the accoutrements of one.—3d. A living bird is placed on a cannon, which he sets fire to by a match fixed in his claws—this is so contrary to nature that four weeks torture are necessary to bring the animal to it. 4th. He tortures a living bird by the wings, until he extracts all his Dutch ideas to make room for English ones—no imposition!—He puts a bird on a rack—surrounds him with powder, and sets fire to it—but the bird moves not—being tortured in such a manner as to extinguish the first principle of nature—self preservation. The above feats are effected by stupefying potions and the discipline of the whip. N.B. Ladies and Gentlemen may have Kittens, Lap-Dogs and Yellow Birds initiated at a small expense. Tickets for the torturial exhibition 3f. 1/6 d, and 1f. only for children, to inure them betimes to inhumanity.

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1786 09 02 page 1 For the Centinel by "Rationalist"

Mr. Russell, What upon earth has become of the ingeniously-cruel tutored-torturer of birds[13]? What a pity we cannot find out what place he is now blessing with his presence:—Certain it is the interest of admirers of misery to ransack the open world, and seek him until he is found.—The importance the exercise of his virtues were to our growing country, will establish every discerning individual in the present opinion.—What, Mr. Printer, can be the sensations of a person, to "sit like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief," when an adept so valuable slips from the sunshine of notice, and suddenly sinks into the abyss of obscurity. Bereavement like this following, bereavement, is like the beginning of a string of misfortunes, and is portentous of some dire event to this much-distinguished State:

"But let not vanity like ours despair,
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care[14]."

The loss sustained in the departure of the sublime and animated equestrian performer, was, perhaps, too pungent for philosophy to sustain, and sufficient to dissolve any one not stoically constituted, without the aid of any concomitant. —Some, Sir, may probably say, we have but little cause to lament the absence of such friends to literature and virtue; but what are they made of, do you think? —They are certainly wrong, Sir, depend upon it: Did not these ingenious personages, these heroes of our theme, very happily succeed in greatly removing, what we have often said, is the root of all evil; in proportion then, as this is effected, we are a people undoubtedly made better; virtue will bloom and live, vice wither and die—unimagined blessings adorn our land.

The encouragement afforded by our fellow-citizen, to those rich and valuable exhibitions, already mentioned; and the hope gathered therefrom, that others, no less luxurious, will soon be legitimated into being, such as a new creation of puppet shows, on an improved plan; a heart-alluring ridotto of cats; and a most ingenious masquerade of the canine herd, &c. &c. the particulars of which, are soon to appear, enumerated in the bills of the day, obviously declare, superlative wisdom in the choice; that all

modern Ciceros under heaven, in competition with these our Solomons, are less than nothing, and vanity—In the judicious opinion of numbers among us, by practical confirmation, foreigners of every complexion, with every design, (that excepted which would be friendly to the morals, embellish the mind, and teach "the young idea how to shoot,") are "devoutly to be wished," and passionately encouraged.—Every mental acquisition, requisite to render the rising youth ornamental in life, and valuable members of society—every thing where by they might acquire a delicate refinement of mind, in the superior judgment of many, very, easily might be sacrificed, and they never miss it, being matters of too little importance to this infant world; while they themselves are arrived at the zenith of enjoyment, "pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw." "What though they lay the realms of genius waste," with numbers, publick declamations and theatrical entertainments, have contributed to the glory of foreign kingdoms, and marked infant republicks with dignity and honour;—What is that to us?—Give us a return of the happy periods, the golden hours, with equestrian feats, puppet shows, monkey scenes, murdering of birds, time-destroying delights; and the presence of every foreigner who "on vain refinements vainly can refine;" in which heart-transporting entertainments,

"There's a strange something, which, without a brain
Fools feel, and with one, wise men can't explain."

Never will we hazard our lives—our all, on the aspiring ladder of virtue, by ascending the pinnacle of human grandeur—Puerile and paltry are delicious entertainments suited to the mental taste, the sensual appetite be denied a participation; stripped of this allurement, they are worthless institutions, calculated to promote a rational cultivation of the human mind, to enrich, and dignify our intellectual inheritance, to fill us with exalted views of future felicity, of an all-important alliance to the Deity, as candidates for immortality—what are they good for, without an exquisite indulgence of our criminal lusts and passions? Those, whose practice has never contradicted this doctrine, now it appears to stare them in the face, probably will presume to suggest, that these sentiments are very unwholesome—they cannot relish them;

"Peace to such triflers!—be our happier plan
To pass through life as easy as we can;
Whose's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs our curiosity nor spleen: —
Secrets of State no more we wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet show;
Let but the puppet move, we've our desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master-wire."

*The Boston Gazette and the Country Journal* (MA) 1786 09 11 page 4

Mess'rs. Edes, Please to publish the following, and oblige your humble servant, C. D.

Was a few days since to see the feats of W. W— with his birds and really it is

surprising that such an IDLER should meet the least encouragement in the town of Boston; a man guilty of such cruelty should rather be punish'd than rewarded.—After the company were seated, this HERO of the day took his stand at the table, with a stick in his mouth, and several birds on it. Wonderful indeed! He then turn'd from his box on the table a number of little sticks, &c. that were like the toys of children. It appear'd so trifling and childish, that I was ashame'd of myself for being present. He then began his exhibitions with holding a bird by the wings, and with his thumb and finger so tortured the poor animal, that by its struggling and screaming, it excited the most painful sensation in every beholder, who had the least degree of sensibility. Notwithstanding the humane gentleman asserts that he by no means hurts the bird. He then left the room, and in a few minutes return'd with the bird in the same position; then laid it upon a machine on its back, press'd its head over the edge of the machine, and carried it round the room for the inspection of the spectators: after a few minutes, the animal recover'd itself a little; he then held it to the cage, and it hopp'd in; but was unable to get on the roost. He then takes a second bird, puts a cap on its head, to which is fix'd a string that he turns several times round its neck, puts on its side what he calls a cartridge box, that rests on the machine against the bird and supports it erect. The creature, thus tortured, will grasp any thing that is put in its way; accordingly he puts a small stick in its claws, which the bird holds as a gun, and thus pleases himself with some few others, that he looks like a soldier. He then proceeds to a more silly, as well as cruel performance—takes a bird by the wings close to the body, pinches it as before, puts a stick in its claws which the bird holds; it is then told in Dutch, and French, to drop it; he is disobey'd: he then in English bids him drop it, and immediately the stick falls, but it is in consequence of his pinching him to such a degree, when he speaks English, that the bird is unable to hold it longer. Thus by torture he prepares the one that lays on the machine, when the powder is discharged around it, and the bird in my opinion would remain as still and as unconcern'd, was the humane gentleman to discharge a forty-two pounder at the same time. After the performance was over, I observed that the birds which had been thus tortured were much weakened, and unable to fly about the cage as the others did, but remained at the bottom. I shall refrain from making any observations at present on the weakness and folly of the performer, and those who will attend his performances. The bare recital of the cruelty is sufficient, without any comment thereon, to deter the generous mind from being present at so shocking a scene.

*New-Hampshire Mercury and the General Advertiser* (NH) 1786 09 13 page 4 September (by "T.C." uncredited) [*The Town and Country Magazine*, Sept 1783]

"Barbarian! Stay thy ruthless hand
And stop the fatal stroke!
Nor carry murder through the land,
And tell us 'tis in joke.

What has the harmless Partridge done?
The Lev'ret, what has he?
Thus doom'd a victim to the gun,

His life and liberty.

Soon as the bright'ning beams of day,
Lead on the dancing hours,
The savage sportsman seeks his prey,
With unrelenting pow'rs.

Shame to the courage of our land,
The feather'd race must bleed,
While thoughtless ruffians gazing stand,
Applauding of the deed.

Columbian! Christian! by what name,
Or character is yours,
In either—learn to blush for shame,
And stop your murd'rous pow'rs.

Henceforth let harmless birds go free,
Nor draw the streaming blood,
So shall the "Pow'r that pities thee,"
Delight to do thee good[15].

*American Herald* (MA) 1786 09 25 page 4 The rashness of censuring the laws of creation by Edmund Rack, Esquire.

It has been the employment of some discontented minds, to disturb the peace of others by finding fault with the laws by which providence supports and governs the world.

They deplore the decline of summer with unavailing lamentation, and affect to feel a kind of horror at the approach of dull days and wintry blasts, of long nights and leafless groves. Some have vainly endeavored to prove the constitution of nature imperfect from the alternate change of seasons, and from the constant succession of cold and heat, sterility and fruitfulness, in all the habitable parts of the earth.

…

Whenever he steps aside from the scenes of business and folly, and contemplates the objects that surround him in their native beauty and order, an endless field of entertainment lies open before him. The vales are clothed with verdure, and enameled with flowers of a thousand forms and hues: The hills crowned with wood, or frowning with a wild magnificence, sublimely rise around him. He sees innumerable tribes of beings beautiful in their order, and happy in their sphere. His ears are saluted with the warbling of birds, the waving of the foliage, and the gurgling of waters. Surrounded thus in beauty, and with harmony, can he fail to partake of the general joy, or hesitate to join in the general tribute of praise to the Great and Glorious Author of this being? No, surely. Insensible indeed must that mind be, who does not feel itself impelled by sensations of gratitude and joy, to join the general chorus, and say with Milton,

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!

"Almighty! thine this universal frame
"Thus wond'rous fair;—"…

*The Independent Gazetteer or, the Chronicle of Freedom* (PA) 1786 10 16 page 3

Mr. Pennant, in his late publication entitled "Arctic Zoology," which is read with so much pleasure, speaking of the Rice Bunting, the *Emberiza Oryxivora* of Linneaus, he entertains us with these curious facts:

"These birds inhabit in vast numbers, the inland of Cuba, where they commit great ravages among the early crops of rice, which precede those of Carolina. As soon as the crops of that province are to their palate, they quit Cuba, and pass over the sea in numerous flights, directly north; and are very often heard in their passage by sailors frequenting that course. Their appearance is in September, while the rice is yet milky; and they commit such devastations, that forty acres of that grain have been totally ruined by them in a small time.

"They arrive very lean; but soon grow fat, as to fly with difficulty; and when shot, often burst with the fall. They continue in Carolina not much above three weeks, and retire by the time the rice begins to harden. They are esteemed to be the most delicate birds of the country. I am informed, that the male birds have a fine note.

"It is very singular, that, among the myriads which pay their autumnal visit, there never is found a cock-bird. Mr. Catesby verified the fact by dissecting numbers, under a supposition that there might have been the young of both sexes, which had not arrived at their full colours; but found them all to be females, which are properly the RICE-BIRDS. Both sexes make a transient visit to Carolina in the spring. It is said, that a few stragglers continue in the country the whole year.

"RICE, the periodical food of these birds is a grain of India: It probably arrived in Europe (where it has been much cultivated) by way of Bactria, Susia, Babylon, and the Lower Syria. The time in which it reached Italy is uncertain; for the Oryza of Pliny is a very different plant from the common rice; but the last has been sown with great success about Verona for ages past; and was imported from thence and from Egypt, into England; until, by a mere accident, it was introduced into Carolina. It was first planted there about 1688, by Sir Nathaniel Johnson, then Governor of the province; but the seed being small and bad, the culture made little progress.

"Chance, brought here, in 1696, a vessel from Madagascar; the master of which presented a Mr. Woodward with about half a bushel of an excellent kind; and from this small beginning, sprung an immense source of wealth to the southern provinces of America; and to Europe relief from want in times of dearth. Within little more than a century, a hundred and twenty thousand barrels of rice have been in one year exported from South Carolina; and eighteen thousand from Georgia; and all from the remnant of a sea store, left in the bottom of a sack!—Ought I not to retract the word chance, and ascribed to PROVIDENCE so mighty an event from so small cause?[16]"...

*The Massachusetts Gazette* (MA) 1786 11 14 page 1 Philadelphia, November 1

We hear that Mr. C.W. Peale has acquired the means of preserving birds and animals in their natural form and that he intends to place, in his collection of curiosities, every curious species of birds and animals, that he is able to obtain belonging to North and South America.

*New-Hampshire Spy* (NH) 1786 12 01 page 2 Catalogue of Birds

1. The scene of heroic actions, and the welcome of a friend. 2. A dish for an epicure, and an emblem of innocence. 3. The governor of a nation and an industrious subject. 4. A beautiful color and a breaker of heads. 5. The resort of wild beasts and the fashion of a hat. 6. A machine. 7. An implement useful to laboring men. 8. That which ascends by means of its tail, and flies without wings. 9. An emblem of a wanton wife. 10. A term of equality and a distemper fatal to sheep. 11. A term expressive of a horse, and a troublesome domestic animal. 12. A silly fellow[17].

*The Independent Gazetteer or, the Chronicle of Freedom* (PA) 1786 12 11 page 3 Elegy on the country life by M. Mercier [*European Magazine* June 1786] (widely reprinted)

It is only the powerful and secret charm of the country, which has a constant and universal influence over the heart of man; the increase of luxury vainly attempts to usurp this power; toilsome preparatives, brilliant, yet dull, imperfect in their consequences, they leave a void behind them, a something to be wished for, after the combined endeavors of artists. The country, plain, but magnificent, has more inexhaustible resources…

The country! The poets have sung it, the painters have transmitted it on canvas, philosophers have extolled it! More happy the man who, enamored with its attractions, contemplates it, knows how to enjoy its various treasures, and preserve his morals pure, respiring the balsamic fragrant air and every morning treading the odoriferous plants.

Who has not felt the necessity of visiting the county at least on the return of fine weather, when the tender green turf, the early melody of birds, the active rays of the sun hasten vegetation, and call upon the most indifferent being to admire the hidden hand the spreads the tufted grass, unfolds the shoots, furnishes the trees with buds impatient to be opened, and which will soon adorn the leaves with fruit and flowers…

It is in the country that writers acquire more elevated and sublime ideas, become more energetic and moving: it is there that generous works are composed, that is to say, those relative to the plan of public happiness….whilst in cities the arts, perhaps too refined in our time, pursue the niceties of form, to attract and please, for a moment, the sorrowful eye of the wealthy….

**1787**

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1787 03 01 page 3

Mr. Peale has now preserved in his museum of natural curiosities, a Gold Pheasant, one of those beautiful birds of China, which the Marquis de la Fayette presented to His Excellency General Washington, as mentioned under the Baltimore head in our paper of Nov. 15 last, which it is said cost the Marquis de la Fayetteville sixteen guineas.

*The Cumberland Gazette* (ME) 1787 03 16 page 4 On the accidental death of two favorite thrushes. An Ode. (by Daniel George uncredited—a Mainer)

Begin, my Muse, the mournful strain!
O let me not implore in vain,
  Thy verse-inspiring pow'r :
My grief an ample theme affords;
But how shall I pronounce the words—
  —My—Thrushes are no more!

Both, both my darling birds are gone!
Had cruel death but spar'd me one,
  I scarcely would complain;
But both are dead — O Fate unkind!—
What pangs of grief distract my mind!
  Nor hopes of joy remain.—

How would my little warblers come,
And tamely sit upon my thumb,
  Well-pleas'd, and sweetly sing!
The moments softly roll'd away,
And gloomy winter seem'd like May,
  The flow'ry month of spring.

And when the violin was play'd,
They'd always lend their softer aid,
  To grace th' inchanting sound:
No evil genius could be near,
While music charm'd the list'ning ear
  Of ev'ry subject round.

But now my fav'rite birds are gone;
And I most feelingly bemoan
  Their fate, in pensive strain:
To books I fly to seek relief,
And ease my heart-corroding grief—
  But all, alas! in vain.

Nor Milton, Addison, nor Pope,
Affords one cheering ray of hope,
  Though I their works explore;
Nor violin's melodious tone

Has pow'r to charm—my birds are gone—
And music is no more!

Come, all ye little winged loves,
That haunt the mountains, vales, and groves,
And drop a friendly tear:
Ye thrushes, birds of sweetest lays,
Robins and sparrows, larks and jays,
Attend the solemn bier.

Not one of all your feather'd throng,
Could, like my thrushes, chant a song,
So pleasing to the ear;
Nor could the fam'd Canary bird
Such sweet variety afford,
So musical and clear!

And now in soft Elysian shades,
Where no fell accident invades,
By mortal eye unseen,
They sing in more exalted strains,
And freely roam o'er hills and plains,
Through groves forever green.

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1787 03 19 page 3 Sonnet addressed to a boy with a bird's nest

Mischievous imp, return thy prize,
For near'st thou not a mother's cries?
Bereft of all a parent's joy,
To please the folly of a boy.
Reflect, and think of future years,
A Father's cares, a Mother's fears:
Think, that perhaps some foreign foe,
May keep thy captive son in woe:
Feel for a bird as for thyself,
And quickly yield the ill-got pelf;
The nest restore on place secure,
And nature kindly will allure
The frighted mother to her brood;
She'll hear their plaints & bring them food:
Whilst though shalt gain the prize of worth,
A conscience clear, and live in mirth.

*The New-Haven Chronicle* (CT) 1787 03 27 page 1 March [From *The Calendar of Nature* (3rd edition, 1787) ]

The great operations of nature during this month, seem to be, to drop up the super-

abundant moisture of February, thereby preventing the roots and seeds from rotting in the earth…

The mellow note of the throstle, who sings perched on the naked bough of some lofty tree, is heard from the beginning of the month: at the same time, the ring-dove cooes in the woods. The rookery is now all in motion with the pleasing labor of building and repairing nests; and highly amusing it is to observe the tricks and artifices of the thievish tribe, some to defend, and others to plunder, the materials of their new habitations. These birds are accused of doing much injury to the farmer by plucking up the young corn and other springing vegetables but some think this mischief fully repaid by their diligence in picking up the grubs of various insects, which, if suffered to grow to maturity, would occasion much greater damage. For this purpose they are frequently seen following the plough, or settling in flocks on newly turned-up lands.

Some birds, which took refuge in our temperate climate from the rigor of the northern winters, now begin to leave us, and return to the countries where they were bred. The red-wing thrush, fieldfare, and woodcock, are of this kind; and they retire to spend their summer in Norway, Sweden, and other places.

The gannets, or soland geese, resort during this month to those Scotch isles, where they breed in such numbers, as to confer almost the whole surface of the ground with their eggs and young…

*The New-Hampshire Mercury and the General Advertiser* (NH) 1787 04 04 page 2 The manner of raising and dressing hemp, as now practiced in England[18].

…As birds are very apt to come in flocks, and devour the feed when in this situation, care must be taken to keep them off, which a boy may do from a large quantity.

*The Pennsylvania Herald, and General Advertiser* (PA) 1787 04 04 page 4 The Birds, the Beasts and the Bat. A Fable. [*Columbian Magazine*, (by Francis Hopkinson, uncredited)] (widely circulated)

Written during the war in 1778.

A war broke out in former days,
If all is true, that Aesop says;
Between the birds, that haunt the grove,
And beasts, that wild in forests rove:
Of fowl, that swim in waters clear,
Of those, that mount aloft in air;
From ev'ry tribe, vast numbers came,
To fight for freedom or for fame.
The beasts from dens and caverns deep,
From valleys low and mountains steep;
In hostile ranks determin'd flood,

And dreadful howlings shook the wood.

The bat, half-bird—half beast, was there,
Nor would for this or that declare;
Waiting ‘till conquest should decide,
Which was the strongest, safest side;
Depending on his doubtful form,
To screen him from the impending storm,

With sharpen’d beaks, and talons long,
With horney spurs and pinions strong,
The birds, in fierce assault, ‘tis said,
Amongst the foe such havoc made;
That panic-struck—the beasts retreat
Amaz’d —and vict’ry seem’d complete.

Th’ observant bat, with speaking tone,
Cries— “bravo, birds, the day’s our own;
For know, I’m proud to claim a place

Amongst your bold aspiring race;
With leathern wings I skim the air,
And am a bird, tho’ clad in hair,”

But now, the beasts, asham’d of flight,
With rallied force, renew the fight;
With threatning teeth, uplifted paws,
Projecting horns and spreading claws;
Enrag’d advance—push on the fray,
And claim the honours of the day.

The bat, still hov’ring to and fro,
Observ’d how things were like to go:
Concludes those best, who best can fight,
And thinks the strongest party right.
“Push on,” he cries, “our’s is the day,
We’ll chase these rebel birds away,
And reign supreme—for who but we,
Of earth and air the lords should be.
That I’m a beast, I can make out,
By reasons strong, beyond a doubt.—
With teeth and fur,—’twould be absurd,
To call a think, like me, a bird:
Each son and daughter of my house,
Is stil’d, at least, a flying mouse.”

Always uncertain is the fate
Of war, and enterprises great:
The beasts, exulting, push’d too far

Their late advantage in the war:
Sure of success, insult the foe,
Despite their strength, and careless grow.
The birds, not vanquish'd, but dismay'd,
Collect their force, new pow'rs display'd;
Their chief, the eagle leads them on,
And with fresh rage, the war's begun.
Now, in their turn, the beasts must yield
The bloody laurels of the field;
Routed, they fly, disperse, divide,
And in their native caverns hide.

Once more, the bat, with courtly voice—
"Hail, noble birds; much I rejoice
In your success—and come to claim,
My share of conquest, and of fame."
"Hence, traitor, hence!" the eagle cries,
"The birds thy dubious form despise;
No more—as you just vengeance fear,
Amongst our honour'd ranks appear."

The bat disown'd, in some old shed,
Now seeks to hide his exil'd head;
Nor dares his leathern wings display,
From rising morn to setting day.
In dark retreats, he shuns the light,
To hide his mongrel form from sight[19].

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1787 05 02 page 4 A curious circumstance in the natural history of birds [by Sir William Hamilton, *Philosophical Transactions*, volume lxxvi]

Sir William Hamilton, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. dated Naples, January 24, 1786, and inserted in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxxvi. page 365, mentions this curious circumstance. "I was informed of it, (says he) by an officer of the garrison of Ventotiene, who is a great sportsman, and shoots often in the island of St. Stefano, inhabited only by hawks, and a large kind of sea gulls; but is occasionally visited, as a resting place, by divers sorts of birds of passage. In the month of May, great flights of quails arrive there from Africa, spent with fatigue, and many of them fall an easy prey to the hawks and sea gulls; but as their arrival depends on one prevailing wind, there is often an interval of many days between one flight and another. My informer assured me, that the hawks, during the flights, make a provision of each day's prey, laying them up in several heaps of six or seven near their haunts, always feeding upon those of the oldest date. The sea gulls have not the same foresight, but greedily fall upon their unhappy victims, in their languid state, before they reach the shore, and having beat them down into the sea, swallow numbers of them whole. Extraordinary as this may appear, yet as facts related by persons of credibility, in any branch of Natural History,

are always pleasing, I thought you would excuse this digression."

*The Newport Herald* (RI) 1787 05 03 page 4 April [*Calendar of Nature*[20]]

April weather is become a proverbial expression for a mixture of the bright and gloomy. The pleasantness of its sunshiny days, with the delightful view of fresh greens and newly opened flowers, is unequaled but they are frequently overcast with clouds, and chilled by rough wintry blasts.…

Early in the month, that welcome guest and harbinger of Summer, the swallow, returns. The kind first seen, is the chimney or house swallow, known by its long forked tail, and red breast. At first, here and there one only appears, glancing quick by us, as if scarcely able to endure the cold.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green.

But in a few days, their number is much increased, and they sport with seeming pleasure in the warm sunshine.

And see my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
  Where on the sunny bank the lambkins play
Alike attracted to th' enlivening gleam,
  The stranger swallows take their wonted way[21].

JAGO.

As these birds live on insects, their appearance is a certain proof that some of this minute tribe of animals are now got abroad from their winter retreats.

The birds are now busied in pairing, and building their nests. As their singing is the voice of courtship and conjugal love, the concerts of the groves begin to fill with all their various melody. The nightingale, that most accomplished and enchanting of songsters, is heard soon after the arrival of the swallow. He sings by day as well as by night; but in the day time, his voice is drowned in the multitude of performers; in the evening it is heard alone; whence the poets have always made the song of the nightingale a nocturnal serenade.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among
I woo to hear thy even song[22].

MILTON.

Another of the most striking events of this month, is the renewal of the cuckow's note, which is generally heard about the middle of April. This is so remarkable a circumstance, that it has commanded attention in all countries; and several rustic sayings, and the names of several plants which flower at this time, are derived from it.

Hail beauteous stranger of the wood,

Attendant on the Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay[23].

LOGAN.

The cuckow's arrival is regularly preceded some days by that of the wryneck, a small bird, singular in its attitudes and plumage, and living upon insects which harbour in the bark of trees, which it extracts by means of its long tongue, furnished with a sharp bony tip. The wryneck also has a peculiar note or cry, easily distinguished by those who have once heard it.

Other birds which are seen amongst us only in the warmer months, as the redstart, white-throat, and yellow wagtail, appear in April.

The fishes are now inspired by the same enlivening influence which acts upon the rest of animated nature; and in consequence, again offer themselves as a prey to the arts of the angler, who returns to his usual haunt.

Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting thro' the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.
WARTON…

*The Newport Herald* (RI) 1787 05 03 page 4 Meditation for the first of May [Isaac Watts, 1753, uncredited]

What astonishing variety of artifices, what innumerable millions of exquisite works is the God of Nature engaged in every moment! how gloriously are his all-pervading wisdom and power employed in this season of the year, this spring of nature!…

The whole nation of vegetables is under the divine care and culture, his hands form

them day and night with admirable skill, and unceasing operation, according to the natures he first gave them.…

But these creatures are of lower life, and give but feebler displays of the Maker's wisdom. Let us raise our contemplations another story, and survey a nobler theatre of divine wonders. What endless armies of animals is the hand of God moulding and figuring this moment, throughout his brutal dominion! What immense flights of little birds are now fermenting in the egg, heaving and growing towards shape and life!

…God's prime-minister in this wondrous world of beings, and he works with sovereign vigor on the surface of the earth, and spreads his influence deep under the clods to every root and fibre, moulding them into their proper root and fibre, moulding them into their proper forms by divine direction. There is not a plant, nor a leaf, nor one little branching thread above or beneath the ground which escapes the eye or influence of this beneficent star. An illustrious emblem of the omnipresence and universal activity of the Creator!

*The Boston Gazette, and the Country Journal* (MA) 1787 06 11 page 3 Boston, June 11 (widely circulated)

...From the Worcester Magazine, Lancaster, May 31, 1787.
"Yesterday morning was killed here, one thousand seven hundred and eighty seven birds of prey; also seven hundred eggs of the same were taken.
"If you see fit, Mr. Editor, to insert the foregoing in your Magazine, it may possibly be imitated, and save the industrious farmer much pains and trouble. L.W.

*The New-Haven Chronicle* (CT) 1787 06 19 page 1 June [*Calendar of Nature*]

…Though the other senses are so much gratified in this month, the ear loses most of its entertainment, as the birds, now in the season of courtship and rearing their young is past, no longer exercise their musical powers.

The groves, the fields, the meadows, now no more
With melody resound, 'Tis silence all,
As if the lovely songsters, overwhelm'd
By bounteous nature's plenty lay intranc'd
In drowsy lethargy[24].

After the end of June, an attentive observer [Stillingfleet] heard no birds except the stone curlew (thick-kneed plover of Pennant) whistling late at night; the yellow-hammar, gold-finch, and golden-crested wren, now and then chirping. The cuckoo's note ceases about this time.

*The Worcester Magazine* (MA) 1787 06 28 page 16 Worcester (widely reprinted)

...We hear from Sterling, that on Monday the 18th instant, the people of that town killed 3087 birds of prey.

*The Newport Herald* (RI) 1787 06 28 page 4 The Bird's Nest [By Arnaud Berquin translated from French L'ami des enfants, 1782/1783] (widely circulated, credited elsewhere to "Children's Friend"

Yes, little nest, I'll hold you fast,
And little birds, one, two, three, four;
I've watch'd you long; you're mine at last;
Poor little things! you'll 'scape no more.

Chirp, cry, and flutter as you will,
Ah! simple rebels 'its in vain.
Your little wings are unfledg'd still;
How can you freedom then obtain?

What note of sorry strikes my ear?
Is it their mother thus distrest?
Ah yes—and see, their father dear
Flies round and round, to seek their nest.

And is it I, who cause their moan?
I, who so of in summer's heat,
Beneath yon oak have laid me down,
To listen to their song so sweet?

If from my tender mothers' side,
Some wicked wretch should make me fly,
Full well I know 'twould he betide,
To break her heart, to sink, to die!

And shall I, then, so cruel prove,
Your little ones to force away?
No, no; together live and love:
See, there they are—take them, I pray.

Teach them in yonder wood to fly:
And let them your soft warbling hear,
'Till heir own wings can soar as high,
And their own notes may sound as clear.

Go, gentle birds; go, free as air!
While oft again in summer's heat,
To yonder oak I will repair,
And listen to your songs so sweet[25].

*The Freeman's Journal or The North-American Intelligencer* (PA) 1787 07 04 page 4 An essay on the instruction and entertainment to be derived from a view of the minutest objects of creation [by Robert Porter in a letter (LVII) to Isaac Watts 1726/1780 (uncredited) via *Hibernian Magazine* 1781, uncredited]

It is surprising, that, amidst all the studies which employ our thoughts, we take

not more notice of those miracles which present themselves to our view in the lower rank of creation. Were these attended to, they would prodigiously enlarge our minds, and give us far more exalted ideas of the Supreme Being…(M)an stalks heedless and thoughtless along amidst a world of beings which surround him on every side, and because they occur frequently to his sight, he takes no regard of them….

As to the degree of their senses of pain, it seems plain from what I have said concerning the formation of their parts; and Shakespeare certainly is in the right, when he says,

The poor blind beetle that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

It is undoubtedly barbarous to take away the life of any animal merely from an ostentation of the superiority of human power, or in experiments merely wanton and useless; especially, considering the short duration of time they enjoy among us is the whole of their life and that they have no future existence. Mr. Locke, I remember, in his Treatise on Education, advises parents to let their children have as many birds, squirrels, &c. as they will, for he thinks the care they take of them will give a tincture of humanity to their minds. And, by the way, Leonardo da Vinci, the famous Florentine painter, could not bear to see a bird confined in a cage, and, was he walked among the streets, would purchase them, and set them at liberty.

It is observable, that the Supreme Being has given them such perceptions as are suited to the functions of their lives, and the different places of their residence…

The most trivial thing in nature may entertain a speculative mind with many an agreeable meditation. What wonderful work appears in a bird's nest? How contemptible is the very mention of it, and yet what great sagacity appears in its make? Not only every species composes them of different materials, and on a peculiar plan, but each constantly presents the same form and invariably keeps one model. Mr. Addison has observed this before, but there are two other considerations which fall under this head, and which he has not noticed. One is the strength and firmness with which those little buildings (if I may so call them) are made. A piece of architecture founded on a rock is not more secure than the basis of a bird's nest, which is so intricately interwoven with the branches of a tree. An oak may be riven with lightning, or torn up with an hurricane, before the storm shall be able to dislodge the nest.

The other consideration is, they, whose young cannot bear the severity of the cold, or where they would perish by being exposed to the severity of the weather, accordingly provide for their offspring. A crow brings up its little family upon the summit of an elm, while a sparrow nurses her tender progeny within the close recess of a house top.

In some, the organs of sight can endure, and take delight in the effulgence of the sun, and others cannot bear the light; therefore a lark never builds in a barn, nor an owl in a corn-field….

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* 1787 07 19 page 3 The Female Economist; or Wife for Hard-times

Twelve sorts of eates my wife provides,
And ‘bates ne’er a dish;
Four are of fowl, and four of fruit,
The other four of fish.

For the first course she serves me up
Four birds that daintiest are;
The first a rail, the next a quail,
A bittern and a jar*. [a Jay]…

*The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1787 07 25 page 4 Food for the Idle

And sustenance in good season—(cries a Lounger, who for many years past hath done nothing but spin street yarn, and whose habits of body infecting his mind, hath created as great an antipathy between this and sentimental amusements, as exists between that and industry)—and what pray is this food—for as impatience is an attendant on a hungry stomach, out with it.—Are we to have a Bear or a Bull baiting?—Is the narration of a Broughtonian engagement, in which two pair of eyes were blackened—half a dozen ribs broken—a jawbone dislocate—or a champion killed outright, to regale us?—Is the elegant Foreigner whose torturial exhibitions on birds so much edified and enlightened us last summer, about to return—or shall we have a bottle conquerer in earnest?…Know then, that the will be famous Signior Falconi, who now exhibits at the Court of the United States, is said to be about to honor the capital of Massachusetts with his presence—Then, my lad, for amusement—Then for Animal Magnetism—so much talk’d of among our allies…

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* 1787 10 08 page 3 The Farmer and Sparrow [“The Farmer and Sparrows” uncredited, from *Royal Fables* by Francis Gentleman 1766 ] (widely circulated)

A farmer saw, with much regret,
Some sparrows in his field of wheat;
And, taking up a plunder’d ear,
Exclaim’d in rage, what havock’s here !
For this have I manur’d the soil,
And till’d it with laborious toil?
These feather’d epicures—a curse
To each industrious farmer’s purse—
I’ll try, without the least delay,
To kill, to maim, or fright away.

The thing no sooner said than done,
He brought with double charge his gun;
Then plund’rers, cried, resign your breath;

To leaden messengers of death
And as his thoughtless rage inspir'd,
Amongst the corn and birds he fir'd.

Six victims fell! a joyful sight—
He ran, and seiz'd them with delight;
Aha, he cries, at length y'are caught,
Your dainties have been dearly bought;
From hence your brother thieves may know,
Justice is sure, though sometimes slow.

One sparrow, who had yet some breath,
Replied, you triumph in our death;
We lie before your vengeful eyes,
No doubt a pleasing sacrifice;
Yet, foolish mortal, see and own,
The unthought mischief you have done;
Much more, though rashly meant for good,
Than twenty times our numbers cou'd ;
Besides, surviving friends will more,
Revenging us, invade your store.

What does your reason then avail,
If only weigh'd in passion's scale?
We lose a doubtful life, 'tis true,
But certain good is lost to you.

The Farmer look'd, when, lo, he saw
Full fourscore yards of earless straw!
For such a tract the shot had made,
He saw with grief, and sighing said;
I am a fool, I own the name,
I doubly feel the loss and shame;
And find the man by passion wrought,
Who turns to action sudden thought,
Instead of profit or content,
Will find occasion to repent;
Then why should anger reason fetter!
Reflection would have taught me better?

*The Maryland Journal* (MD) 1787 11 23 page 4 The Partridges: An Elegy [From the *London Evening Post*, September 3] (see *Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1785 03 12 for full poem)

At this bloody period, when the guns go off by Act of Parliament, and at every bounce a Partridge falls, Mr. Pratt's admired poem on the subject will be accepted by our fair readers at least ("whose gentle bosoms are the shrines of pity," as Mr. Sheridan has sweetly sung) with particular delight, not only on account of the poetry, but the

sentiment; for though neither will spare the life of a single bird, and although even the Ladies will regale themselves with the spoils, the language of humanity, when it speaks in the Muses voice, is so captivating, that the keenest sportsman may be subdued to tenderness as he reads the tale.

*The Massachusetts Gazette* (MA) 1787 11 30 page 1 London, September 10

Great preparations are making all over London against next Saturday; new locks are putting to old guns, and new guns to old locks. The papers are filled with advertisements of patent shot, and leashes of pointers to be sold in every quarter of the town; Blackheath may tremble and every sparrow on the road dread the approach of apprentice boys, shopkeepers, and tradesmen of every denomination; for Saturday is the day appointed by act of parliament to massacre partridges, when woe be to all the little birds of every denomination that hop from spray to spray in the hedges.

Whatever reports may prevail to the contrary, the English army takes the field on Saturday next, and probably will, on that day, begins such a smart fire—on partridges and other birds, as will go near to extirpate the whole feathered race.—People living in the country are desired to take care of their fowls.

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* 1787 12 15 page 2
Indispensible reasons for the establishment of a whistling academy

1st. Because it would be of incomparable use to the numerous descriptions of loungers, this being, perhaps, the first substitute, if not the only one in nature, for deficiency of thought: Hence Dryden's observation,

"He whistled as we went for want of thought."…

3d. Because, if many who call themselves poets, were wise enough to apply themselves to whistling, they might then fairly pretend to some sort of harmony; whereas at present they are destitute of every thing that bears the least resemblance to it.…

5th. Because, in higher assemblies, may persons who now mistake their talents in attempting to be speakers, by their speedy proficiency in this amusement would infallibly demonstrate, that nature designed them for anything else but whistlers.

6th. Because many young men of fire and fashion by learning to whistle might have the privilege of conversing with black-birds, thrushes, &c. &c. which would be an advantage they seldom enjoy in human society, except the subject be a horse, a dog, a fashionable suit. This benefit may also be extended to many who call themselves connoisseurs, natural philosophers, &c.

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* 1787 12 29 page 3 The Universal Concert

Praise to the Lord, who spread the bending sky,
Who form'd the beauties of surrounding worlds

…
Ye birds with plumage of delightful hue,
Your warbling throats attune in his behalf,
Ye reptile insects of unnumber'd kind,
Tho' rude and artless, strain your notes to him.
Let man awake, call up his noblest powers,
Pour forth with ardency his songs of praise.
At once let nature's vast extended sound
To God unbounded ardent praises sing,
And vast thanksgiving through the world resound.

## 1788

*The Daily Advertiser* (NY) 1788 01 15 page 3 Advertisement. To the Admirers of Natural History

Mr. Klipstin begs leave to acquaint the public, that having been engaged for several years in forming a collection of birds of this country, which he has at last, with very considerable expense and labor, perfectly accomplished, the admirers of Natural History will now have an opportunity of seeing in their finest plumage, and arranged so as to imitate life, a beautiful assemblage of every species of birds (amounting to 300) natural to this continent.
As the proprietor sails for England in a few days he can only shew them one evening, which will be the next Assembly Night, and by the permission of the Managers of the Assembly, they will be shewn in a room adjoining the Ball Room.
Prince of admittance Two Shillings.
Enquire at No. 47, Nassau Street, and at the City Tavern.

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1788 01 16 page 2 Floretta and the Bullfinch [*The Lady's Magazine*, 1784, uncredited]

An Apologue, from the French

Floretta, young and handsome, gay and careless, had a favourite Bullfinch, which she named Robin. He was a bird of parts:—could whistle an air, with the burthen to it, and prattle in perfection; he could say "I love you," perfectly plain, and repeat it in so many tones, that it had always the effect of novelty, he could sigh too, and almost as well as many of Floretta's beaux :— indeed he was a charming bird! —he loved so tenderly—he caressed so prettily, and had so many pleasing attractions; that he was everybody's favourite, as well as Floretta's; and poor Robin fondly thought, that the happiness of a minute was to be the happiness of his life—and who would have thought otherwise? Always near Floretta—sometimes perched upon her hand—then skipping about her knee, and often thrusting his little intrusive head under the gauze which covered her fair bosom—he never thought his felicity could have an end!—Biscuit, sugar, sweetmeats—every thing was Robin's—and Robin was every thing!

As spring advanced, Floretta heard a Goldfinch sing;— the novelty caught her

fancy; nets are spread, the Goldfinch is caged, and all her care is now divided—divided ! said I—no—novelty never permits our attention to be divided.

A Nightingale, whose soft warbling had lulled Floretta to rest, was next caught, and disputed the prize with the Goldfinch; and the usual consequence took place. A Linnet was then procured, and being the newest face, was of course the most welcome.

And what became of poor Robin all this time? —Alas! must I recount his fate ?—Robin, on the admittance of each new guest, was driven from one cage to another, till at last he was banished from the toilette to the stair-case: his notes were now said to be too plaintive—quite monstrous—his songs were only fit to give Floretta the vapours; and had the thought once struck his mistress, it is more than probable he would have been turned adrift, once more to range the woods. Thus forsaken and forgot, he for a long time smothered his grief, still hoping that the regard Fioretta formerly had for him, would one day restore him to favour again; he drooped his feathers, fasted, and silently bore his misery:—still unable to obtain one favourable glance from his mistress, whose indifference had even excluded pity from her breast, he at last fell down, quite over whelmed with despair, at the moment that the flight of her last favourite, the Linnet, made her recollect that Robin would never have been so ungrateful.

Poor Robin, hearing himself named, made one effort to be noticed, by a last sigh; they ran to him—but it was too late. What a spectacle!—speechless, feeble, his bill pale, his claws stretched upwards, his wings extended, his life expiring. Floretta was inconsolable—accused herself of ingratitude—endeavoured with her breath to reanimate her once darling bird: and as a last resource, laid him on a bosom that could have done anything but give existence. Robin's last moments met the affectionate regards of his sorrowful mistress, and his spirit awakened to happiness, when his eyes were forever shut to sight.—Robin died! —Floretta wept!—

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1788 05 29 page 3 Song from "The New Sylph or Guardian Angel"

My love has hied him to the field;
  Attend him, tuneful bird!
Some solace to his labor yield,
  And let thy song be heard"

My weary looks around I cast,
  And in his absence mourn;
But when the toiling day is past,
  Oh hasten his return!

A rose-tree in our garden grows,
  With clust'ring branches prest
And underneath my favorite rose
  I'll let thee build thy nest.

For the kind office that I ask,
  My gratitude thou'lt see;

And still 'twill prove my dearest talk;
To guard thy young and thee![26]

*Thomas's Massachusetts Spy: Or, The Worcester Gazette* (MA) 1788 05 29 page 3 Worcester, May 29. (widely circulated)

..."Princeton, May 26, 1788.

"A considerable number of the respectable inhabitants of Princeton, consisting of 37 gunners and their waiters, spent the day past in hunting; and this evening they have brought in 1596 birds of prey."

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1788 07 21 page 3 Advertisement. Mr Peale's Museum (repeated and printed in other Philadelphia newpapers)

Containing the portraits of illustrious personages, distinguished in the late Revolution of America, and other paintings—also, a collection of preserved beasts, birds, fish, reptiles, insects, fossils, minerals, petrifications, and other curious objects, natural and artificial.
Intended to be an easy and pleasing instruction in natural history.
As this Museum is in its infancy, Mr. Peale will thankfully receive the assistance of the curious.
N.B. To pay for attendance, &c. Admittance One Shilling, or One Dollar for a free ticket for one year.

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1788 07 26 page 3 Foreign Intelligence. London, April 10

However incredible it may appear, there is at this present time a person professionally a bird catcher in Bethnal green, but who has been perfectly blind for many years; and what is the more a singularity, notwithstanding he has the assistance of partner who is deaf and dumb, the sense of feeling is exquisite in the former, that he can readily distinguish different species of common birds; many persons having in vain endeavored to circumvent him in this respect. His partner is not less eminent in his calling, and it is evident that these two singular beings procure what few of the fraternity can obtain, viz. a decent livelihood....

*The New-York Morning Post and Daily Advertiser* (NY) 1788 08 15 page 2 Facts and Remarks Respecting Swallows

The history of our common Swallow has long been a problem in ornithology.—Whilst people in general supposed them birds of passage, a few who appear to have been better informed, supported the contrary. The opinion of the many was founded on what they thought probable—that of the few, on fact.

Being told by my nurse that Swallows wintered in the moon, and by men after I grew bigger, that they were birds of passage; to the doctrine of their descending to

pass the winter in the gloomy element of water, I was a real sceptic—But I now as much doubt the theory of those naturalists who contend they are birds of passage, as I disbelieve the philosophy of my nurse.

In the year 1780, in conversing with a zoologer who lived about twenty miles from Boston, of the phænomenon of the sudden exit, but gradual and irregular return of swallows, I observed that geese and other sea fowl, which in the spring visited the lakes, and in the fall returned, were observed both in their flight from and return to the sea—That black birds, in the fall of the year, were seen in flocks of vast numbers directing their course to south west. That as we never observed a collection of swallows appearing to be on their passage to another country, I thought it probable when they began their passage, they flew only in the night, or that they ascended beyond the reach of the human eye.

The gentleman replied they were not a bird of passage : That the cause of their sudden disappearance, but irregular return, was, that they had a fixed day for immersing into the water, but none for emerging from it. On my doubting his hypothesis, he said, as a neighbour of his, not long before, was draining a pond, in a warm day near that season of the year in which swallows first appear, his attention was attracted by observing the mud, which in consequence of draining the pond, had for some time been exposed to the rays of the sun, move and appear animated. His curiosity was excited, and he ordered a quantity of this mud to be conveyed to a room in his house, which he caused to be gradually warmed by a slow fire, till from it there rose a number of swallows, hovering over himself and family, who had been spectators of their resurrection.

Mr. Hyde, carrier of the public mail, and whose veracity is universally acknowledged, informed me, that he had seen in the month of January, a swallow, which appeared like a piece of frozen dirt, gradually warmed till it became animated and flew about the room.

In the year 1782, I lived near the mill pond in Boston. About the middle of August this pond was covered with swallows, some flying just above the surface of the water—others lighting upon the rules and water lillies that raised their heads above it. On my enquiring of a neighbour who had for many years lived by the pond, the cause of such an unusual collection of swallows to it, he said it was no more than what happened every year at that season. “For some days before they take their annual fight,” continued he, “they rendezvous at this pond.” He then mentioned the day of the month (August) which I do not remember, on which he said they would all disappear, which took place accordingly.—Perhaps on the banks of this pond might be a good place to investigate this phenomenon.

But a place I think more convenient, and the knowledge of which, has been a principal cause of my offering this for publication, is at Bethlehem, State of Pennsylvania. As this little Elysium is generally visited in the summer by men of science, I hope this may attract the attention of such as may happen to be there about the 20th of August, to attempt a full discovery.

Before I was convinced that swallows passed the winter under water, I was in the

month of August at Bethlehem. A little before sun-set I used to walk to the gardens between the Monorcas creek and Lehigh, where I was astonished at the collection of swallows that were alighting upon, and hovering over the willows which grow on the bank of the creek, about opposite the sisters garden. On my enquiring the cause of their leaving their nests in old buildings and collecting to pass the night in those green willows, I was informed by the Rev. Mr. Vanvleck, it was what happened every year at that season. About the 20th not one of them was to be seen—Perhaps it is from the branches of those willows, that hang over the creek, that they altogether immerse into the water.

That swallows are properly amphibious, I believe no one will contend—If they do lie, during the winter, in a torpid state under water, why they should, whilst in full life and vigor, and in the warmest month in the year, plunge into an element, in which they cannot exist, except in a state of insensibility, may afford matter for speculation to the curious[27].

## *The Massachusetts Centinel* (MA) 1788 08 27 page 4 Humanity of a Raven by "P.T." [*Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1788] (widely repeated)

You have given two instances of the sagacity, confidence (or what shall I call it?) of birds. Let me, therefore, give you one instance of the tenderness, I was about to say humanity, of a raven. He lives, or did live three years since, at the Red Lion at Hungerford; his name, I think, is Rafe. You must know then, that, coming into the inn, my chaise run over, or bruised, the leg of my Newfoundland dog; and; while we were examining the injury done to the dog's foot, Rafe was evidently a concerned spectator; for, the minute the dog was tied up under the manger with my horses, Rafe not only visited, but fetched him bones, and attended upon him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. The bird's notice of the dog was so marked, that I observed it to the hostler, for I had not heard a word before of the history of this benevolent creature. John then told me, that he had been bred from his pin-feather in intimacy with a dog; that the affection between them was mutual; and that all the neighbourhood had often been witnesses of the innumerable acts of kindness they had conferred upon each other. Rafe's poor dog, after a while, broke his leg, and, during the long time he was confined, Rafe waited upon him constantly, carried him his provisions daily, and never scarce left him alone! One night by accident, the hostler had shut the stable door, and Rafe was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but the hostler found in the morning the bottom of the door so picked away, that, had it not been opened, Rafe would, in another hour, have made his own entrance-port. I then enquired of my landlady (a sensible woman) and heard what I have related confirmed by her, with several other singular traits of the kindnesses this bird shews to all dogs in general, but particularly to the maimed or wounded ones*; but having committed these particulars to paper, and sent them for publication in the St. James's Chronicle†, I have forgotten them. I hope and believe however, the bird is still living; and the traveller will find I have not overrated this wonderful bird's merit. In my next, I will give you some account of a real Newfoundland dog, once my property; for, though I know it will be deemed a long bow-firing, I had rather be suspected of such a stretch, than omit to

repeat what I saw, and what I verily believe my brother saw.

*Rafe has been a widow or widower some years.

†To my great surprise, it was not inserted in that paper. I suppose it was not credited, but my name is at the service of the doubtful.

*The Pennsylvania Gazette* (PA) 1788 09 17 page 3 Some thoughts on the diseases of the mind; with a scheme for purging the moral faculties of the good people of Pennsylvania—quite new and very philosophical by "Projector."

That there is an intimate connection between the soul and the body, and that the one is apt to be affected by the disorders and irregularities of the other, is a truth too manifest to be controverted. How this connection is formed, to what extent it exists, and what are the visible organs of the body, which compose the intermediate links of union with the invisible faculties of the mind, are problems which have been often in vain attempted. I neither pretend to have found out the secret, nor have I, at present, any plausible hypothesis to propose on this delicate subject....I now come to make the proposal which I had first in view when I sat down to write this paper, a proposal which I flatter myself will correct all the bad effects of party spirit or of personal animosity in this our city; and will sweeten and purify the political atmosphere of our commonwealth. The preface to this my project is I confess rather long; but it was necessary, to shew the metaphysical grounds upon which it is founded.

Let there be two public papers instituted—the one a weekly and the other a daily paper—let the printers be commissioned by government, and allowed competent salaries for their time and trouble. They should be commissioned, because all other printers should be prohibited from interfering in their department.—One of these papers may be entitled the ***** **** and the other the **** ****. Let these offices be always open, as places where the good people of Pennsylvania may ease their minds without restraint, rebuke, or any hindrance whatever. …

I knew  young man, about 32 years of age, of a slender habit of mind, who, from losses in trade and crosses in love, began to grow melancholy, retired and discontented. He came to me for advice. I asked him if he had ever tried to write verses. He answered, that he had upon two or three occasions, and found he could tack rhymes together pretty well, but had no thoughts of cultivating the talent. But I advised him by all means to do it. He followed my prescription, and for a year or two employed himself in writing Sonnets to Delia, Odes to Liberty, and Elegies on Squirrels, Birds, and dead Lap-dogs—with a variety of other subjects, according to the course of the humors that infected his mind. He is now of a calm contemplative habit, but far from melancholy; on the contrary, he is delighted with his own performances, and enjoys the comfort of self applause, which after all, is the most substantial comfort of life….

*The Independent Gazetteer; or, the Chronicle of Freedom* (PA) 1788 12 09 page 2 Albany, November 28.

A few days ago, a curious and uncommon bird was killed at Saratoga, and sent as

a rarity to this city. The distance from the tip of one wing to the other, when both were extended, was nine feet and two inches; the mouth was large enough to contain with ease the head of a boy of ten years of age, and the throat so capacious as to admit the foot and leg of a man, boot and all. Doubts were entertained at first what it was but it is now decided to be the large Pelican of the sea coasts, as, upon examination, we are told (by Dr. Mitchill) that it agrees to the character of the *Pelicanus Aquillus* of Linnaeus, and the *Onocratalus* of Brisson....

*The Independent Gazetteer; or, the Chronicle of Freedom* (PA) 1788 12 18 page 3 Lamentation of Maria* by "R.T."

Ah, hapless me! I sigh in vain,
  Far, far away is comfort fled:
I ne'er shall greet sweet peace again,
  To smiling joy forever dead.

Cease ye unmated birds, who rue,
  The truant boy or sportive gun;
The last lost joy shall soon renew,
  Thy present grief shall quick be done

Ease to thy loss kind nature sends,
  And soon repairs the fatal blow:
With the sad year thy sorrow ends,
  Nor leaves a trace of former woe....

* Vide Sterne's Sentimental Journey

## 1789

*The Herald of Freedom and the Federal Advertiser* (MA) 1789 01 06 page 4 The Captive liberated: A Fragment [*The American Museum: or Repository of Ancient and Modern Fugitive Pieces &c*., 1788, not credited]

"It was the gracious intention of nature, to have made thee happy in the enjoyment of freedom and the society of kindred beings: cruel accident has controuled this dispensation; at once depriving thee of liberty and social bliss. Be mine the heart-felt happiness, by an humble agency, to fulfil the order of Providence—restoring thee to all the entertainments of fellowship and freedom."

Sweet as forgiveness to the doomed and desponding victim, seemed the words of this well-known, angel voice to my soul: they were the accents of mercy, breathed in tenderness and love—and addressed by the amiable ****, to a feathered songster, her little captive.

"Yes, impatient flutterer," continued the lovely moralist, "charming as is thy song which salutes the morning, and call me from forgetfulness—grateful as is the expression of thy hovering wings whilst I offer thee food, yet more pleasing will be the reflection to have given thee freedom, and more grateful the joy to have restored thee to

the wish of friendship, or the fond expectation of more anxious love."

Go, pretty warbler, wing thy happy flight,
To scenes of social joy, and fond delight—
Where friendship's song shall hail thy wish'd return,
And love's pure flame with highest radiance burn.
  Should surly winter, in an angry mood,
  Refuse thee shelter, or deny thee food,
  Return sweet robin—here my fost'ring care
  Shall find thee shelter, and thy food prepare[28].

*The Independent Gazetteer or, the Chronicle of Freedom* (PA) 1789 01 14 page 3 The Praises of a Country Life: An imitation of Horace.

Bless'd he, who far from noise and strife,
Enjoys the sweets of rural life,
  In undisturb'd repose,
Like the first parents of mankind;
Whose equal unaspiring mind
  No mad ambition knows.
…
Beneath the oak's refreshing shade,
On the green turf securely laid,
  He tastes a sweet repose:
While the deep river winds along,
The birds to lull him, join their song
  The brook soft murmuring flows[29].

*The New-York Daily Gazette* (NY) 1789 01 23 page 3 The Pious Resolve

I. Why sinks my heart with woe oppress'd?
Let fear disturb the guilty breast;
Whilst he, who honor's laws obeys,
Whose ev'ry action conscience sways,
Of Heav'n's approving smile secure,
Misfortune bravely should endure.

II. Tho' winter's rage deforms the skies;
Mark! how that bird exulting flies!
And now, in yon sequester'd wood,
Serene he picks his scanty food;
And oft, on yonder frost-bound plain,
Cheers with his song the busy swain.

III. By instinct taught, that genial spring
Shall milder skies and plenty bring,
When strains of melody and love

Again shall fill the bower and grove,
Patient the furious winds he bears,
And for a while forgets his cares.

IV. Whilst bleak misfortune's storms impend;
To Heav'n O! let me suppliant bend!
And, since by former friends forgot,
Stern poverty must be my lot,
Affliction's tempests may I brave,
And comfort find beyond the grave!

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1789 03 06 page 2 Foreign Intelligence. London, December 12. [paragraph 2 and 3 from a review of Marshall's *The Rural Œconomy of Norfolk*, *Monthly Review*, August 1787.]

Last week a gentleman fowling on a mountain near Skiddaw, in Cumberland, perceived a very large brown eagle dart from a precipice and attack a well grown lamb of this season, which he seized in his talons, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman let fly, and wounded him in, the pinion of the left wing. He then approached the magnanimous bird, who held his prey, and with a menacing look stared in his face for some time. The sportsman, willing to rescue the poor lamb, and equally loth to destroy so noble a creature, pulled a cord from his pocket, which he threw with some danger, over the neck of the eagle, who finding himself noosed, quitted the lamb, and seemed to surrender at discretion. The gentleman led him gently to a birch tree, round which he fastened the cord, and sat down watching, till some Countrymen cutting peat on the mountain, returned from work; two of them assisted in bringing the eagle to his house, where a place was prepared for his future residence. He is the largest of the kind ever remembered in Great-Britain, being six feet three inches along the neck and back, from the head to the end of the tail, four feet round the girth, and weighs sixty-two pounds three quarters[30].

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1789 04 09 page 3 Ode to the Cuckoo [by Logan/Bruce (uncredited)]

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou Messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year!

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet,
  From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wand'ring thro' the wood,
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts! the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay[31].

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet Bird! thy bower is ever green;
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song;
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing.
Our annual visits o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring!

*The New-York Daily Gazette* (NY) 1789 06 10 page 3 The Little Captive [*The General Magazine and Impartial Review* December 1787, uncredited. Original title "Le Petit Captif" by a Lady]

Say, little flutt'rer, whither would'st thou fly!
Devoid of harm thyself, thou fear'st no harm:
Yet know, unnumber'd snares beset thee nigh,
Snares which too late thy safety may alarm.

Too delicately fledg'd to brave the air,
Which erst entic'd thee from thy nest to Spring!
How wilt thou, bird, avoid th' impending snare,
And seek sweet refuge by the feeble wing?

As some sweet infant leaves her guardian's eye,
Intent on gath'ring king-cups in the meads,
May chance near some translucid riv'let ply,
Where pendant flow'rs inverted lift their heads.

Lur'd by the visionary tints, she bends,
And smiling spreads her little fingers wide;
Her eager grasp the specious glory blends,
Amid th' increasing circle of the tide.

And now in vain she craves her guardian's aid,
As vain fire 'struggles with the ruffled wave;
Till quite o'erpower'd the lovely passive maid
Resigns her sweetness to the crystal grave.

As premature thy fate, unguarded thus,

To flutter long the much frequented way;
Perhaps, discover'd by some agile puss,
That, grimly pleas'd shall with thy plumage play.

Then let me hence conduct thee, helpless bird!
And seek a blest asylum for the youth:
Why palpitates thy heart? Doubt not my word;
Nor aught shall violate the voice of truth.

No wiry limit shall my bird immure,
No silken gyve immanacle thy feet;
Nor fatal steel, from flight thy wing secure,
To damp the song of freedom, wildly sweet.

The peaceful garden be thy sacred home,
There may'st thou many a short excursion try,
Ere vent'ring to ascend th' empyreal dome;
There may'st thou revel, there securely lie.

If bent on wandering, this gay parterre
Yields not sufficient charms to stay thy wing;
Fly where thou list, may safety tend thee there;
There chaunt thy vespers; there thy matins sing.

Go, little captive! liberty is thine;
Enjoy the privilege that nature gave.—
And ever be the sweet reflection mine—
From harm, unguarded innocence to save.

*The Independent Gazetteer; or, the Chronicle of Freedom* (PA) 1789 06 20 page 3 An irregular ode to spring &c. by Philemon

I. The winter that frowned so long
Has now given place to the spring;
The red and the mocking bird's song
Make our hills and valleys to ring
The red bird perch'd high on a tree!
Salutes the fair morning and thee.

II. Why fainted my love to behold
The wreck of all nature around?
Arise my beloved, thou'rt cold,
Thy William starts up from the ground.
Whilst apples shoot and pear trees bloom,
How sweetly young Mary the blossoms perfume.

III. Let me again but hear thy voice,
Which more than music can me charm!
O! let me see those beautious eyes,

Which even malice can disarm,
The bird are warbling from each spray!
Arise my love and come away.

IV. The waters, flowing o'er their banks,
Have to their channels now retir'd;
Look to your friends and give them thanks,
And but for them we had expir'd.
The lillies and the roses bloom,
Then let not fear our time consume.

V. The waters rising with a bound,
Did sorely beat upon my back;
Ravenous vultures hover'd round,
And all my soul was on the rack.
Fell cormorants must take their fight
To Nova-Scotia in the night....

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1789 06 22 Mixing together profit and delight by "O" [*Spectator*, 512 by Addison, uncredited)]

There is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as asserting an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots…But among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is fable, in whatsoever shape it appears…This will appear to us, if we reflect in the first place, that upon the reading of a fable, we are made to believe we advise ourselves…The oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, what if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise man of old very often chose to give counsel to their king in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this in a Turkish, which I do not like the worse for that little Oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The vizier to this great Sultan, whether a humorist or an enthusiast, we are not informed, pretended to have learned of a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the vizier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Sultan, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls near a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. "I would fain know," says the Sultan," what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it." The vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, "Sir," says he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is." The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word everything the owls had said. "You must know, then," said the vizier, " that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the

daughter in my hearing, 'Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion.' To which the father of the daughter replied, 'Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud! Whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages.'"

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no less a philosopher than Democritus, namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such a wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skilled in the language of birds, and understand everything they said to one another. Whether the dervise above mentioned might not have eaten such a serpent I shall leave to the determination of the learned.

*The Independent Gazetteer; or, the Chronicle of Freedom* (PA) 1789 07 28
Phaeton to Daphne. A Pastoral Ode. by "Caledon"

1. Bellona, be gone with thy train!
  We have no more work for thee here;
Sweet peace! do thou with us remain,
  Let lovely Pastora draw near.

...

9. See Sol beams his rays from the east!
  And Robin salutes the gay morn;
Fond birds! how happily blest!
  The moon shews her circling horn.

10. The martin and swallow hatch young,
  How social and harmless their glee!
In chattering their wild notes are sung;
  How provident is the little bee!

11. But man, morose, mulish or blind,
  Few lessons from nature descry;
But groveling still in his mind,
  Views most with a jaundiced eye.

*The Independent Chronicle and the Universal Advertiser* (MA) 1789 08 13
page 3 Boston, August 13 (widely reported)

Yesterday afternoon as Capt. Lemuel Gardner and Mr. Caleb Blodget, merchant, both of this town, were gunning in a canoe near Hog Island, they discovered a flock of birds, upon which both discharged their pieces together, which immediately overset the canoe; a boy who was with them saved himself by keeping to the canoe; Capt. Gardner swam to the shore, but Mr. Blodget was in the attempt unfortunately drowned: Every

exertion has been made to restore life to him, but without effect. The friends of Mr. Blodget deeply lament his loss—his benevolent and friendly disposition endeared him to all his acquaintance,—and we heartily condole with his afflicted relations on the sorrowful occasion[32].

*The Pennsylvania Mercury, and Universal Advertiser* (PA) 1789 09 08 page 2

September.— An Elegy

Humbly inscribed to the London Sportsmen.

The sun was just risen, and the streets were all clear,
When I hastily leap'd from my bed ;
I dres'sd me, and shoulder'd my gun without fear,
And to Highbury fields, Sirs, I sped.

Of a covey of Partridges I had been told,
And the spot I had mark'd with my eye,
I determin'd to shoot them to shew I was bold,
And to shoot them before they could fly.

Sans winking or blinking I shoulder'd my piece
And was going to let fly very soon,
When the covey all rose, and with such a d—d whiz,
That I nearly fell into a swoon.

Up started my hair, Sirs, and down dropp'd my gun,
And quite motionless was my whole frame,
I trembled, perspir'd, and cried out, Is this fun?
I desire no more of the same!

I wish I was once back again in Budge-row,
And to Budge-row I quickly will budge;
I pick'd up my piece and determin'd to go,
And right weary I back again trudge.

Returning I made Bagnigge Wells in my way,
When the rolls were all smoaking and hot;
I said, I'll not stop—but my stomach said no!
Nothing better nor this can be got.

Having finish'd my tea, for a Doctor I call'd,
And they brought me new Milk and old Rum;
And finding my appetite not the least pall'd,
I desir'd the Ham too might come.

I eat, and I drank, and I fell fast asleep,
And I doz'd till the clock had struck four;
Then went to the Peacock, drank five bottles deep,
And a snooring I ne'er will go more.

Ye Merchants, and Shopkeepers, Shopmen and all,
Who think Partridge of birds is the best;
Be ye young, be ye old, be ye short, be ye tall;
Oh stay till the Partridge is drest!

There are shooters enough, so stick to your books,
And of birds you'll have many a brace;
Instead of good guns, take care you've good cooks,
And dine not till you have said grace.

Let men who delight in the dirt and the rain,
In ditches walk up to their knees;
If the birds are transmitted to you when they're slain,
You may eat very much at your ease.

When with crumbs, or bread sauce, on your tables they smoke,
Tuck your napkins right under your chin;
Then, tho' sportsmen may sneer, and a good shot may joke,
Eat on, and let them laugh that win[33].

*The Independent Gazetteer; or, the Chronicle of Freedom* (PA) 1789 11 04 page 3.

The following have been lately presented to Mr. Peale's Museum, the corner of Lombard and Third Streets:—…A pair of the large and beautiful birds of South America, called the Poweese [Powis/Black Currassow]. They are alive.—One presented by Miss Campbell of Annapolis, Maryland; the other my the Hon. Mr. Valek, Consul for Holland in Maryland....

Newport Herald 1789 11 26 A Poem (Extract from Sympathy by Samuel Jackson Pratt, 1781, uncredited)

…Sing to the birds at roost, the lambs at feed;
Or if a nest she found the brakes among
No hand of her's destroy'd the promised young…[34]

*The New-York Daily Gazette* (NY) 1789 12 09 page 2 Edwin's Urn: A Fragment by "Lavinia"

"Solitude! thou hast lost thy power of charming," said the weeping Emma, as she was bedewing Edwin's urn with the tears of love

"No more, with pleasure, do I sit on the foot of yon oak and listen to the sweet notes of the feathered choir, as I was wont when Edwin lived. Alas! my Edwin, will you no more lead me to the shady bower, and tune your pipe to Emma's praise? Peace, ye birds! Edwin no more echoes your mellifluous tones in mild symphonic song. Droop, hang your heads, ye flowrets of the field; no more will ye be pluck'd by Edwin's hand, to grace his Emma's hair."...

*Pennsylvania Packet* (PA) 1789 12 09 The Sportsman's Morning [Shooting: A Poem 1784 by Henry James Pye (uncredited)]

> The night recedes and mild Aurora now
> Waves her grey banner on the eastern brow;
> …
> They rise!—they rise!—All yet our fire restrain,
> Till the 'maz'd birds securer distance gain!
> For, thrown too close, the shots your hopes elude,
> Wide of your aim, and innocent of blood;
> But mark with careful eye their lessening flight,
> Your ready gun, obedient to your sight,
> And at the length where frequent trials shew
> Your fatal weapon gives the surest blow,
> Draw quick![35]

**1790**

*The Daily Advertiser* (NY) 1790 01 02 page 3 Advertisement. Address to them that take it! signed De Turnell, Sec'ry of Board.

> A pheasant had a law suit with an owl in the bird court, obliged them to dispute their cause; the king of the owls a few days before the decision, run through all the forest to summons all the owls to swear in favour of the owl; those owls wanted to scare the evidence of the pheasant—The court of the birds being together, the judges were pellicans, the jury were twelve red birds and the lawyer an eagle—the cause commenced, there appeared three peacocks with their wings spread, and so many other birds, that they leaved all the red birds and also the pellicans; the three peacocks did nothing but talk, and babble, and the rest of the birds in favour of the owl—the owl was accused of stealing the property of the pheasant; the pheasant proved by three parrots that the owl was his property, the eagle insisted that the evidence of the parrots was wrong, and that the owl never was the property, of the pheasant; the eagle insisted on the solidity of the three peacocks In favour of the owl, there were two parrots endeavoured to make the cause good of the pheasants; all the red-birds were frightened at the prating of the peacocks, and brought damage against the pheasant; one pellican talked in favour of the owl and confirmed the opinion of the red birds, and talked with an other pellican, president of the court, saying, what did the owl steal from the pheasant, corn, wheat, or honey? The red-birds condemned the pheasant, and ordered the pheasant to give the owl the rest of his of his substance, if them red-birds had souls to save they would have been more careful of the pheasant; all the consolation of the pheasant is, that he has nothing to reproach himself of—he will leave it to the other birds as they may be capable of judging—But do we find such bird in such a forest, no, it's what I can assure[36].

*The Berkshire Chronicle, and the Massachusetts Intelligencer* (MA) 1790 02 11 page 4 A dialogue between the author of the satire against the Genesee country and an old acquaintance, who came from a distant part.

Acquaintance.

How do you, sir?—I hear you've been to view
The Genesee?—Pray tell me, is it true?

Satyrist.

True, I have been—unhappy too for me,
I went to purchase, but did only see.

Acquaintance.

Why, that is strange, that you should go so far,
And never purchase!—What could be the bar?

Satyrist.

The bar, to me, was like a bar of brass—
I had no cash—and credit would not pass.

Acquaintance.

I guess 'twas you that wrote against the place,
Methinks it answers to our desperate case.

Satyrist.

It was, indeed—for now, 'twixt you and I,
I do not mean to rage, or jest, or lie.

Acquaintance.

Well, I'm surprised at what you there relate;
Was it the truth, or was it all deceit?
Come, you may tell me, for I soon shall know;
For thither I have not sat out to go.

Satyrist.

Why, when I went, I brag'd how much I'd buy,
And when the owners did my suit deny,
I publish'd that to reinstate my name—
But, curse it all, it added to my shame.

Acquaintance.

Be civil, sir, for those will lie who swear;
You said there was no Pike or Salmon there:
And as for Deer, 'twas rare to find their haunt,
Or get a bite, if you should starve for want.

Satyrist.

Ven'son's no eat, unless it's fairly won;
And I had neither money, dog, nor gun:
And Salmon, Pike, and Suckers, from my heart,
If I were curs'd, I ne'er could tell apart.

Acquaintance

I wish you would not use such vulgar words;
Come tell the truth concerning of the birds
How came the Ducks to keep so shy away
And Owls and Ravens haunt you night and day?

Satyrist.

To tell the truth—I really suppose
The Ducks were sorely frighted at my clothes;
The Owls came round my misery to deride;
The cursed Crows, to eat me if I dy'd[37].

*The Vermont Journal, and the Universal Advertiser* (VT) 1790 04 07 page 4 The Charms of Spring

How sweet the freshning gales of spring;
  Each blushing morn how gay!
The tuneful lark begins to sing,
  As soon as dawn of day.

Then next Aurora's golden ray
  Comes glancing o'er the plains,
To hail the warbler's plaintive lay,
  And rouse the sturdy swains:

Who from their cots to toil repair,
  Regardless of all strife;
Unknowing and unknown to care,
  Is sure the shepherd's life.

He toils, he carrols all the day,
  At eve then home he bends;
Charm'd with the birds on ev'ry spray,
  As to his cot he tends.…

*Gazette of the United States* (NY) 1790 04 24 page 4 The Starling.—A Song [*Concord Gazette*]

A beauteous Starling late I saw
  On lovely Sylvia's hand;
To check his flight, around his leg

She ty'd a silken band:
In vain he flutters to be gone;
Confinement is his lot:
In vain he strives to break the band—
And can't untie the knot.

Cease! cease! she cried—here you shall feed;
And in my bosom rest:
No bird that ever wing'd the air,
Was half so much caress'd.
If from my hand you should escape,
You may perchance be shot:
Then cease to peck—'tis all in vain—
You can't untie the knot.

The bird contented grows, at length
While Sylvia strokes his plumes;
Erects his little crest—and soon
His former notes resumes.
From what he'd heard the fair one say,
These words by rote he got;
And of repeated every day,
You can't untie the knot

One ev'ning faithful Damon sat,
With Sylvia by his side;
Reward my love at last, said he,
To-morrow be my bride.
Her blushes in his favour rose;
Yet she consented not
For ere she spake, the Starling cried—
You can't untie the knot.

*The Boston Gazette and the Country Journal* (MA) 1790 04 26 page 3 Boston, April 26.

...A correspondent says, that several families lately after having eaten of partridges have been seized with violent sickness.—These birds, he thinks, at present are very prejudicial, and assigns as a cause the openness of the late winter, for it has afforded them an opportunity of coming at a poisonous berry not usual at other seasons....

*The Boston Gazette and the Country Journal* (MA) 1790 04 26 page 3

Whereas great danger daily arises to the Inhabitants, from the frequency of persons gunning or shooting birds, at various parts of the town, in direct violation of the law; the Selectmen would now acquaint the inhabitants that they have appointed Mr. Shubael Hewes to take notice of all such persons, who may be found shooting within the limits of the town in future, and prosecute them, without exception, to the utmost

extent of the law[38].

*The Vermont Journal, and the Universal Advertiser* (VT) 1790 06 23 page 4

A certain Kentish nobleman being in company with some Scotch officers, was bragging of the situation of his villa, and the pleasantness of the country in general; but above all, insisted upon his peculiar happiness (as he had a musical ear) in having such a multitude of Nightingales about him.—Nightingales! says a bonny Scot; we have an infinity of them near Edinburgh,—Sir, replies my lord, I thought those birds had never reached so far north: Pray what kind of things are nightingales?—"My lord," rejoins the Scotchman, "they are about as bug as a pudgeon, and have a head like a cat, and cry whoo, whoo, whoo."

*The Connecticut Gazette* (CT) 1790 08 06 page 1 Congress

…I do not say that speculators are not to be protected, they are of use in all governments where there are national debts, they prey on the ignorance or the misfortunes of individuals, but I would not make laws for the very purpose of supporting speculators. There are crows that live on dead cattle, those birds are of use in warm climates, but no prudent farmer will destroy his cattle for the sake of feeding crows; nor do I think that prudent legislators would grind the face of the poor and the laboring citizen for the sake of making estates for the dealers in state securities…

*The General Advertiser, and Political, Commercial, Agricultural and Literary Journal* (PA) 1790 10 18 page 2 Natural History [*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*]

Abstract from a curious account of the Cuckoo published in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, London.

Unlike the generality of birds, Cuckoos do not pair. When a female appears on the wing, she is often attended by two or three males, who seem to be earnestly contending for her favours. From the time of her appearance, till after the middle of summer, the nests of the birds selected to receive her egg are to be found in great abundance, but, like other migrating birds, she does not begin to lay till some weeks after her arrival.

The Hedge-Sparrow commonly takes up four or five days in laying her eggs. During this time (generally after the has laid one or two) the Cuckoo contrives to deposit her egg among the rest, leaving the future care of it entirely to the Hedge-Sparrow. This intrusion often occasions some discomposure; for the old Hedge-Sparrow at intervals, whilst she is sitting, not unfrequently throws out some of her own eggs, and sometimes injures them in such a way that they become addle; so that it more frequently happens, that only two or three Hedge-Sparrow's eggs are hatched with the Cuckoo's than otherwise: But whether this be the case or not, she sits the same length of time as if no foreign egg had been introduced, the Cuckoo's egg requiring no longer incubation than her own. However, I have never seen an instance where the Hedge-Sparrow has either thrown out or injured the egg of the Cuckoo.

When the Hedge-Sparrow has sat her usual time, and disengaged the young Cuckoo and some of her own offspring from the shell, her own young ones, and any of her eggs that remain unhatched, are soon turned out, the young Cuckoo remaining possessor of the nest, and sole object of her future care. The young birds are not previously killed, nor are the eggs demolished; but all are left to perish together, either entangled about the bush which contains the net, or lying on the ground under it.

The early fate of the young Hedge-Sparrows is a circumstance that has been noticed by others, but attributed to wrong causes. The following example and observations will account for it.

A Hedge-Sparrow built her nest in a haw-thorn bush in a timber-yard; After the had laid two eggs, a Cuckoo dropped in a third. The Sparrow continued laying, as if nothing had happened, till the had layed five, her usual number, and then sat.

June 20, 1786. On inspecting the nest I found that the bird had hatched this morning, and that every thing but the young Cuckoo was thrown out. Under the nest I found one of the young Hedge-Sparrows dead, and one egg by the side of the nest entangled with the coarse wooly materials that formed its outside covering. On examining the egg, I found one end of the shell a little cracked, and could see that the Sparrow it contained was yet alive. It was then restored to the nest, but in a few minutes was thrown out. The egg being again suspended by the outside of the nest, was saved a second time from breaking. To see what would happen if the Cuckoo was removed, I took out the Cuckoo, and placed the egg containing the Hedge-Sparrow in the nest in its stead. The old birds, during this time, flew about the spot, shewing signs of great anxiety; but when withdrew, they quickly came to the nest again. On looking into it in a quarter of an hour afterwards, I found the young one completely hatched, warm and lively. The Hedge-Sparrows were suffered to remain undisturbed with their new charge for three hours, (during which time they paid every attention to it) when the Cuckoo was again put into the nest. The old Sparrows had been so much disturbed by these intrusions, that for some time they shewed an un-willingness to come to it: However, at length they came, and on examining the nest again in a few minutes, I found the young Sparrow was tumbled out. It was a second time restored, but again experienced the same fate.

From these experiments, and supposing, from the feeble appearance of the young Cuckoo just disengaged from the shell, that it was utterly incapable of displacing either the egg or the young Sparrows, I was induced to believe that the old Sparrows were the only agents in this seeming unnatural business; but I afterwards clearly perceived the cause of this strange phænomenon, by discovering the young Cuckoo in the act of displacing its fellow-nestlings, as the following relation will fully evince.

June 18, 1787. I examined the nest of a Hedge-Sparrow, which then contained a Cuckoo's and three Hedge-Sparrow's eggs. On inspecting it the day following I found the bird had hatched, but that the nest, now contained only a young Cuckoo and one young Hedge-Sparrow. The nest was placed so near the extremity of a hedge, that I could distinctly see what was going forward in it; and, to my astonishment, saw the young Cuckoo, though so newly hatched, in the act of turning out the young Hedge-

Sparrow.

The mode of accomplishing this was very curious. The little animal, with the assistance of its rump and wings, contrived to get the bird upon its back, and making a lodgment for the burden by elevating its elbows, clambered back- ward with it up the side of the nest till it reached the top, where resting for a moment, it threw off its load with a jerk, and quite disengaged it from the nest. It remained in this situation a short time, feeling about with the extremities of its wings, as if to be convinced whether the business was properly executed, and then dropped into the nest again. With these (the extremities of its wings) I have often seen it examine, as it were, an egg, and nestling before it began its operations; and the nice sensibility which these parts appeared to possess seemed sufficiently to compensate the want of sight, which as yet it was destitute of. I afterwards put in an egg, and this, by a similar process, was conveyed to the edge of the nest, and thrown out. These experiments I have since repeated several times in different nests, and have always found the young Cuckoos disposed to act in the same manner. In climbing up the nest it sometimes drops its burden, and thus is foiled in its endeavours; but, after a little respite, the work is resumed, and goes on almost incessantly till it is effected. It is wonderful to see the extraordinary exertions of the young Cuckoo, when it is two or three days old, if a bird be put into the nest with it that is too weighty for it to lift out. In this state it seems ever restless and uneasy. But this disposition for turning out its companions begins to decline from the time it is two or three till it is about twelve days old, when, as far as I have hitherto seen, it ceases. Indeed, the disposition for throwing out the egg appears to cease a few days sooner; for I have frequently seen the young Cuckoo, after it had been hatched nine or ten days, remove a nestling that had been placed in the nest with it, when it suffered an egg, put there at the same time, to remain unmolested. The singularity of its shape is well adapted to these purposes; for, different from other newly-hatched birds, its back from the scapulae downwards is very broad, with a considerable depression in the middle. This depression seems formed by nature for the design of giving a more secure lodgment to the egg of the Hedge-Sparrow, or its young one, when the young Cuckoo is employed in removing either of them from the nest. When it is about twelve days old; this cavity is quite filled up, and then the back assumes the shape of nestling birds in general.

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1790 10 25 page 4 Bionis Idyllium Secundum Paraphrased [*Gazette of the United States*]

As a sportive young fowler was ranging a grove,
On a high bushy bough he espied little Love,
Who wantonly waving his limbs while at play,
Appear'd to our sportsman a fine feather'd Jay
Exulting with joy he his birdlime prepares,
And hopes to allure little Love to his snares;
But Love, wily Love, well acquainted with all
That can either the mind or the body enthrall,
Continued his pastime, nor heeded the boy,

Fully conscious he could not his pleasures destroy.
The stripling at length disappointed and vext,
At the strange bird's behaviour most likely perplext,
To a neighbouring husbandman eagerly flew,
And pointed where Cupid sat perch'd full in view;
As the old ploughman smiled he shook his grey hairs,
"Fly! fly my sweet son from yon little beast's snares,
"Oh! how happy for you, if forever as now,
"He leaves you unnotic'd, and hops on the bough:
"But when manhood has ripen'd and fill'd you with blood,
"He will creep to the fountain, and poison the flood."

*Osborne's New-Hampshire Spy* (NH) 1790 11 03 page 2 (very widely circulated)

A fact has lately been discovered that must infallibly stop, in some degree, the horrid carnage of sparrows, and lessen the number of those important personages, called scare-crows! A curious observer proves that sparrows are more useful than destructive; for a pair of these birds, during the time they have their young to feed, destroy every week 3360 caterpillars. This calculation he founded upon actual observation; he discovered that the two parents carried to the nest 40 caterpillars in an hour. He then supposes, (which is a moderate supposition) that the sparrows enter the nest twelve hours each day, which is a daily consumption of 480; this multiplied by 7, gives 3360 of those voracious pests destroyed by only two birds[39].

*The General Advertiser, and Political, Commercial, Agricultural and Literary Journal* (PA) 1790 11 03 [New and curious anecdotes and observations in natural history by the Reverend Gilbert White, A.M.] (widely reprinted)

Natural affection of animals

The more I reflect on the natural affection of animals, the more I am astonished at its effects. Nor is the violence of this affection more wonderful than the shortness of its duration. Thus every hen is, in her turn, the virago of the yard, in proportion to the helplessness of her brood; and will fly in the face of a dog or a sow, in defence of those chickens, which, in a few weeks, she will drive before her with relentless cruelty.

This affection sublimes the passions, quickens the invention, and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Thus a hen, just become a mother, is no longer that placid bird she used to be; but with feathers standing on end, wings hovering, and clucking note, she runs about like one possessed. Dams will throw themselves in the way of the greatest danger, in order to avert it from their progeny. Thus a partridge will tumble along before a sportsman, in order to draw away the dogs from her helpless covey. In the time of nidification the most feeble birds will assault the most rapacious. All the hirundines of a village are up in arms at the fight of a hawk, whom they will persecute till he leaves that district. A very exact observer has often remarked, that a pair of ravens, nesting in the rock of Gibraltar, would suffer no vulture or eagle to rest

near their station, but would drive them from the hill with an amazing fury ;—even the blue thrush, at the season of breeding, would dart out from the clefts of the rock, to chase away the kestrel, or the sparrow-hawk. If you stand near the nest of a bird that has young, she will not be induced to betray them by an inadvertent fondness; but will wait about at a distance, with meat in her mouth, for an hour together.

The flycatcher of the zoology (the staparola of Ray) builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertantly placed their nests on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But a hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflection of the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while with wings expanded, and mouths gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring.

A further instance I once saw of notable sagacity in a willow-wren, which had built in a bank in my fields. This bird, a friend and myself observed, as she sat in her nest; but were particularly careful not to disturb her, though she eyed us with some degree of jealousy. Some days after, as we passed that way, we were desirous of remarking how the brood went out; but no nest could be found, till I happened to take up a large bundle of long green moss, as it were, carelessly thrown over the nest, in order to dodge the eye of any impertinent intruder….[40]

*The General Advertiser, and Political, Commercial, Agricultural and Literary Journal* (PA) 1790 11 04 page 2 New and curious Anecdotes and Observations in Natural History; by the Reverend Gilbert White, A.M. Natural Affection of Animals (Concluded from our last)

The social attachments of animals.

There is a wonderful spirit of sociability in the brute creation independent of sexual attachment; the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance....

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species; for I know a doe, still alive, that was brought up, from a little fawn, with a dairy of cows—with them it goes to the fields, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her; but if strange dogs come by, a chase ensues; while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers, over hedge or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture.

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent

regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs; while the horse would down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the others.

*The Western Star* (MA) 1790 11 16 page 1 England. London, September 2.

...The following very awful accident happened on the 13th ult. at Sutton in the isle of Fly. A youth stationed with a loaded gun, to protect some wheat from the birds, entrusted his piece with another lad, whilst he went into the village to replenish his flasket with powder and shot. The lad, pleased with his charge, was rectifying the situation of the ram rod, when, the but-end of the gun being on the ground, and the mouth of it pointing towards his body, it went off, and discharged the contents in his belly, some of the shot going through him, and passing out at his breast. He made a shift to get to the house of his friends, at several hundred yards distance, although some of his entrails had passed out of the wound; and there, after living about the space of an hour, he expired. On the following day the corpse was interred, when the Vicar of Sutton delivered a suitable discourse to his parishioners on the occasion....

*The Georgia Gazette* (GA) 1790 11 18 page 2 Receipt to prevent crows from destroying corn.

Take a quart of train oil, turpentine, and bruised gunpowder; boil them together, and, when hot, dip pieces of rags into it, and hang them on a pole in the field—about four is sufficient for one acre—and the birds will shun them.

*Political and Sentimental Repository, or Strafford Recorder* (NH) 1790 11 25 page 4 The wise conduct of the birds on seeing a parson's wig placed in his garden to frighten them.

Look, my pretty feather'd mates,
Divines increaseth is their cheats,
  THEY want to fright OUR race;
This rusty caxon is a jeer,
Tho' meant to frighten us off here,
  And end in our disgrace.
'Twas but the other day this wig
Was powder'd up and look'd so big,
  To preach a sermon in,
The parson too was dress'd in black,
Both on his belly and his back,
  To frighten men from sin.
When first we saw the ghastly sight
Precipitate we took our flight:
  Over a spacious plain,

Where one and all in wise debate,
At length saw through the parson's cheat,
  And thither flew again.
The parson seeing us alight,
Exclaim'd, what, wont my wig you fright?
  It once kept men in awe!
To which not one of us gave heed,
But peck'd away upon his feed,
  And fill'd our little craw.
For thus we reason'd as we fed,
'Tis God gives us our daily bread,
  If we fly here or there;
With us there's no partitions then
Like those which bind the son's of men,
  Our right is every where.
As therefore instinct is our guide,
(While God in wisdom doth provide,
  For all his creatures here,
Ye feather'd tribes of every wing,
No more regard this frightful thing,
  Nor yet the parson fear.
O, that mankind, like us, were wise,
And saw the truth without disguise,
  Which God most plainly gave;
Upon the gospel you may feed,
As free as us upon the feed,
  Tho' all the Parsons RAVE.

*The Pennsylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1790 11 25 page 2 Extract from Watty Cockney's Journal of September 1st 1790.

According to our agreement made at the hole in the wall, Fleet Street, six of us met on Black Friar's Bridge, at half past five o'clock, armed and furnished with a large quantity of ammunition…Met two men driving geese, at Kennington common, offered them eighteen pence, which they accepted, for a shot at a flock, twenty yards.—… The goose driver stepped the ground, and Billy took aim for above ten minutes; when shutting both his eyes, left the pan should flash in his sight, he snapped and missed fire—he took aim a second time, snapped and missed again. Borrowed Bob Tape's scissors, and hammered the flint—snapped and missed fire a third time—tho't the devil had got hold of the gun; examined her, and found she was neither loaded nor primed. The goose-driver refused to let Billy try again, so we gave him another six-pence and he sold us a lone gander, which we placed at about six yards, and taking a shot a piece at him, killed him, and put him in Ned Thimble's cabbage net.

Crossing a field near Camberwell we thought we saw a covey of partridges at the side of a ditch,—so we made all up to them with our guns cocked, tying the dogs to our

legs that they might not run in and spring the game.

What we thought to be a covey of partridges proved to be a gang of gypsies, squatted under the hedge, peeling turnips and preparing potatoes for dinner. It was the mercy of God we did not fire at them, as all our pieces were up to our shoulders and we had but one eye a piece open, when, that which we took to be the old cock, rose up, and said, in a loud voice, "What the Devil are you about ?"

Saw several brother sportsmen out, who had killed nothing but a hedge hog and a tame jack daw, which belonged to a public house at a New-Cross turnpike.…Got home, much fatigued with the day's sport, went to our club, and told a thousand lies, about the birds we killed and the presents we made of them, smoaked our pipes and by 12 got to bed.

## 1791

*The Vermont Journal, and the Universal Advertiser* (VT) 1791 01 18 page 1 Curious Traits in the Character of the present King of Naples by Mrs. Piozzi (widely reprinted)

The King of Naples rides and rows, and hunts the wild boar, and catches his fish in the bay and sells them in the market, as dear as he can too: but gives away the money they pay him, and that directly: So no suspicious of meanness or anything worse than a little rough merriment can be ever attached to his truly honest, open, undesigned character….They know the worst of him is, that he shoots at the birds, dances with the girls, eats macarons….

*Norwich Packet* (CT) 1791 02 25 page 4 On a Lady's Singing Bird. A native of the Canary Islands, confined in a very small cage. [From Freneau's *Poems*]

Happy in my native grove,
I from spray to spray did rove,
Full of music, full of love.

Drest as fine as bird could be,
Everything that I did see,
Everything was mirth to me.

There had I been happy still,
With my mate to coo and bill
In the vale or on the hill;

But the cruel tyrant man,
Tyrant since the world began,
Soon abridged my little span:

How shall I the wrong forget!—
Over me he threw a net,
And I am his captive yet.

To this rough and rocky shore,
Ocean I was wafted o'er,
Ne'er to see my country more.

To a narrow cage confin'd
I, who once so gaily shin'd,
Sing to please the human kind.

I so fond, so full of play,
I so innocently gay,
Sing my little life away.

Gentle shepherds of the plain,
Who so fondly hear my strain,
Help me to be free again;

'Tis a blessing to be free,
Fair Belinda, pity me,
Pity that which sings for thee;

But if cruel, you deny
That your captive bird should fly,
Here detain'd so wrongfully.

Full of anguish, full of woe,
I must with my music go
To the cypress groves below.

*The Vermont Journal, and the Universal Advertiser* (VT) 1791 05 03 page 4
For the Vermont Journal, &c.

Mr. Spooner, As the beauties of spring are advancing in all their juvenile gaiety, and vegetation is crowding into life; while the numerous rivulets assume their former velocity and display their pleasing cascades, and the sweet songsters of the grove, by their warbling notes, seem to accelerate the delightful scene, perhaps the following lines may be thought worthy to fill a vacancy in your useful paper; which possibly may be as acceptable to many of your readers, as they have afforded singular satisfaction to One of your Constant Customers.
Woodstock, April 1791.

Shall the angelic host on high
  Eternal anthems sing—
And all the mute creation try
  To praise their heavenly king?
Shall ev'ry insect, bird, and brute
  Confess his boundless sway,
And man, who's blest with speech, be mute—
  No duteous homage pay?
Ingratitude avaunt, begone,

My muse shall raise her voice
While heaven inspires and leads her one;
'Tis duty and 'tis choice.
Look round, O man! survey this globe;
Speak of fiat power:
See nature gives a different robe
To ev'ry herb and flower.
Then turn thine eye—the vast expanse
A power unbounded shows!
See round the fun the planets dance;
And various worlds compose!
Next look into thyself, O man!
With wonder view thy soul;
Confess the power that laid each plan,
And still directs the whole.
And let obedience to his laws
Thy gratitude proclaim
To him the first Almighty cause;
Jehovah is his name.
Beyond all worlds, enthron'd on high,
Archangels him adore;
Glory to him the seraphs cry,
Glory for evermore.

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1791 05 02 page 1 The Starling [by Laurence Sterne (uncredited) *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*]

—Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man that holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I look'd up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and, looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out,—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approach'd it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling.—God help thee! said I, but I'll let

thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get to the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis pressed his breast against it as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty.—"No," said the starling,— "I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly call'd home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked upstairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I,—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change.—No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron:—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled!—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them![41]

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1791 05 09 page 4 May by Felicitas

Mr. Haswell, Should you think proper to dip the following in the Parnassian Fount, you will, by so doing, please a Juvenile Scribbler.

May.

All nature smiles and greets returning May—
Each heart is grateful on this happy day.
The vernal season wafts delight and glee,
And Flora gently whispers—"happy be."
While fleeting zephyrs animate our joys,
And little Love his halcyon string employs,
The feather'd warblers join, their joy to prove,
And every grove is melody and love.
The smiling flow'rs shall fragrant sweets display,
To add delight to ever welcome May.
Let May pass gaily on—nor make wry faces,
For scowls and murmurs will displease the Graces—
Behold the birds!—they're happy with their fate—

And shall not man be so, whose reason's great?
Tho' God his great arcana hides from ma,
Still he is Good—dare not his ways to scan.
Know thou, who seeks knowledge here below,
Man's greatest knowledge is himself to know.
Be grateful man for every blessing giv'n:
Reverb'rate praises with the birds of heav'n.

*Dunlap's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1791 05 16 page 3 From the Persian

A certain person had a bird in a cage, which he carried in the Bazar, and sold. The bird addressed the purchaser and said, what advantage can you derive from my confinement? If you let me go I will give you three pieces of advice, worth the riches of the universe. The man consented on these conditions, and the bird spoke:— The first" says he, "I will give in the cage, the second on your hand, and the third on the tree."—This was likewise agreed to, and he began.—Never be grieved for what is out of your power, nor vexed for the loss of it, because it is irremediable."—The man was pleased, took out the bird, and asked for the second advice, which was," Never listen to or credit, things beyond possibility." This also proved satisfactory; and the bird than taking his flight, according to agreement, perched on the tree, and instead of the third advice, spoke thus— "Foolish credulous man, by quitting me what a treasure you have lost."—He asked what it was, "Know," says the bird, "that in my belly there is a pearl of immense value; the weight near twenty shekels."— When the man heard this, he appeared distracted, and tore his hair for vexation. When the bird saw his distress, he again addressed him.—" Ridiculous man! you but a moment ago heard my salutary admonition, and have already forgot it; did I not tell you not to grieve, for what is out of your power, or believe in impossibilities? You see that I am entirely now out of power why, then, lament?— Again, observe, my whole body is not more than fix shekels; how, then can it contain twenty?—But now attend to my third and last advice, which was my original purpose. Under this tree you will find a vessel filled with gold; take it up from under the earth, and apply it to your wants."

The man accordingly dug, and found the treasure; and looking at the bird, he said,—" It is strange you should see money under the earth, and not see the snare above it in which you were caught?" —Ignorant man," says the bird, "dost thou not know that when the author of the universe intends to bring forth an event, the eyes not only of birds, but the most clear sighted men, are deprived of vision for the occasion."

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1791 05 23 page 3 Extract of a letter from Benson to the printer

…we are informed, that a few days since, a Woman, belonging to Bridport, having for some days observed the pigeons to be very thick round a certain salt spring, near her house, charged a musket, and lay in ambush till a favorable opportunity presented for a shot, when, on the discharge of her gun, she killed thirty-one fine pigeons…

*The Boston Gazette, and the Country Journal* (MA) 1791 06 13 page 2 Providence, June 9 (Very widely reprinted)

A correspondent from Johnston informs, that last week, two small parties, with their guns, went out a Bird-Hunting—and from Monday till Thursday killed as follows—one party 5030 birds and 690 squirrels—the other party 4228 birds and 670 squirrels.

*The Salem Gazette* (MA) 1791 06 14 page 3 Salem, June 14 [credits *Boston Gazette* June 13, 1719.]

"Poor is the triumph o'er the timorous hare.[42]" —and not much more noble is the triumph o'er the tender bird.—The Providence paper gives an account of the noble feats of two bird-and-squirrel-hunting parties, which lately made a sortie from the town of Johnston, and slew, one party, 5030 birds and 690 squirrels—the other, 4228 birds and 670 squirrels.

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1791 06 15 page 3 Advertisement. Birds.

To be sold,
A fine Mocking bird, and a pair beautiful red birds. Inquire of the Printer.

*The Argus* (MA) 1791 08 02 page 1 European Intelligence.

May 10. The shocking occurrence of Mrs. O'Malley's being killed at Dundock, by her son, a boy not 12 years of age, should be a powerful caution to parents against entrusting fire arms to the hands of such children.—He had been allowed a gun to go out shooting and had returned with some birds, at which time conversing with his mother, the piece, which was loaded, accidentally went off, and lodged its whole contents in her.—She lived but a very short time after, scarcely longer than allowed her an opportunity of relating the circumstances of the melancholy accident.

*Dunlap's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1791 08 02 page 2 Curious Invention; Useful to Sportsmen who are Naturalists. [credited to Lon. Pac.]

It will hardly be believed, says M. de Villant, that I invented a method of procuring animals alive with my GUN, more entire,and in much better condition than those I caught in my snares: it was in this manner, however, that I procured the smallest and most delicate birds.

It is highly necessary that every naturalist who labours himself in forming a collection, should be acquainted with the method which I invented: This expression is not too bold, my idea is absolutely new, for I never heard that any person ever thought of it before me.

The manner in which I proceeded was as follows, I put a smaller or larger quantity of powder in my fusee, as circumstances might require. Immediately above the powder I placed the end of a candle about an inch in thickness, rammed it well down: after

which I filled the barrel with water up to the mouth.

By these means, at the proper distance, when I fired at a bird I only stunned it, by watering and moistening its feathers, and as instantly laid hold of it, no time was left for it to spoil its plumage by fluttering. The water impelled by the powder, went directly to the mark, but the piece of tallow being lighter than the water, did not reach so far.

In my first attempts it often happened, that having sometimes fired too near, or put too much powder, or too thick a piece of candle, I found the latter entire in the animal's belly, but after a short apprenticeship made no more mistakes, and never missed my aim. I have often let my fusee remain charged in this manner from morning till night, yet the powder was never damaged, nor did the piece go off less readily. It may be easily guessed that I never fired horizontally in this manner.

One day after my return to Europe, being at the house of a friend, I mentioned before some strangers this method which I have described. One of them who durst not flatly contradict me, or openly avow his incredulity, endeavoured to prove to the rest, by very clear arguments, that my assertion was at least exaggerated. Whilst they were disputing, I retired without being perceived by the company, and having prepared a fusee according to my own manner, I returned thro' the garden to the window where these gentlemen were continuing their dispute. Pointing with my finger to a little bird, perched near them, I took aim and fired at it, upon which it fell. I immediately seized it, and delivering it alive into the hands of my antagonist, put an end to all his fine reasoning.

*The Pennsylvania Gazette* (PA) 1791 08 10 page 2 Philadelphia, August 10.

…The late newspapers have exhibited more than one instance of murder, attended with circumstances of uncommon barbarity….let us remember, that much more depends upon a virtuous education, than upon any code of written laws, however severe, however rigorously enforced….Parents and preceptors can much more successfully prevent the effects of a sanguinary disposition, by bestowing seasonable admonition and correction on the boy, who wantonly crushes a worm or a butterfly,—than can the magistrate, by condemning to the gibbet, or the rack, the murderer, who has embrued his hands in the blood of his fellow-man.

The number of dead cats and dogs, that are often to seen in the streets of great cities, present an alarming picture to the eye of anticipation. A thoughtless boy, not weighing the merits of the cause, and hurried on by example, follows a crowd, to join in the destruction of a poor unoffending cat. Remorse, perhaps, stings his bosom for a while: but he sees his companions unmoved: nay he sees men, grey-headed men, pass gravely by, without taking any notice. He concludes, of course, there is no harm in the action…Hardened by this practice during childhood and youth, and having now completely stifled the feelings of pity for the brute creation, need we be surprised, if, at the age of manhood,—***…

It was, no doubt, with a view to prevent the effusion of human blood, that

Pythagoras, and the Eastern Sages, from whom he learned his doctrine, taught their disciples, that, on the death of a man, his soul passed into another body, and animated a bird, a beast, or an insect. Impressed with this idea, a Pythagorean or a modern Gentoo would look on himself as guilty of murder, in killing even a worm; as that worm might, according to his creed, contain the soul of his own father. Habituated thus from early infancy to respect animal life, how unlikely that he ever would be tempted, in maturer years, to lift his hand against the life of his brother man! Of all the superstitions, that have vanished before the light of Christianity, this doctrine of Metempsychosis is perhaps the most to be regretted….

*The Freeman's Journal or the North-American Intelligencer* (PA) 1791 08 17 page 2 Philadelphia, August 17. [from *Daily Advertiser*]

…After all that has been said in the public prints, to caution parents against indulging their children with too great a liberty of wandering along the wharves, how can they expect any other than such fatal consequences? But it is not in one and two instances that the public in general have a right to complain of the unrestrained license given by some individuals to their children; for it is not uncommon to meet a half a dozen unlucky boys, late in the evening, returning (sometimes intoxicated) with fowling pieces on their shoulders, charged with small shot, after an afternoon's diversion of bird shooting. If a peaceful citizen should come in their way, it is very probable he will be insulted; and many are the accidents that happen to women and children who may be riding in carriages, as it is a certain rule with those lads of powder to fire away all the ammunition as they traverse the road to their affectionate mothers.—If, however, those mothers were to hear their offspring swearing and swaggering in some improper places about town, they would certainly feel some regret at the idea of having suffered them to become gentlemen at large before they have gained their fifteenth year….

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1791 08 31 page 3 Published by Order

> Whereas great danger daily arises to the inhabitants from the frequency of persons gunning or shooting Birds at various parts of the town, in direct violation of the Law; the Selectmen would now acquaint the inhabitants, that they have appointed Mr. Nathaniel Henchman, to take notice of all persons who may be found shooting within the limits of the town in future, and prosecute them, without exception, to the utmost extent of the Laws.

*The Independent Gazetteer and Agricultural Repository* (PA) 1791 09 03 page 3 Extract of a letter from the Rev. Joseph Lathrop, of West Springfield, to the President of Yale College, dated July 18, 1791.

"As I am writing, I beg leave to communicate a little incident, which may, perhaps, give some light in the natural history of birds. A neighbor of mine having occasion to go into the meeting-house, with some others, late in autumn, after the cold weather had commenced, observed one of those beautiful birds called hum-birds, perched on a nail,

in attitude so natural that he at first imagined it to be alive. With caution he approached, and laid his hand gently upon it, and found it stiff and lifeless. While he and others were handling and examining the curious little creatures, he discovered a small degree of motion, which induced him to put it into his bosom, where, in a short time, it recovered perfect animation, and all the agility of a hum-bird in summer. This instance has, in some measure, confirmed an opinion, which I have long entertained, that many of our summer-birds continue among us through the winter, in a torpid insensible state. If the bird above mentioned could be so soon reanimated by the warmth of the human body, why may not others be capable of reviviscence in the beams of the vernal sun?"

*The Mail; or Claypoole's Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1791 09 05 page 2 London, June 25.

…If gentlemen, whom we frequently see at this season of the year, amusing themselves with shooting swallows and swifts, would but reflect for a moment on the usefulness of these birds in destroying myriads of insects, with which, but for them, we should be blinded and choaked, we are persuaded they would desist from the pursuit of such wanton and cruel diversions…[43]

## 1792

*The Essex Journal & New-Hampshire Packet* (MA) 1792 01 04 page 3 Advertisement. Natural History of the Bible.

Proposal for Printing by Subscription The Natural History of the Bible
Or, a description of all the beasts, birds, fishes, insects, reptiles, trees, plants, metals, precious stones, &c, Mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures. Collected by the best Authorities and Alphabetically arranged. By Thaddeus Mason Harris, A.M. Librarian of Harvard University Cambridge.
"He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: He spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes." I Kings, iv. 33.
Conditions.
I. The work will be printed with a new and handsome type, on good paper, in one volume duodecimo, containing about 250 pages, and adorned with an elegant frontispiece.
II. The price of each book, to subscribers, neatly bound and lettered, will not exceed one dollar.
III. It shall be published as soon as a sufficient number of copies are subscribed for.
IV. Payment to be made as soon as the books are ready for delivery.
***Subscriptions are received by Thomas and Andrews, the intended publishers, at Faust's Statue, No. 45, Newbury street, Boston, by I. Thomas at Worcester, and by other gentlemen with whom subscription on papers are lodged[44].

*The Freeman's Journal or the North-American Intelligencer* (PA) 1792 01 18 page 3 To the Citizens of the United States of America, Mr. Peale begs leave to

present the following respectful address.

Having formed a design to establish a Museum, by a collection, arrangement, and preservation of the objects of natural history, and things useful and curious, in June 1785, he began to collect subjects, and preserve arrange them in the Linnean method; his labors therein have been great…The difficulties of preserving subjects being thus overcome, and the Museum having advanced to be an object of earnest attention to many individuals, with sentiments of gratitude he thanks the friends of the Museum… He is the more earnestly bent on enlarging the collection with a greater variety of beasts, birds, fishes…Animated with the generous patronage he has already received, and by the magnitude of the object, which he fondly hopes will procure the attention of the public, he now respectfully solicits their aid to enable him to raise this tender plant, until it shall grow into full maturity, and become a National Museum…

*General Advertiser* (PA) 1792 02 01 Page 2 Observations on the notes of birds [by Rev. Gilbert White Letter XLIII, *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne*, uncredited]

From the motion of birds, the transition is natural enough to their notes and language, of which I shall say something. Not that I would pretend to understand their language like the vizier of the Spectator, who, by the recital of a conversation which passed between two owls, reclaimed a sultan, [Spectator, Vol. VII., No. 512.] before delighting in conquest and devastation; but I would be thought only to mean that many of the winged tribes have various sounds and voices adapted to express their various passions, wants, and feelings; such as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All species are not equally eloquent; some are copious and fluent as it were in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important sounds: no bird, like the fish kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent. The language of birds is very ancient, and, like other ancient modes of speech, very elliptical: little is said, but much is meant and understood.

The notes of the eagle-kind are shrill and piercing; and about the season of nidification much diversified, as I have been often assured by a curious observer of nature, who long resided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much resemble those of the king of birds. Owls have very expressive notes; they hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the vox humana, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. This note seems to express complacency and rivalry among the males: they use also a quick call and an horrible scream; and can snore and hiss when they mean to menace. Ravens, beside their loud croak, can exert a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo; the amorous sound of a crow is strange and ridiculous; rooks, in the breeding season, attempt sometimes in the gaiety of their hearts to sing, but with no great success; the parrot-kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human sounds; doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of despairing lovers; the wood-pecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh; the fern-owl, or goat-sucker, from the dusk till day-break, serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. All the tuneful passeres express their complacency by sweet modulations, and a variety of melody. The swallow, as has been observed in a

former letter, by a shrill alarm bespeaks the attention of the other hirundines, and bids them be aware that the hawk is at hand. Aquatic and gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious; as cranes, wild-geese, wild-ducks, and the like; their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.

In so extensive a subject, sketches and outlines are as much as can be expected; for it would be endless to instance in all the infinite variety of the feathered nation. We shall therefore confine the remainder of this letter to the few domestic fowls of our yards, which are most known, and therefore best understood. At first the peacock, with his gorgeous train, demands our attention; but, like most of the gaudy birds, his notes are grating and shocking to the ear: the yelling of cats, and the braying of an ass, are not more disgustful. The voice of the goose is trumpet-like, and clanking; and once saved the Capitol at Rome, as grave historians assert: the hiss also of the gander is formidable and full of menace, and 'protective of his young.' Among ducks the sexual distinction of voice is remarkable; for, while the quack of the female is loud and sonorous, the voice of the drake is inward and harsh and feeble, and scarce discernible. The cock turkey struts and gobbles to his mistress in a most uncouth manner; he hath also a pert and petulant note when he attacks his adversary. When a hen turkey leads forth her young brood she keeps a watchful eye: and if a bird of prey appear, though ever so high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan, and watches him with a steady and attentive look; but if he approach, her note becomes earnest and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled.

No inhabitants of a yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression and so copious a language as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately seize its prey, with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee, at once its note becomes harsh, and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay she intimates the event by a joyous and easy soft note. Of all the occurrences of their life that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother her new relation demands a new language; she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary; if he finds food, he calls a favourite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phrases, and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing: by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum, as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night. Thus the poet elegantly styles him:

"the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
The silent hours[45].

A neighbouring gentleman one summer had lost most of his chickens by a

sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down between a faggot-pile and the end of his house to the place where the coops stood. The owner, inwardly vexed to see his flock thus diminishing, hung a setting net adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the caitiff dashed and was entangled. Resentment suggested the law of retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired, were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before: the exasperated matrons upbraided, they execrated, they insulted, they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in an hundred pieces.

*General Advertiser* (PA) 1792 02 01 Page 3 Advertisement.

> Just Published
> And sold by Thomas Dobson
> Bartram's Travels
> Into the back parts of North and South Carolina, Georgia, and East and West Florida, with a number of elegant engravings—Price two dollars.
> Those Gentlemen who may chose to have the extra plates, eight in number, may be supplied with them, either plain or colored, by T.D.

*General Advertiser* (PA) 1792 02 01 Page 1 Advertisment.

> Fifteen Discourses on the Marvellous Works of Nature[46]
> By Charles Christopher Richie (sic), M.A. [Reiche]...
> "I have perused with attention, Mr. Reiche's Discourses, in manuscript; and think they may be of very essential use as a School Book…"
> Benj. Smith Barton, M.D., Professor of Natural History and Botany in the college of Philadelphia
> "Mr. Reiche having put into my hands the printed sheets…I have read them with great pleasure, an am of opinion that the work is calculated to beget a grateful admiration of the power, wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Beings, which are manifested in the vegetable or animal creation…
> Benj. Rush, M.D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physic in the College of Philadelphia.
> The executors of Mr. Reiche's estate beg leave to represent, that they depend on the fate of this performance for the payment of his debts, the greater part of which is the very expense of this publication; they hope that among many fellow-citizens who are blessed with a degree of opulence, a sufficient number may be found to prevent in this case the disgraceful reflection, that a German Philosopher came to the boasted land of liberty, to serve it with his talent, and to settle a numerous family, not only died unprovided, but even insolvent, because literary property is worth nothing in Federal America….

*The Independent Gazetteer and Agricultural Repository* (PA) 1792 04 21 page 3 A Ballad

To please me the more and to change the dull scene,
My swain took me oft to the sports on the green;
And to every fine sight would he tempt me to roam,
For he fear'd that my heart should grow weary at home.
…
Like a bird in a cage, who's been kept there too long
I'm blest as I can be and sing my glad song
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam
Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my home…

*Spooner's Vermont Journal* (VT) 1792 04 24 page 4 The Folly of Human Wishes

Who lights the stars from pole to pole?
What mighty pow'r informs the whole?
He, who the world's foundation laid,
And all by weight and number made.
  Autumn assumed her golden reign;
The waving harvest deck'd the plain;
The sick arm'd the reaper's hand!
Unnumbered sheaves soon strew'd the land,
Howe'er the husbandman complain'd,
(Tho' his barn scarce the wealth contain'd)
That the wheat's ears were prickly found,
And the torn fingers felt their wound:
Intreating Ceres, fabled pow'r!
In future beardless grain to shower.
The goddess granted his request,
His corn was cloath'd in smoother strain!
The birds with ease destroy'd the grain.
  Cease thy presumption, boastful man!
Fondly the works of God to scan.
Each part promotes its Maker's end,
And human wishes nought can mend.

*The Mail: or, Claypoole's Daily Advertiser* 1792 04 25 page 3 David Garrick (widely reprinted)

Mr. Garrick was down with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, when the discourse turning on Shooting, he retired for a few minutes and wrote the following lines.

The sportsmen at Chatsworth, consulting which way
The birds that escap'd might be kill'd the next day—
Says His Grace—"When you aim at a bird in its flight,
"You may shut neither eye, or keep open the right."
But Poyntz, with more honesty gave up his skill,

For in shutting both eyes, he was sure not to kill,
Lord Althrope suspecting the bird in some plot,
The partridge he kill'd was beheaded, not shot.
In the heat of debate, with a sweet smiling face—
"Pray what must I do?" half whispers Her Grace:
"If I too for killing should take a desire,
"Must I aim at the right, or the left, when I fire?"
"With either or both, Your Grace, with much ease,
"Nay, with half an eye, you may kill when you please."

*Independent Gazetteer and Agricultural Repository* (PA) 1792 05 26 page 3 Advertisement.

By the Old American Company
A Comedy…The New Peerage…
The whole to conclude with a Dancing Ballet, called
The Bird Catcher....

*Herald of the United States* (RI) 1792 06 02 page 3 Rhode Island. Warren, June 2

…By a Gentleman we are informed, that the scarcity of bees may be attributed to Martin Birds, they making them their principle food, and their practice to kill them when ever they leave their hives, but do not molest them there; that on killing one of said birds he found a large number in its crop:—He therefore recommends the killing of the first to preserve the latter, as their honey is a necessary article in a family for medicine, and very delicious to the taste:—the comb also affords good wax, and is very useful:—The birds are of no real utility and afford no benefit to any individual whatever….

*Spooner's Vermont Journal* (VT) 1792 06 05 page 4 Curious instance of the power of speech in a Jackdaw. (widely printed)

A proprietor of a bowling green, had a tame jack-daw, which being kept on the green, had picked up a few of the terms made use of in the bowling green. It happened that the jack-daw had strolled one day out of his territories into a neighboring gentleman's garden, & followed some magpies into a garden- house, where some peas and other seeds were kept—Whilst the birds were making a delicious meal, the gardener came in and secured them all, by shutting the door, and proceeding to punish them; he seized upon one and cut off its head, and immediately a voice exclaimed from an opposite corner, "D——n him, how he nicks him! D——n him, how he nicks him!" The gardener thunder struck, looked about him, and tho amazed, feeing no person near, got another under his clutches, and cutting off its head, was again accosted with, "D——n him, how he nicks 'em! D——n him, how he nicks 'em!" The gardener finding where the voice proceeded from, cried out, "Who the D——l art thou ?" The bird answer'd, "Brown's Daw, Brown's Daw!" "What brought thee here?" "Bad

company, bad company!" replied the Daw. The faculty of speech saved the bird's life, and the gardener was liberally rewarded for restoring it to its owner.

*The Mail; or, Claypoole's Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1792 06 28 Lines on the lawyers beautifying and new graveling the gardens at Gray's Inn. [*English Chronicle*]

In Aesop we read, that a fowler—a sinner,
In want of a pye made of birds for his dinner,
First well fixt a net, then clean swept the ground,
And to tempt the poor warblers threw corn all around;
Next, behind a thick hedge, with the string in his hand,
This emblem of lawyers and law takes his stand.

The blackbirds, and sparrows, and thrushes,
All hopping from the neighboring bushes—

To the manor each bird seem'd to think he was born,
For they chirrup'd and chatter'd, and peck'd up the corn,
Singing merrily, merrily, they would live here,
In a spot so delightful what was there to fear!

Alas! their fate they little know,
The fowler pulls the string,
In vain remorse and fruitless woe—
They ne'er resume the wing.
But pluck'd and torn with ruthless rage
Their little lives resign,
Or 'prison'd in an iron cage
Are doom'd for life to pine.

Thus it fares it with the witless wight,
Who thinks, good lack! for his delight
The walks are put in style—
To tempt him is their only view,
Once in the road 'tis ten to two
He like the birds his fate will rue,
'Twill end in durance vile!

*General Advertiser* (PA) 1792 08 29 page 2 The Humming Bird. A song by P.D.

Little wand'rer, all forbear!
Roving on from flower to flower,
Sipping here, and sipping there,
Sweets from every scented bower.

You'll entangle in the vine,
If thro' clutter'd grapes you rove;
All your freedom must resign,

And a little captive prove.

Thus I lately did admire,
Fair Serena's swelling breast;
Ev'ry smile increas'd my fire,
And depriv'd me of my rest.

Lost I gaz'd in raptur'd thought.
On each heav'nly look, each air;
'Till, alas! my heart was caught
In Serena's silken snare.

*The Pennsylvania Gazette* (PA) 1792 08 29 page 3

A correspondent, who lives a small distance from town, and must go home in the evenings, informs us, that he is put to the risk of being shot every night, by boys with guns in their hands, returning from bird-shooting, often intoxicated, and firing off the pieces as they traverse the streets from Schuylkill to Eighth, Seventh, and even so near the populous part of the city as Sixth-street. On Saturday evening, an apprentice boy fired into a window in Filbert-street, and was very near killing an honest tradesman, as sitting in the midst of his little family: the shot passed between his legs. He intends lodging examinations at the Mayor's Office. This is a practice so generally complained of, that it would be meritorious in the Corporation to make some attempts at stopping it. The fathers and masters of boys, not more than 10 or 12 years old, have a great deal to answer for, in permitting their sons and apprentices to have such unrestrained privileges.

*The Farmer's Journal* (CT) 1792 09 29 page 4 The Birdcatcher and his son

Once at a birdcatcher's there hung
Two birds that in their cages sung.
Well pleas'd to hear them stood his son,
And vow'd that he distinguish'd one:
One bird, he cry'd that sings so sweet!
I prithee Daddy, let me see't.
The shrewd old father with a grin,
Comply'd, and took both cages in.
"This is a Nightingale, and that
"A Goldfinch—come now answer Pat:
"And tell me if you can, which bird
"It was whose charming voice you heard."
Which? said the boy, why this I know it;
The Finch—his Golden feathers show it.
The Nightingale can't sing a note:
I'm sure on't by his shabby coat.

APPLICATION

Weak blockheads thus like children idly guess,
Who judge from show, and equipage and dress.

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1792 10 12 page 4 The decline of Autumn[47] [by Mr Woty, not credited, *Christian's Magazine* 1760]

The bosom of earth is all matted with leaves,
The honors of Autumn decay;
Brown Ceres no longer exhibits her sheaves
To the golden ey'd monarch of day.
With dissonant guns, hills and vallies resound,
The swains thro' the coppices rove;
The partridges bleed on the arable ground,
The pheasants lie dead in the grove.
...
O see, while I speak, from the guns levelled aim
Death pierces the birds of the air!
Ye rovers! will nothing your conduct reclaim,
And move your hard bosoms to spare ?
No, nothing—ye cry with unanimous voice,
While ridicule falls from their tongue.
Ye think not, ye cruel ones, as ye rejoice,
How once the poor innocents sung!

To others such barbarous sports I resign,
And fly to my Florimel's arms;
Her sanctified love shall be totally mine;
For virtue adds force to her charms.
On the base of religion, my fair, may it rise!
To crown us with blessing 'twas giv'n,
To bid our souls mount from the earth to the skies,
And give us a foretaste of heav'n.

*The Farmer's Register* (NY) 1792 10 13 page 1 Migration of the Birds [Reflections on the works of God, and of his Providence, translated first from the German of Mr. C.C. Sturm by a lady]

October XIII. This is the time when numbers of the birds, which during summer had lived and found food in our fields, woods, and gardens, are going to quit our climate for other countries. There are but few of them which pass the winter with us; the loriot, the woodpecker, the crow, the raven, the sparrow, the wren, the partridge, and the thrush. The rest leave us almost the whole winter. This migration is wonderful in all respects; and if we have not much attended to these creatures while they were with us, let us at least think of them now they have taken leave of us. Perhaps it may engage us to take more notice of them when they return in the spring….Let us learn from thence, that everything through out the vast empire of nature, is planned with infinite wisdom. Is not instinct to the birds of passage what reason is to man?…How

we ought to blush at our incredulity, our doubts and our anxieties, when we reflect on the admirable guidance of Providence! …

*The New-Jersey Journal* (NJ) 1792 11 14 page 2 Speech of Rufus Putnam, agent to General Washington, for the purpose of treating with the Indians North-West of the Ohio, and concluding a peace with the same.

Brothers of the Delawares, Shawanese, Miamis, Wyandots, and all other tribes inhabiting the country on the Miamis and Sandusky rivers and the lakes.

The great Chief of the United States, General Washington, has sent since early in the spring, messages of peace to you; and I, who have come from this great chief and his council more than four months ago, have also send a speech to you for that purpose…

Brothers, I believe were you but once agreed to hear what I have to say to you, and should meet, see and hear me, you would find that it would be for good. As long as we don't see and hear one another but listen to the singing birds which fly to and fro, we are carried away with every story, and not only remain strangers to one another, but enemies alike.
Open your ears to the truth, I speak from my heart, not with my lips only…

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1792 11 30 page 4 Algernon's Tomb [Tune "Farewell ye Green Fields"]

What sorrowful accents are borne,
Their murmur how soft, and how slow,
More sweet than the breath of the morn?
'Tis Adeline's daughter of woe…

Ye birds that do perch on his tomb,
Be pensive, and plaintive your tale,
Ye zephyrs while fanning the turf,
Waft hither the sweets of the dale.…

**1793**

*New-Jersey State Gazette* (NJ) 1793 01 02 page 1 Trifles. No. VIII. Epic Poetry in the Suds: A Tale

"All Bedlam or Parnassus is broke out!"

Not long since—but in what ship I do not recollect—a lady of exquisite beauty and wonderful learning, who called herself Epic Poetry, emigrated to America. The Americans, who are an hospitable and gallant people were charmed with the splendor of her robes, the delicacy of her frame and the graceful dignity of her appearance, and gave her a courteous reception. But alas! it was only the American human species that treated the fair stranger with so much politeness. There was something so exotic in Mrs. Epic Poetry's garb—so odd in her appearance, and so outre in her gait, that when

she walked abroad, not a […], wolf, bull frog or screech owl in the neighborhood, but would open his expansive throat and greet her as she passed. Nay, to such an excessive height was this instinctive impertinence carried, that an indolent goose became her constant attendant, and hissed after her wherever she went. This circumstance in a short time became so remarkable, that those who were disposed to flatter Mrs. Epic, asserted, that as all great ladies had their favorite birds—as Juno preferred the peacock, Venus the dove, and Minerva the owl—so "Epic Poetry" favored the goose among all others….

*The Independent Gazetteer and Agricultural Repository* (PA) 1793 01 26 page 3

We hear that the eldest son of Mr. Peale is about to set out on a voyage to St. Mary's river, the southern-most part of the United States of America, for the purpose of collecting subjects of natural history, by whose labors and knowledge in his father's method of preserving them, Mr. Peale's Museum will be enriched with many those beautiful birds and curious reptiles, &c. that about in the warmer climates.

*The Medley or Newbedford Marine Journal* (MA) 1793 01 26 page 1 Of the cankerworm [Deane's *New England Farmer*]

Cankerworm, an insect so called, I suppose, from its having much the same effect upon trees as canker…It is not less than about fifty years since this insect began its depredations in New England, in the parts which had been longest cultivated. But perhaps there is some reason to hope that providence is about to extirpate them: for a kind of little bird has lately made its appearance in some parts of the country, which feeds upon the cankerworms. Should these birds have a rapid increase, the insects will be thinned, so as to be less formidable, if not wholly destroyed[48].

*Greenfield Gazette* (MA) 1793 01 31 page 1 Natural History. Description of the Indian Grossbeak. by Athar Ali Khan of Delhi [*Asiatic Dissertations and Miscellaneous Pieces*]

The little bird called Baya[49] in Hindi, Berbera in Sanskrit, Babui in the dialect of Bengal, Cibu in Persian, and Tenawwit in Arabic, from his remarkably pendant nest, is rather larger than a sparrow…This bird is exceeding common in Hindustan: He is astonishingly sensible, faithful and docile, never voluntarily deserting the place where his young were hatched, but not averse, like most other birds, to the society of mankind, and easily taught to perch on the hand of his master….His nest usually consists of two or three chambers and it is the popular belief that he lights them with fire flies, which he catches alive at night, and confines them with moist clay or with cow dung; that such flies are often found in his nest, where pieces of cow dung are also stuck is indubitable; but as their light could be of little use to him, it seems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught with ease to fetch a piece of paper, or any small thing that his master points out to him; it is an attested fact that if a ring be dropped into a deep well, and a signal given to him, he will fly down with amazing

celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his master with apparent exultation; and it is confidently asserted that if a house or any other place, be shown to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately, on a proper signal being made. One instance of his docility I can myself mention with confidence, having often been eyewitness of it. The young Hinda women at Benares, and in other places, wear very thin plates of gold, called Ticas, slightly fixed, by way of ornament, between their eye brows, and when they pass through the streets, it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines, who amuse themselves by training Bayas, to give them a signal, which they understand, and send them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their mistresses, which they bring in triumph to the lovers. The Baya feeds naturally on grasshoppers and other insects, but will subsist, when tame, on pulse macerated in water. His flesh is warm and drying, of easy digestion, and recommended in medical books, as a solvent of stone in the bladder or kidneys…When many Baya are assembled on a high tree, they make a lively din, but it is rather chirping than singing. Their want of musical talents is, however, amply supplied by their wonderful sagacity in which they are not excelled by any feathered inhabitants of the forest.

*Gazette of the United States* (PA) 1793 04 13 page 3

The ocean has been always infested by certain ominous birds, known to the American sailors by the name of Mother Carey's Chickens. Previous to a storm, they often surround a ship, with the most discordant accents, chattering, screaming, scolding and singing. Ill weather and ill luck always follow. The stoutest seamen are terrified at their appearance, and no one dares to climb the shrouds, or even to handle a rope, while they continue around the ship. Not Davy Jones, the demon of the waters, inspires more terror than these boding chatterers. The horror and detestation with which they are viewed, has hitherto prevented an accurate investigation of their shape, size, and nature. But we are informed that a certain great modern philosopher and politician, has lately got a small brood of them into his possession, He finds they are of the same species as the Parrot, and are readily taught to utter any articulate sounds, which they will repeat with incessant chattering—though he is not yet able to discover, whether they have any comprehension of the meaning. He also finds that they possess the power of divination in a greater degree than the holy Chickens which were preserved with such attention by the College of Augurs, in ancient Rome. We understand that he means speedily to publish an accurate description of these extraordinary animals, together with a volume of the oracles they have uttered, while in his coop, which he confiders as far superior to the Sibylline oracles, or to any of the ancient prophecies once revered, but now happily exploded by modern philosophy. He intends also to stuff the skin of the largest, after the mode invented by Monsieur Vaillant, and present it to Mr. Peale's Museum. Every lover of natural history, and particularly of ornithology, waits with impatience for these interesting productions. In the mean time, the public may receive some further light on the subject, from the following:

Extract of a letter, dated on board the Federal Ship, in the Latitude of Philadelphia.

"Dear Sir,

Last night, as we were going on under an easy sail, after most of the crew were turned in, we were all at once alarmed by a most horrid noise, and found ourselves surrounded by Mother Carey's Chickens. While the sounds were distant, they resembled the notes of a jack-ass, who had learned to imitate the tunes of a caterwauling—but as they approached nearer, we were astonished to hear a variety of articulate sounds, repeated with as much rapidity as the speeches of King George in Peter Pindar—Amidst all the confusion, we could distinguish the words—"Aristocrat! Aristocrat! Hell of Monarchy! Sash and Ribband! Apollyon son of Beliah! Treasury Blood-sucker! Light out of Chaos! Poor Soldier! Liberty and Equality! Down with the President! Down with the Aristocrats! etc" Our crew turned out with the utmost consternation—some crept under the hatches; one of the officers proposed to fire all the cannon in the ship—but he was assured by the old seamen, that these birds were sacred to the furies, and that our instant destruction would be the consequence of any hostile attack. Jemmy Turncoat ran below deck with a hatchet, in a fit of delirium, and would have scuttled the ship, if he had not been prevented by his comrades. Others walked up and down the deck, wringing their hands, and making the most doleful speeches imaginable—But the Captain and most of the officers continued firm and steady—it was agreed that we should lie too and wait the event. The Chickens growing bolder, advanced to the sides of the ship. One of them exclaimed, that he was a member of the honorable order of the Goose, lately instituted in honor of the goose who saved the Capitol, and that he was to be placed as a guard in the Federal City—he displayed two feathers in his tail, as the insignia of his office. Another alighted on the bow-sprit, and began to address us in a set speech, as follows:—"Arrah by my shoal, Citizens and Citesses—But having a touch of the brogue, he made such horrid work in pronouncing the words Citizen and Citesses, that even they who were most terrified, could not refrain from laughing [scatological humor]. One clapping his wings at the southward of the ship, warbled out a hymn to Pocahontas, the tutelary Saint of Virginia, who presided at the Federal Election. One being mounted on the mainmast, sung in mournful notes the death and apotheosis of Peter Pendulum—after which he announced himself as King-killer General, and affirmed that Paine and Petition acted solely by his inspiration. At lenghth, at a given signal, they all rose on the wing, and went off singing Lillibullero in concert, leaving behind, like the harpies, a most terrible stench, and our decks all covered with their ordure. We have ever since had dangerous weather and there is every appearance of a storm from the south. We trust, however, to be able to weather the squall, and so God send the good ship to her destined port.
Your's, &c."

The publisher of the foregoing letter adds, that in his opinion, these ill-boding Chickens are the same creatures as the Grecian Harpies, whom they resemble completely in manners, habits, and the prophetic spirit. In proof of which he refers us to Virgil's description of them, in the 3rd book of the Aeneid[50].

*Massachusetts Mercury*[51] (MA) 1793 04 25 page 2

Meffrs. PRINTERS,

I was much pleased with the account of Mother Cary's Chickens in your last

Mercury, as it seemed to apply so exactly to a mongrel brood of birds, that have lately built their nest not far from the Old Whipping Stump. The croaking of these chickens always portend a storm, and when we observe them hovering in flocks at the several corners of the streets, we are sure that some mischief is brooding, and every man that is about putting to sea, is anxious to get clear of the shoals and rocks, lest a sudden gust should upset him, or check him in his progress.

These Birds are of the most mischievous kind, and have neither plumage or music to recommend themselves. They vary greatly in their bulk and stature; some are fat and some are lean; some little and some big; some short legs, and some long legs; some land fowl, and some sea fowl. There is a little Duck Leg Bird, remarkable for a kind of chattering like a Magpie. There is another equally as remarkable for his long legs, being something of the S—t Poke breed, and notorious for his noisy croaking.

There is in the same nest various other Birds, though differing in plumage, note, and sagacity, yet are mostly of the voracious species.

In dissecting these Birds, we find a large quantity of paper in their Crops, this being the principal substance on which they feed, though some naturalists assert, that at the time of their hatching, a few shining particles, like gold and silver are discovered, deposited in their bellies.

By some they are called Mother Cary's chickens, but I believe the old witch in her egg-shell, never did half the mischief in one year, as these birds do in one day, therefore they may more properly be called, the Devil's Chickens.

*The Independent Chronicle and the Universal Advertiser* (MA) 1793 04 26 page 3 Mother Carey's Chickens

It is somewhat curious to observe the number of "Mother CAREY's eggs," (a term hatched in FENNO's paper) that are laid in different parts of the United States. It appears that a young brood of chickens lately made their appearance in Stockbridge, croaking and cackling like others, of the same kidney. It is rather remarkable, that they have got into the interior parts of the country, as this species of birds have, till within the last year, been conceived as a salt-water fowl, inhabiting every part of the ocean. Wherever they appear, they are considered as ominous of mischief, and old sailors curse them whenever they are discovered.

The Stockbridge Chickens begin to augur, that the French Ambassador will not be acknowledged by the United States; but, though this may be announced by "THE STAR," we have our doubts as to the truth of the prophesy; as we do not conceive that it is sanctioned by a "Star" of the first magnitude.—The wise men of the East were once led by a "Star" but we hope the wife men of the West, will not be deceived by the flashing meteor that illumines Stockbridge.—Though JOHNNY FENNO may print the gablings of these croakers, and preserve them in his Gazette, with a degree of solemnity, yet like the fairy stories in MATHER's Magnalia, they are laughed at by the enlightened citizens of the United States.

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1793 04 27 page 3

A correspondent thinks it is not doing "Mother Cary" justice to give the title of her "chickens" to the anti-federal clackers: For the Old Lady's brood never appear but as real harbingers of foul weather, and disaster; whereas the brood which have assumed their name, have hovered round the Ship of State and disturbed the air with their cacklings and croakings in a din of four years continuation: And yet the Ship sails gently on, the haven of general prosperity continually opening more fully to the view, the crew, from the cabin-boy to the Commander, in good health and spirits; while their confidence in the wisdom, coolness, and ability of their officers, increases in the same proportion as the cacklings of these noisy pen feathered chickens increase.

*The Monitor* (CT) 1793 05 01 page 1 The Versifier.—No. II

Ye cits and cittesses, behold how frantic,
In Freedom's cause, the French are o'er th' Atlantic;
How our good allies, now a chiefless mass,
Where loudest braying forms the leading ass,
Keep up the din—how glow their ardent souls,
How heads soar up and stalk about on poles
…
If France should hunger for Vice-President,
I move that half-made C— may be sent;
If she wants bankrupts, courting popularity,
In Massachusetts,——is a rarity;
And on their passage for a coop of fowls,
Let Mother Carey's Chickens be the owls…

*Western Star* (MA) 1793 05 07 page 1 Mother Carey's Chickens [*Independent Chronicle* (MA) 1793 04 26]

The following elegant, sublime, and masterly composition, is extracted from the [In]dependent Chronicle, of the 25th ult. a paper of the "first magnitude," [note: "It is two feet wide, and twenty one inches long"] printed in Boston, and well known by many in this part of the country as the "common sewer" for anti federal filth, and the abuse and venomous scurrility vented against the Government of the Union[52].

...The above effusions of the mud carriers to the Chronicle, are emitted in consequence of the paragraphs inserted in the Star of the second and sixteenth ult.—the former, our readers will recollect, contained some observations on the savage butchery of Louis XVI and the latter suggests a probability that the refusal to acknowledge the messenger from the French* [It will be recollected that a mob surrounded the Convention, and threatened the lives of several members, if their votes should not be given for the condemnation of Louis—Can an assembly thus influenced by a ferocious Jacobin Club, be called an assembly of Freemen? No—'tis a prostitution of the terms Republicanism and liberty, to apply them to a Convention in which no more of the spirit of true liberty is exercised, than in the divan of Constantinople, or

in the cabinet of Semiramis of the North.] mob-influenced Convention, would not be displeasing to the majority of the citizens of the American Republic—& if the honest resentment which has been expressed against the blood-thirsty ferocity of Gallic assassins, in many public circles in this country, where the attachment of people to the federal government, and the true principles of liberty, & proper equality, is constantly manifested—if the same sentiments are also daily expressed by those whose attachment to the cause of their country in the day of peril, is known, and by many who have drawn their swords in defense of our rights, and risked their lives in the field of battle, in the contest between Great Britain and this country—then with truth may it be said, that the suggestion which seems to have galled the Chronicle "communicants," wears the face of a probability. The paragraph did not, however, contain a prediction that Gallia's free "citizen" would not be acknowledged—Policy, undoubtedly dictates the acknowledgment of an Ambassador from that country, or any other of equal importance, whatever may be the pretended form of government.—The European Nations see fit to acknowledge the ambassadors from Algiers, Morocco, Tunis, &c and the presumption is, that they find it for their interest so to do.

The Chronicle "communicants" are informed, that the Star never boasted being of the "first magnitude," nor ranked its contents higher than those of other periodical publications—but however dim its appearance, however limited the capacity of its Editor, certain it is that neither the original nor borrowed Billingsgate of the Chronicle, can ever afford it any lustre.—Disappointed in their insidious views, thwarted in their malicious and revengeful attempts against the peace and prosperity of a government which neglects incendiaries, and a community which treats with contempt the pretensions of mushroom levelers, the Chronicle "communicants" are left to follow their old trade of slandering and abusing all power of which they have not the control—and the rich reward of their labors will be, "the universal hiss, the sound of public scorn." [Milton, Paradise Lost]

*The Farmer's Library, or, Vermont Political & Historical Register* (VT) 1793 06 03 page 3 Letter from "W.C."

Mr Lyon, The black-birds having for a number of years past been very mischievous in plucking up the corn about Otter Creek, so that hundreds of bushels have been destroyed by them within a small extent—a number of the inhabitants turned out on the 27th of May, with arms and other necessary equipage, in order to prevent this general devastation; and without mercy on the said birds, did slay both old and young, from 5 to 12 o'clock, together with what squirrels fell in their way. The slain were brought to the house of Mr. Silas Mead, in Rutland, and the number found to be five hundred and thirty, together with an unknown number of wounded—All the above mentioned number of birds were slain by 26 men; and when those triumphant conquerors had numbered their dead devouring foes, they spend the remaining part of the day in very agreeable recreation, without the least discord—The above may be relied on as fact, your informant being in the whole action and saw many wounded.

*The Diary; or, Loudon's Register* (NY) 1793 06 06 Albany, May 30 (widely

reprinted)

There was a bird hunt at Niskeuna on Saturday last. The young gentlemen who composed the company, at their return in the evening, made an estimate of the slain, when it appeared, that of the crows and blackbirds 753 were killed in an open field fight. These birds had commenced an unprovoked and cruel depredation on the new planted Indian corn, which occasioned their being so severely treated.

*Columbian Herald or the Southern Star* (SC) 1793 07 30 page 4 The Linnet and Her Young. A Fragment. by Q.D.C. [*The Bee or Literary Weekly Intelligencer* for Wednesday, July 13, 1791, uncredited]

"Hush! 'tis Man."

In a grove where the trees were all cover'd with bloom,
One evening in summer I walk'd,
I breath'd the sweet scent of the living perfume,
And tenderly whisper'd and talked.

Louisa was with me, ah! sweet was the scene,
And we rang'd o'er the meadow and hill,
The evening was mild, the sky was serene,
We sat down by the side of a rill.

When thus from a brook, 'Oh hush!' we heard, 'hush
Be silent, my infants, my young,
Be still, little tremblers,' was heard from the bush;
'Twas a linnet, and sweet was her tongue.

Thy father is gone to provide thee with food,
Be still, my sweet infants, a while,
Hush, the strangers appear, on our haunts they intrude;
You know not what's cunning and guile.

Lo! thy father returns, with speed on his wings,
He will feed you, my children so dear:
Well repaid for his toil, if I lift while he sings,
And his carols prove sweet to mine ear:

In April, he said, let us build us a nest,
He sung, and love beam'd in his eye;
I heard the dear charmer, and thought myself bleft,
He press'd, and how could I deny.

To work then we went, well pleas'd and content,
We chose this retreat for our home;
Our days and our nights in sweet love have been spent,
Nor e'er have we wished to roam.

His smile gives me virtue, my husband, my all,

And he helps me to hatch my dear young;
More sweet is his voice, more seducing his call,
Than the music of melody's tongue.

Now arriv'd with his store, see him chirp on the spray,
And to chaunt his love tale he began;
We approach'd, and the fair one her fear did betray,
While the male flutter'd, hush, it is man.

Then I looked at Louisa; she smil'd, was divine;
The big tear it flow'd soft from her eye;
'Twas pity inspir'd it—I said, Oh! be mine;
But she fear'd to alarm with reply.

Then we left the sweet place, to give ease to the pair,
And I lov'd her the more for her tears.
If you pity these birds, for their love and their care,
Then kindly remove now my fears.'

*Dunlap's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1793 08 16 page 1 [from the *Connecticut Courant*]

Messrs Printers, Much has been said and written on the subject of the French Revolution. Americans appear to be deeply concerned for the fate of the French; as the process of liberty in Europe seems to depend much upon the even of the present struggle…Yet few, I believe, of the people of this country, even of the most learned, know the extent of the abuses of the old government, or the wretchedness of the great body of the people….

3. The Capitaineries were a dreadful scourge on all the occupiers of land. These were sovereign rights, granted by the king to princes of the blood, by which they were put in possession of the property of all game in certain districts, and even on land belonging to others. By game is to be understood, not only partridges, pheasants, rabbits, hares, &c. but herds of deer and wild boars. In the capitaineries, the owner of the land had no right to this game, not even to restrain them—and whole herds rambled over the field, destroying the crops—and if a man killed one, he was doomed to the galleys; even peasants were sent to the galleys for killing the wild boars that were destroying the crop which was to feed their hungry children.—The game in one year did mischief in four parishes only, to the amount of 36,850 dollars.

There were numerous edicts for preserving the game which prohibited weeding and hoeing, lest the young partridges should be distributed; steeping feed, lest it should injure the game; manuring with night soil, lest the flavor of the partridges should be injured by feeding on the corn so produced; mowing hay before a certain time, which was so late, often times, as to spoil the crop; and taking away the stubble, lest the birds should be robbed of shelter. The capitaineries extended over 400 leagues of country, and such was the tyranny exercised in them, that at the late revolution, almost all classes of people concurred in demanding the suppression of them…

*Columbian Herald or the Southern Star* (SC) 1793 08 17 page 4 Partridge Shooting

Now, while above that range of hills
The morn a bright'ning gleam distills.
I seize the gun and call around
To eager pointers—just unbound—
Swift—for a time—they dash away,
Too wild—too high of spirit to obey.

At length, the whistle's note they hear,
Look round—and turn from their career;
The stubble quarter nicely o'er,
And ev'ry sheltering nook explore.
See Carlo—sudden—checks his speed?
Toho! there lie the birds! Pero, take heed

How well they back! how fine the point!
The head turn'd short, and fix'd each joint,
I'll take the birds upon this side—
The covey rises!—scat'ring wide!
Dead!—See the feathers to the right!
Mark!—Mark!—Mark!—Among the beans three brace alight.

Carlo—watch—charge?—keep in, Old Don!
When loaded—ho—good dogs—hey on!
Thus, range we, till the sun gets high,
And on the ground no scent will lie,
Then take through woods our homeward way,
And o'er good cheer boast how we pass'd the day.

*The Connecticut Courant* (CT) 1793 08 19 page 1 Versifier No. IV

When lurid fog the wayward soul enshrouds,
And freedom's welkin all oer'casts with clouds,
So thick convolving that the solar ray,
Marks no distinction 'twixt the night and day;
But at high noon from daily mischief loos'd,
Old mother Cary's chickens go to roost;
And by a like mistake for dawning light,
Crow, when the clock strikes only twelve at night;
Rous'd by such omens each staunch democrat,
Should look around him like a startled rat,
Watch'd by some bloody tyrant of a cat.
With such important sentiments impress'd,
Void of excuse, what follows is my best
  For some time past I've been in moody trance,
To know what Morris is about in France.

For he, and those of his own way of thinking,
Have us'd of late a most suspicious blinking;
And their late ways are full of innuendoes,
Dark as the writings of the ancient Hindoos.
Now since he's gone to Liberty's bright focus;
There can't be need of playing Hocus Pocus,
For in this era, which dame Freedom brings.
(To court intrigues as hostile as to kings)
All sorts of schemes that politics can breed,
Should be so plain that he who runs may read.
Yet, tho' he breathes in that regenerate clime,
I fear he spends in making yokes his time;
Which by some magic soon our necks shall gall,
Unless we rouse from slumber, one and all.
Still we the people (play things of the great)
Strive hard to think our Minister has weight:
That we were justly dealth with in his mission
We fain would hope; but ah! with due submission;
While we in arm of flesh orleg of wood [*He wears a leg of wood]
Put present trust for any future good;
We then forget due gratitude to nature,
For forming man so vigilant a creature;
That when all evils furthest from him lie,
He sees the most by dint of prophecy.
But we should watch as wakeful o'er our freedom,
As o'er the ark the house of Oben-odom;
For we such freedom to obtain of yore
Were galley-slaves on seas of human gore,
Ran foul of rocks and waded to the shore.
But since we brought from her old stump a sprout,
The time is near when we shall let it out:
And should it bud in this inclement soil,
To tend the plant will prove delicious toil;
Surpassing far, to all our souther yeoman,
The love of hoe-cake, whiskey, wine or woman [*we do not mean to represent our southern bretheren as deficient in gallantry; but to acknowledge, that with the single exception of enslaving several hundred thousand blacks, they are (next to the French) the most vigilant watchmen over the liberties of mankind.]
...

*The Augusta Chronicle, and Gazette of the State* (GA) 1793 10 12 page 4 The Owl Turn'd Rhetorician. A Fable.

Pride th'inseparable vice of fools,
Tho' never hackney'd in the schools;
Yet will step forth to govern states,

Tho' ignorant of the learn'd debates.
Spoke by th'orators in the house,
But there sit mute as any mouse;
If prompt to speak from confidence
How soon display their ignorance!
Would men but learn to know themselves,
How many egregious blund'ring elves
Would mind their farms and stay at home,
And never to th' A-b-l-y roam;
Than to become a subject matter
For ridicule and public satire;
But vanity has turn'd their head,
You might expect to raise the dead,
Or inspire a goose with eloquence,
As teach such people common sense.
  To recollect as far as able
An old but curious fable:
'Twas in Esop's time, when birds could speak
All languages as well as Greek;
A solemn Owl with wisdom's face
Assembled all the feather'd race;
To depth of wisdom made pretence,
But more especially eloquence.
  The birds appear'd and took their stand
To hear his grave and wise command;
With three loud hems to clear his throat,
Then in a hoarse and croaking note
Address'd the birds on ev'ry side,
And their attention rail'd his pride,
And thus began:—"O assembled throng!
Pray, listen to my wiser song;
I mean to teach true eloquence,
To you who genius have and sense;
This wond'rous art you may acquire,
An art, which all the world admire;
An art, that's made men demi-gods,
And calm'd the rage of beasts and floods.—
  Thus tutor'd in a flow of words,
You will excel all other birds
Like the renown'd Demosthenes,
Whose fame extends beyond the seas,
Who order drew out of confusion,
And Athens rul'd by elocution—
Take counsel then, be rais'd by me,
And I will your receptor be;
Not only in rhetoric rules,

But more than's taught in all the schools---
And if you are but birds of parts,
I'll teach you too mechanic arts;
To build your houses neat and warm,
To free you from th'inclement storm;
Your present fashion's now quite odious,
The way I'll teach is more commodious;
Take my advice and do not fear
But all the world will you revere,"
  And thus concludes his learn'd oration,
And sat to hear their approbation---
But no sooner had W[..] done,
The birds they sneer'd and made their fun;
The Eagle calls him meddling fool,
Who'd ne'er been taught in nature's school.
  Had you but acted like an Owl,
And taught to ev'ry bird and fowl
The secrets of night robbing trade.
Perhaps some converts you had made;
Such mysteries you understand
But nothing more from nature's hand—
Despised by ev'ry bird of spirit.
Who curs'd him for his want of merit;
Off sneak'd the Owl with fallen mien,
And was never more in public seen.

*The Weekly Museum* (NY) 1793 10 19 page 3 New-York, October 19. (widely reported by unrelated to previous series of stories)

On Monday evening last, a number of persons assembled in the Fields and in consequence of a transaction which recently took place in the house of Mrs. Cary (alias Mother Cary) they proceeded to the storming of this Bastille of Iniquity, which was soon gutted on its contents, and entirely torn down, amidst reiterated shouts of the patriotic and virtuous mob:—and the furniture, beds, cloathing, &c. entirely destroyed: And Mother Cary and her innocent Chickens turned out to the inclemency of a midnight air…

*Columbian Gazetteer* (NY) 1793 11 04 page 3 Advertisement

Museum and Wax-work—At the Exchange—New York—
The Public are informed that the American Museum contains an extensive collection of the productions of nature and art: Among which are the following
Natural Curiosities…
Living Birds.
4. a King of the vultures, from South-America: This remarkable bird is about as large as a turkey, the head and neck is beautiful, and resembles the head of an

Indian when painted and decorated in an elegant style.
5. The American eagle, very large and gay.
6. Two beautiful small doves, from the Bahama Islands.…

*American Mercury* (CT) 1793 11 04 page 3

We hear from New York that there is now in the press, and will speedily be published, "The Diary, or Mother Cary's poultry account"—this publication is said to be the greatest literati curiosity of the age.—It gives an accurate list of all her chickens of every description, whether hatched, nurtured and forsaken, or only occasionally brooded under her pious wings. Many curious and interesting anecdotes and adventures are interspersed thro'out the work, relating to gentlemen of all descriptions, in most of the United States, from Members of Congress, to truck men and coal-heavers…

*The Independent Gazetteer and Agricultural Repository* (PA) 1793 12 07 page 4 The Crow & Lark [by John Gay (uncredited)]

He who would from envy pass his days,
Must live obscure and never merit praise.

A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain,
The crow bespoke him thus, with solemn grace:—
"Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race.
What force of lungs! how clear you sing,
And no bird soars upon a stronger wing."
The lark who scorn'd soft flattery thus replies;
"True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinions rise:
Yet let me pass my life from envy free
For what advantage are these gifts to me?
My song confines me to the wiry cage,
My flight provokes the Falcon's fatal rage;
But as you pass, I hear the fowler say,
To shoot at crows is powder thrown away."

*The American Mercury* (CT) 1793 12 09 page 3 Boston, Dec. 4. Ship News, Extra (widely reprinted)

On Monday last was launched into the bosom of the political ocean, the good ship Congress the third, George Washington, Commander. For strength, beauty of construction and workmanship, her equal is not to be found. She is freighted with Wisdom, Firmness, Patriotism, Love of equal Liberty, order and good Government; bound to the ports of Public Happiness and National Honor. It is to be expected, some "Mother Carey's Chickens" will hover round her on her voyage, but as the brood is known for portending danger when no danger is near, very little regard will be paid to them, nor their kindred lately imported. The ship's company have been selected with

judgement from every part of the Union—the births and stations are well filled; and no doubts need be had, that from the "moment her anchor's atrip,"until her safe arrival in her desired haven, the seamen will meet every danger with calmness and serenity; and oppose against the mermaid wiles of the adversaries, skill, courage, and good conduct.

## 1794

*The Pennsylvania Gazette* 1794 01 01 page 2

> Mr. Peale deems it a duty to inform the kind promoters of his Museum, that he has received from foreign countries, very flattering encouragement for the proposals he had made of reciprocal exchange of Natural Subjects….With this view he intends, from time to time, to publish extract of his foreign correspondence, of which the follow is a part:…
>
> Sir,The Swedish Academy of Sciences at Stockholm has desired me to present grateful acknowledgements for the birds you sent, and to declare a ready acceptance of your proposal for reciprocal exchange of these, and other subjects of natural history. Mr. Gustavus Von Carlson (President of one of the supreme courts of justice) has charged himself with the exchange of birds. This eminent ornithologist owns a precious cabinet of birds, containing more than 800 species, and has by testamentary disposition generously bequeathed the whole to the said Academy of Sciences. You will therefore be pleased to send in the future the birds directly to him. He has already, in return, forwarded several of the most valuable Swedish birds, such as the Urogallus major and Urogallus minor, the Lagopus, &c….
> Sir, your Friend and humble servant, Nicholas Collin

*The Independent Chronicle and the Universal Advertiser* (MA) 1794 01 02 page 1The humble petition of Jack Mizen, Dick Shroud, Tom Bowlin, and Will Anchor, to the officers of the Federal Fleet, now riding in Congress Bay. (reprinted in other papers)

> God bless your honors!

We, the subscribers, are old shipmates, and early entered our names together on the ship's books of the HANCOCK, commanded by that true HEART of OAK JOHN MANLY, as good a sailor as ever stood between stem and stern. We battled the watch through good and ill luck, for many years, in company with this sailor's *firm-bottomed* friend, till he, and the rest of the crew, were dismissed from service.

As to our brave Commander, we can only say, that the day of his death, (as to the honors paid him) was better than the days of his life (a *cant* phrase our Chaplain used now and then to throw out) for he was brought, in a short time after he was discharged the service, to *short allowance*, and obliged, ever after, to *steer his course* directly in a the *wind's-eye* of misfortune, till be dropped anchor along side the *old wrecks* at the general rendezvous. …

Upon this occasion, we cannot but express our disapprobation of the conduct of a set of *mutineers* who have been secretly "*whispering*" and planning their wicked schemes in the round house of the H—l—n, to weaken the fleet on her present cruise; and to bring about their purpose, have for many months been busily employed in getting a *round robin* signed by the Officers in the cabin against the Captain of the GENET; but we hope the old PRESIDING ADMIRAL, will soon call a court martial, and Knox them (excuse our spelling) all into the steerage. We have *cun'd a storm* brewing for some days past, as we have seen the *scud* flying, also a number of little birds, round the stern of our ship, some call them Jays, others King-fishers, and our boatswain swears they are a kind of mongrel bird called a Wil-cocks, but we old sailors know them to be nothing more nor less than a brood of *Mother Cary's Chickens*….

*The Newhampshire Journal: Or, The Farmer's Weekly Museum* (NH) 1794 01 24 page 4 The Interpreter No III

See what we are coming to.

A snipe, a kite and a peacock were sitting together upon a dry board, (the Pea Hen had some eggs to hatch and was not there) and before them a flock of kingbirds were peacemealing bats and moles seeming in a frolic; on the right hand and on the left was a flock of pigeons pointing their heads to see and hear what was going on. The snipe was uneasy and anxious to be away and have his bill in the mud. The kite being an active, industrious, clever bird, was tired of sitting still for nothing but to see kingbirds sporting with creatures so blind and puny; but the peacock was pleased with his station, and made a constant bustle spreading out his feathers to hid his ugly feet, (that run to evil) and divert the attention of the birds from his interior defirmity. When the kingbirds had gotten a bat or a mole willing to lie still, the peacock would reach over his neck; and like a wise fowl, eye the creature to see whether it was able to bite him, no danger appearing, he would take it in his bill, and holding it up to the view of all the birds, with a dolorous squawk warn them to be always obedient ready servants to peacock and hens.—There, Mr. Interpreter, says an observing patriot. *See what we are coming to*. To you it belongs to discharge the alarm gun and kill the peacock. The hen will not *sit* without the cock. Take him off and you sweep the board. The snipe hates him, the kite knows him, the kingbirds laugh at him as heartily as birds can laugh, the pigeons purr at him; in short every bird that flies within the scope of our horizon has him in derision for his hypocrisy. The adage, "Fine feathers make fine birds," would operate against every flock of birds under our sky, as a rule in filling up the judicial department, because the peacock family would then compose the whole judiciary of the winged world, and introduce perjury in the room of faith, superstition in the place of religion, and darkness instead of light, which must render wings entirely useless, and soon derange and destroy even the elements and the present order and beauty of our Creators works.

*The Newhampshire Journal: Or, The Farmer's Weekly Museum* (NH) 1794 02 14 page 4 The Interpreter No. IV

"Wander not from thy place."

It is not apparent that five sparrows were ever sold for more than two farthings; and yet even the sparrow, a bird so petty, is respectable on her nest, and "is not forgotten before God." Her house and little family is wonderfully protected and supported, as constantly as she is faithful. But, if taking a fright, or some little disgust, or being weary of her charge, she should wander from her nest, at once she is abandoned to be the sport of ravenous hawks by day and croaking owls by night. So is a man that wanderer from his place, Prov. 27-8. So long as a man is in his place, provided it be a clean place, though it should be the lowest place in the world, he is not forgotten before God. In his place he is respectable, because of his uprightness and fortitude. Job never appeared more respectable than he did among the clean ashes after his skin was destroyed. The devil thought that Job would not fear God for nought. And his wife said, If I was you, husband, I would not fear God for nothing; if he should torment me as he does you, I would curse him if I died. But Job held fast his integrity. The meanness of the place may serve the better to display the greatness of the man. The most dignified personage that ever set his foot upon the dust of our earth had a mind to take the lowest places, and be made of no reputation in the form of a servant. Such a low place cannot be unbecoming any great man.

But the Interpreter is not to make it his business in this Number to take any particular measures of greatness or littleness; but only to interpret the wandering of one Robbin Sminster from his place. Robbin was a man well calculated to feed and fat hogs, and drive waggon loads of pork to market. Such was his place; and his shirt was of clear woolen cloth checker work; the man was respectable in his place. But his wife crowded him out of or from his place. She was tired of being a servants wife. She wanted a first rate town cap, and to have her husband look like folks. So she urged him out of and from his place into a fine Holland shirt, and very neat small clothse, with a watch in his pocket; and all at once they were gentle folks, my lord Robbin and his lady. Now these two birds are upon the wing, it may be a lesson of prudence for us to read Robbins wandering from his place, for the air will support their wings, butt not long; they must eat and drink or die. Well, they no soon come to the ground than a fox takes Robbin, and strips him of all his feathers, and leaves him in a most tattered plight; his mate escapes to be more severely handled by the crows. Who that considers Robbin's misery could be so foolish as to wander from his place.

*Thomas's Massachusetts Spy: or, the Worcester Gazette* (PA) 1794 03 06 page 3
Worcester March 6

...A correspondent remarks, that it has become very common for towns, in this country, to offer a reward for the heads of mischievous birds. He thinks it worthy the consideration of his fellow citizens, whether it is expedient to hold out such encouragement for their destruction. If they are really so numerous as to be, on the whole, injurious to the farmer, he supposes it is; but not otherwise. But he recollects to have read somewhere that in the early part of the settlement of New England, when such birds were much more numerous than they are at present, very great rewards were offered as an inducement to destroy them, which so far had the desired effect, that in a short time there were scarce any to be found. The consequence, however, was, the

very rapid increase of worms, which were much more destructive to their crops, than the birds had been; so that, for a year or two, at least, the inhabitants were obliged to procure hay, for the sustenance of the cattle, from the southern states, and even from England....

*American Minerva, and the New-York (Evening) Advertiser* (NY) 1794 03 22 page 2. Advertisement. Late Additions to the Museum in this City

> ...There is also a late addition of a most beautiful collection of painted Chinese birds and fishes, that were painted by the people of that country, in these paintings, the beholder will discover, the unrivaled imitative capacities of the Chinese in one of the finest arts of man, these are said to be equal to anything of the kind, either in Europe or America, the collection consists of 19 birds and 12 fish—all the colours copied from the life.

*Dunlap and Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1794 04 12 supplement page 1

Last Monday the following melancholy accident happened at Acomb, near York. A young man of that place, named John Hebdin, designing to go out and shoot some birds, took his gun into a blacksmith's shop; just as he had loaded it, a spark from the blacksmith's anvil flew against the pan, and caused the gun to go off, when the contents unfortunately lodged in the young man's head, and he died instantly.

*The Norwich Packet* (CT) 1794 05 22 page 4 [damaged] the inhuman custom of shooting birds

> —When the gay morn her ruddy face,
> Unfolds; and the bright messenger of day
> Comes forth to mount the eastern sky, the
> Sparkling dewy gems of night exhale their
> Moisture, and the warm reviving rays of
> Heat, temper into life the infant year!
> Or at the setting sun, when fring'd in
> Garments tip'd with gold, he hides his blushing
> Face, and sinks beneath the western sky.
> The sportive gunner arm'd with death, heedless
> And unthoughtful seeks the verdant field and
> Dewy lawn; where each feather'd warbler of
> The grove, careless and unconcern'd, pour's forth
> From bough to bough; in melody divine
> His little notes of praise.—follows on till
> Joyous eyes the unwary bird: charges the
> Iron tube; directs his well aim'd shott, and
> Wing'd with death lets fly the fatal blow. Ah!
> Cruel sportsman why direct the leaden

Shaft to wound my feeble frame.—tis cruel
Thus to sport?—I own the barbarous deed,
Thou lovest life and ought to live as well
As me. Conscience thou faithful monitor
Within, I feel thy thorny sting tis well
I ought to suffer—methinks thou faithful
Bird, I see the urge thy fight to some un-
Sequester'd vale, dropping on a moss grown
Rock, bleeding and faint, thy little body
Gash'd with wounds, thou tell'st thy unhappy mate
The sadden'd tale; while in mournful cadence
Replies the sorrow'd bird, and takes a last
Farewel. Oh ! cruel deed, no more at morn
Thy mate enjoys the blissful hour; or in
The vale, or in the grove, chaunts forth his songs
Of praise! But silent rambles from each bough,
Lost to all around, depriv'd of all to
Him that's dear; he pines away his slender
Thread of life; 'till death, welcome messenger
Sings A REQUIEM to his woes; and hymns
His little soul to peace!*

* Possibly the writer may be suspected of embracing animal existence in a future state, if so, would inform, the doctrine is by no means new; it has been warmly advocated by […] Philosophers. An ingenious author of some note facetiously writes thus on the subject, "This I think, that if the parson gets his old gray mare to ride on in the other world, she should for his contemptible opinion of her in this life, throw him in the dirt.[53]"

*The Virginia Chronicle & General Advertiser* (VA) 1794 05 26 page 2 Letter from "Mirror"

I have not, Mess. Printers, any great faith in dreams, and the wild tossing of fancy, while the helm of reason is lost, and seldom prophetic of future events—I had, however, last night, a dream in politics, of such a nature that I cannot refrain from revealing it, to those who are more interested and active in the politics of the country than myself…

I dreamt that Congress had spent six months (at 6 dollars each per day) in catching a species of birds of the harpy kind (which had greatly injured the crops of our country) and putting them into cages; but that, forgetting the old maxim, (that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush) after confining them two months let them all fly away; and I further dreamt that they had sent a Jay, a bird well known for its mimicking and tattling qualities, to decoy them back (or to negotiate and compromise all difficulties) but that it had been outwitted by intrigue and perfidy and returned without any satisfaction, naked, distress, and entirely stripped of all its plumage….

*The Weekly Museum* (NY) 1794 07 26 page 3 Advertisement. A New and Beautiful Museum

> The subscriber informs the public that there is contained in the front apartments of the present Museum, the largest collection of birds, butterflies, insects and beatles, in America; from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—The collection contains near 600 birds…

*Dunlap and Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1794 08 16 page 3 Albany August 4 (widely reported)

> From a correspondent at Catskill

A son of Mr. Daniel Hayton, of this place, a lad of about 7 years of age, a few weeks since, was attacked by six owls, a small distance from his father's house, in the woods; and altho' the lad was active for his age, these voracious birds soon got the better of him, and had already torn his face very badly, when a negro girl came to his relief, and with no inconsiderable beat off the owls, and preserved his life. The above circumstance appears so very extraordinary, that I have taken the liberty of sending it to your press.

*Columbian Gazetteer* (NY) 1794 10 02 page 3 Advertisement. At the Menage of Living Animals and Birds

> The corner of Pearl-street, fronting the Battery
> Are to be seen every day, the following living objects, viz.
> …A large American eagle, a hawk…
> This collection of animals was begun in May last, is in a very growing state, and bids fair if encouraged to be a valuable collection…

*Columbia Gazetteer* (NY) 1794 10 06 page 1 Advertisement.

> An elegant Folio Edition of Miller's Natural History
> Ornamented with engravings of several thousand beast, birds, fishes, insects, flowers, and other objects of animated and inanimated nature. Price 12 dollars bound.
>
> [probably John Frederick Miller, published 1776.]

*The Pennsylvania Gazette* (PA) 1794 10 29 page 1 Embassy to China [from a late London Paper]

…Among their birds is one very remarkable for its utility. In the language of the country its name signifies the Fish Catcher, and it seems well deserving of the epithet. A pair of them, properly trained, will maintain a man and his family. The go out to the rivers or lakes, and with great address and quickness, seize upon their prey—they are even nice in the choice of it, and will seldom trouble themselves to catch a small fish, unless large ones cannot be found, and whatever they seize upon, they carry home to

their master….We understand that one of the gentlemen belonging to the suit, procured a pair of these, which are coming home to England, as a present to a person of rank. If, fortunately, these useful birds should breed in this country, we might expect bye and bye to partly paid in fish, for the expenses of the Embassy…

*The South-Carolina State Gazette & Timothy & Mason's Daily Advertiser* (SC) 1794 10 31 page 2 The Act of Incorporation, Laws and Circular Letter of the Massachusetts Historical Society, with an Appendix.

> Appendix No. I
> Articles on which the society request information…
> No. III. Directions for preserving animals and parts of animals....
> No. IV. Doctor Cutler's method of preserving the skins of birds....
> No. V. Mr. Peck's methods of preserving animals and their skins....
> No. VI. A method of preserving birds and other animals, from the philosophical transactions; recommended by Dr. Lettsom, in his Traveller's Companion, p. 13. Birds in perfect plumage should be opened from the upper part of the breast to the vent, with a sharp knife or pair of scissors....

*The Columbian Informer; or, Cheshire Journal* (NH) 1794 11 11 page 4 Address from an author to the reader, on entering a new book.

> Stay reader; may I beg a single word
> Before you enter another book?
> ...
> If thou are one of these my reader dear,
> Prithee lay down the book, it is not for ye;
> Or if in spite thou needs wilt persevere,
> Stop half a minute whilst I tell a story.
>
> In the warm climate of Virginia dwells,
> Unknown to us, a coxcomb of a bird,
> His crest with variegated plumage swells,
> And mock bird is he called, for not a word
>
> Or note has nature given him of his own,
> But only the pert talent of a fool,
> Of better birds to imitate the tone,
> Taking them off, by way of ridicule.
>
> A nightingale, who, seated on a spray,
> With her sweet pipe regal'd the neighb'ring plains,
> And heard our critic with his mimic lay,
> To doleful ditties turn her lovelorn strains.
>
> With indignation thus address'd the fool;
> "My song may not be perfect, it is true;
> But as th' example's better than the rule,

Pray, Sir, now let us have a song from you."

*Columbian Centinel* 1794 12 27 page 2 Natural History

Dr Lettsom, who seems intent on the promotion of the noble and useful science of Natural History in this country, has just sent to the Museum of Cambridge, some curious birds and beasts, so nicely preserved, that the spectator would imagine them to be alive. Our own animals preserved in this way, would form a collection highly interesting to philosophic foreigners who visit our country.

## 1795

*Aurora General Advertiser* (PA) 1795 01 28 page 3 Letter by "Benedict Arnold"

Sir, You have published a reply without publishing that to which a reply was given. This is so much like the handle of a jug, entirely on this side, that I am sure it will afford you no satisfaction. Competition is the soul of many things; and as I have presumed to enter the lists with the tria juncta in uno, it may serve as a fillip to their wit. Yours, sir, I know needs none; but perhaps, this may not be the case with all your correspondents, some of whom, like myself, require collision to strike out sparks of humor. It is dull work to be without opposition and as your correspondent may be like little birds which inhabit the ocean, called Mother Carey's chickens, that delight in a storm, I would make great exertions to place him in his natural element. Perhaps squeezing the inclosed into a corner of your paper may have that effect, and as you are a lover of fun, I hope you will gratify both him and me. There is something a little outré in my signature, but this, I hope, will not grate you any more than if I subscribe myself,

Your friend, Benedict Arnold.

Federal Orrery (MA) 1795 02 02 Specimen of Modern Criticism

The author, in an ironical commentary on a silly, vulgar ballad, ridicules some of our grave commentators, who rake the rubbish of antiquity for beauties, imperceptible to every other eye; and torture the sense to discover meanings, that never were intended by the writer. It may be considered as a parody on Addison's pleasant criticism upon the old ballad of Chevy Chace.

The Carrion crow sat upon an oak, (1)
And spied a taylor cutting out a cloak;
With a heigh ho! the carrion crow!
Sing tol de rol, de riddle row!

The carrion crow he began for to rave,
And called the taylor a lousy knave; (2)
With a heigh ho! &c.

Oh wife, fetch me my arrow and my bow, (3)
That I may shoot this carrion crow:

With a heigh he! &c.

The taylor he shot, and he missed his mark, (4)
And shot the old sow through the heart;
With a heigh ho! &c.

Oh wife, fetch me some treacle in a spoon,
For the old sow is in a terrible swoon; (5)
With a heigh ho! . &c

The old sow died, and the bells they did toll,
And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul (6)
With a heigh ho! &c.

Zooks! quoth the taylor, I care not a louse, (7)
For we shall have black puddings, chitterlings and souse:
With a heigh ho! &c.

(1) The carrion crow was, in ancient times, always considered as an arborous bird; besides other classics, Virgil more than once mentions him as such, particularly in one or two eclogues, where, as in this little poem, he is described sitting on an oak,

(2) Some learned commentators have this elucidation:
It is not to be conceived that the crow actually uttered these words; they are rather affirmed with the licentia poetica, which must not be unsparingly, allowed to every original writer; though it is certain, that all birds of the crow kind are perfectly capable of imitating the human voice. It may be supposed sufficient that the taylor imagined that he heard them expressed by the crow. Our author was perhaps desirous of giving some reason for the action of his hero.

(3) The taylor calling for his bow proves beyond a dispute the antiquity of this little poem; and that it was written before the introduction of fire-arms.

(4) This hows an admirable attention to the truth and propriety of character; for the occupation of a taylor being sedentary and unwarlike, he cannot be expected to be a good toxopholite: therefore, nothing could be more likely than his missing the mark, and shooting so wide of it as to hit the sow lying upon the ground, rather than the crow, which was perched upon a tree.

(5) Treacle does not always mean that syrrup which school-boys are so fond of eating with new rolls; but a mixture so denominated in the Materia Medica; whence we may gather that our author was no Tyro in the healing art.

(6) Another proof of the early date of the poem is afforded by this stanza. The circumstance of the pigs praying for their mother's soul shows clearly that it was written before the reformation.

(7) The introduction of the louse into the taylor's apostrophe, either uttered as a soliloquy, or as an address to his wife, is an allusion to a common joke thrown out against the calling; the professors of which have the vulgar appellation of prick-louse.

The above observations, though no doubt many others will occur to the intelligent reader, must place beyond a doubt the antiquity of the poem, as well as elucidate the meaning of the ingenious author.

This song, however it may wear the rustic garb of simplicity, and teem with the images of common life, carries with it evident marks of the touches of a master, who must have been endowed with much classical and medical knowledge, as well as skilled in natural history, and the popular opinions and manners of our fore-fathers.

*Spooner's Vermont Journal* (VT) 1795 05 25 page 1 The Miscellanist, no. 11. by "V"

Having amused myself though the day, in reading the life of Pythagorus—having perused with peculiar attention the notions of that philosopher, concerning the transmigration of souls; I prepared myself at night for a lubrication. No sooner had the sun sunk below the horizon, and night begun to draw her curtain over the earth, than I lit my candle, and sat down in my study. But in vain I summoned my wandering thoughts—in vain I attempted to construct a moral star, which might illuminate the wanderer in his way to happiness. I one moment rejected what I had invented the preceding, and remained entirely unfixed. In this manner I continued till sleep stole insensibly upon me, which having locked up the avenues of sense, left the imagination at liberty, to wander uncontrolled. I conceived myself to be still sitting in my study, and pondering for a lubrication. But my attention was suddenly called off by a person, who entered my apartment. He hastily approached me, seated himself at my side, and without apologizing for his intrusion, requested me to publish, through the channel of the Miscellanist, the story of his sufferings. Being destitute of materials for my paper, I gladly became amanuensis for my visitant, while he related the following:

"Being heir to a fortune, not being obliged to labor for the support of life, I was peculiarly fond of hunting. But, one day as I was eager in pursuing a hare, I fell, my neck was dislocated, and I immediately expired. But, to my unspeakable surprise, I immediately animated the body of a fox. In my new condition, although my body was not the most gigantic; yet my mental abilities were such that I esteemed myself sovereign of the forest.

The gnawings of hunger were my only tormentors. In one of my nocturnal excursions, when the ground was covered with snow, I was struck with an agreeable fragrance, and looking round for the cause, espied some mangled parts of a fowl, in a place where, as I supposed, the ground happened to be bare. I was suspicious, all was not right; however, being urged by the keenness of my appetite, I advanced, but with caution, making many circular windings, and was seizing on booty, when, to my unutterable consternation, my leg was caught in a trap! In vain your imagination attempts to paint the condition I was in! It is only to be conceived of by those of my brothers, who have shared the same fate. My trap, however, was not so heavy, but, that with much tugging I could move it slowly. But my joy was of short duration, like a flash from a dark cloud; for, as I attempted to enter an adjacent swamp, my trap

was caught by the brush, from which I was not able to extricate it. The jaws had by this time almost torn off my leg. This seemed to give me a probability of escape, tho' with the loss of my foot. But, day light coming on, a boy appeared in view with a club. I lay still, in hopes that he would release me from the trap, and by some means, I might make my escape. However, seeing him draw his club to strike me on the head, I was glad to show myself alive by catching it in my teeth. My activity at catching caused the boy, instead of killing me, to carry me home, where, for several hours, I made merriment for him and the neighboring boys. But, at length, my strength being exhausted, I received a blow on my head, which immediately put an end to my life.

"Instead of nonexistence, I found myself inhabiting the body of an horse, in the stable of a quack-merchant. One of my companions and I were soon after tackled in a sleigh, which was filled with some gentlemen and ladies, as they called themselves, for a journey of pleasure. We were driven with the utmost speed, eight or ten miles, to our destined place. Where, when we arrived, I was covered with foam, having had a lazy companion, and been much whipped, as we ascended the several hills in our passage. In this condition, we were left to stand, several hours, before the door of a tavern, tho' it was in the evening and extremely cold. About midnight, the company got into the sleigh, in high glee, and, Jehu like, rode to our former station. The next morning I could hardly move. And, though I afterwards recovered, yet, my master conceiving me to be unfit for his service, sold me to a country jockey, or horse devil, with whom I drudged out two or thee months, in the hardest service imaginable. But, one day, as he was driving me over a ditch, I sunk into the mire, from which, finding it difficult to extricate me, he left me to die at my leisure.

I now rejoiced at being a pigeon; for having become a denizen of the air, I could soar above the reach of man, and elude his cruelty. My joy was of short duration; for I and a number of my companions, being in one of our aerial circuits, were called down by the fluttering of one on the ground, which I had no sooner touched than we were all caught in a net. In horrid plight, I was a spectator of the death of my companions; being myself reserved for a worse fate.—For, as I was young, I was kept for a flutterer to decoy others. For this purpose, I was placed upon a stool, being condemned to perpetual night, by having my eyes sewed up. But, I did not long answer this purpose, for one day, when the fowler was absent, a being, which I supposed to be a hawk, caught me in his talons, and made quick work in devouring me.

"My sufferings in a hemp bird, an angle worm, and many other forms, are too numerous to mention. I am now become a human being once more, animating the body in which you see me."—

Thus my unknown visitant told the story of his misfortunes, which so affected me, that I suddenly awoke.

Man of insensibility, this was written for you! If it excites the least pity towards inferior animals, I have not lost my labor. Happiness and misery, unconfined to the human species, are dispersed through the whole of animated nature.

*The Philadelphia Minerva* (MA) 1795 06 27 page 4 Letter by "Toby"

Messrs. Printers, It has been repeatedly suggested to me that my lucubrations have intimidated all your poetical correspondents, and I am told in figurative language that the wonton severity of my criticisms has prevented your "little birds" from singing. If the allegation be true, I have perhaps rendered you an essential detriment in interdicting their tuneful voices, and if possible, I will endeavor to repair the injury…

However to remove all apprehensions, I promise to molest your "little birds" no more; Toby will never disconcert their strains again, unless their music degenerates into discord intolerable; and, on the contrary, in order to excite a spirit of emulation, he promises to expatiate upon the beauties of such of your publications as may manifest any marks of genius in their authors.

*Andrews's Western Star* (MA) 1795 09 15 page 4 Advertisement. Books for Children

> Watt's Divine and Moral Songs, for Children, History of the Holy Bible, Entertaining Stories, the Picture Exhibition, a Poetical description of Song Birds, interspersed with entertaining Fables and Tales, Little Robin Red Breast, a collection of pretty songs, &c. &c. &c….

*Connecticut Journal* (CT) 1795 10 07 page 1 Advertisement. Isaac Beers

> Has just received from London and Dublin, a part of his Fall Importation of Books, Amongst which are the following:…
> The natural History of Birds, 3 vols with elegant plates finely colored from nature....

*Dunlap and Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1795 12 12 page 3 Advertisement. Stephens Bookseller

> In addition to his valuable stock, as received by all the late arrivals, a choice assortment of books—Among which are….
> 3. [Thomas] Lord's History of British Birds, containing many colored engravings in a new style…

**1796**

*Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1796 03 02 page 4 The Wounded Thrush [seems to have first appeared in *The Sheffield Iris* 2/10/1795]

> That thrush there is wounded I fear;
> Step hither, my sweet little bird!
> Do you think I would hurt you my dear!
> I won't, no I won't on my word.
>
> Thy wing, that so bloody hangs down,
> Pretty creature, say what can it ail?
> I doubt you've been shot by some clown;

Come tell me your pitiful tale.

Yes, lady, my tale you shall know,
A pitiful tale you will find;
To a gunner my sorrow I owe—
I have long been afraid of mankind.

Though I had been shot at before,
They happily miss'd me 'till now
This wound so kindly deplore,
I got as I sat on yon bough.

All under the wind, in the ray
I sat, little thinking of ill;
Thus wounded, I fluttered away—
The shooter is after me still.

O! save me from murd'ring man!
My life if you can but prolong,
I'll pay you as well as I can,
I'll pay you with many a song.

Sweet rogue!—and she gave him a kiss,
Then gently she clipt off his wing—
He lives, and the bard that penn'd this,
'Tother day heard the pretty rogue sing.

*Federal Orrery* (MA) 1796 03 14 page 1 Curious application of language

Charles V. said that he should speak French to his friend, German to his horse, Italian to his mistress, Spanish to God and English to birds.

*Thomas's Massachusetts Spy, or Worcester Gazette* (MA) 1796 05 25 page 1 (Essay by The Lay Preacher (Joseph Dennie) [from the Farmer's Weekly Museum (NH), source credited] (widely reprinted)

"For lo! The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

Men, who have witnessed the horrors of that tempestuous and deformed season, which, by its cold, contracts the body, and by its gloom depresses the mind, naturally feel at the first glimpse of warmth and vegetation, and indescribable rapture….But though Nature, in her various exhibitions of verdure and of flowers, and by her chorus of singing birds, seems at first view to have no other object than to amuse our species, as a Painter, or Musician, yet, on reflection, we shall find her both a provident matron, in preparing our nutriment, and a useful monitor, urging us to toil. As I am entirely of opinion with that ancient and with that Poet [Shakespeare], who saw his duty inscribed on every lead, and found a tongue in trees, and books in the running brooks, I think

it could not be unprofitable for every man, who looks abroad, to remark that every department, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is in action. Those countless tribes, who during winter were fast locked in the chambers of frost, are now each moment on the wing, and incessantly employed…

*Aurora General Advertiser* (PA) 1796 05 27 page 3

> Those Ladies and Gentlemen who, for exercise and recreation, take the fresh air in those delightful walks of the State-House Garden, will find that C.W. Peale has placed amongst his other curious birds in his privileged enclosure adjoining the Museum, that very singular bird, the Pelican.

*Southern Centinel* (GA) 1796 06 02 page 4 On Spring

> How pleasant the prospect of spring,
> How plaintive the notes of the dove;
> How pleasant do mocking birds sing,
> For this is the season of love.
>
> Aurora when gilding the east,
> And nature all welcomes the day;
> To innocent minds 'tis a feast.
> When join'd with the beauties of May.
>
> Good Heav'ns, what raptures we're taught,
> When nature her beauties display;
> In Flora's fair lap we're caught,
> And charm'd with sweet songs from the spray.
>
> Fair virtue, these joys are all thine,
> Attuning the innocent heart;
> Then ——to love I'll incline,
> From virtue thou ne'er will depart.

*The Federal Mirror* (NH) 1796 06 21 page 4 On the Singing of Birds. Written by a Young Lady in an hour of Adversity by "Delia"

> "Thrice had her Peace been slain."
>
> Cease bold intruders, cease that cheerful lay!
> Shall sighs and songs, both usher in the day?
> Leave this recess to grief—or change your key,
> Low droop your pinions, and lament with me.
> Sure you mistook the house, nor saw the pall,
> The melancholy veil that covers all—
> This seat of mourning, residence of woe,
> Is not a place of joyous objects too.
> No Brother's death, with melancholy tone,

No Sister from your bleeding bosom's torn,
No faithful Guardian of your infant days,
Snatch'd from your eyes, lives in those sportive lays.
Untimely melody to soothe my pain!
Joy is your subject; pleasure is your strain:
Hard-hearted birds! Must grief be mine alone?
O weep with me!—your want of feeling mourn.
I'll teach you how to sing in plaintive mood,
With wild grief fill the melancholy wood;
Teach rocks to melt, & streams with tears to flow,
In all the various dissonance of woe,
But see, they careless hop from spray to spray,
Deaf and unconscious of my trembling lay;
No sigh responsive, no condoling tear,
Vain are my efforts, none my grief will hear.
Then, pride, repress my muse, nor wish to gain
From Joy's bright summit, and convert to pain
This sinless, artless, gay elated throng,
Whose ev'ry nerve is music, love and song.
Then mount, ye happy, mount the smiling sky,
And bear your warbling melody on high.
When I'm as innocent—as blest as you—
I'll raise a song of equal pleasure too.

*The Albany Gazette* (NY) 1796 07 15 page 3

The ingenious author of a "History of the Earth and Animated Nature," [Goldsmith] concludes his Description of Birds with the ensuing neat and lively sentences.

"I own I cannot take leave of this most beautiful part of the creation without reluctance. These splendid inhabitants of the air possess all those qualities that can soothe the heart and cheer the fancy; the brightest colors, the roundest forms, the most active manners, and the sweetest music. In seeing the imagination in pursuit of these, in following them to the chirruping grove, the screaming precipice, or the glassy deep, the mind naturally lost the sense of its own situation, and, attentive to their little sports, almost forgot the task of describing them. Innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom; and nothing is useless, that, by furnishing mental employment keeps us for a while in oblivion of those stronger appetites that lead to evil. But every rank & state of mankind may find something to imitate in those delightful songsters, & we may not only enjoy the time, but mend our lives by the contemplation. From their courage in defense of their young, and their assiduity in incubation, the coward may learn to be brave and the rash to be patient. The inviolable attachment of some to their companions may give lessons of fidelity, and the connubial tenderness of others be a monitor to the incontinent. Even those that are tyrants by nature never spread capricious destruction; and, unlike man, ever inflict pain but when urged by necessity."

*Federal Gazette & Baltimore Daily Advertiser* (MD) 1796 09 15 page 3 Letter by "A Baltimorean"

Messrs. Yundt & Brown, I have observed the firing of guns in the different populous streets in Baltimore, and think it a practice that ought to be discouraged, and those doing it reprimanded for such unbecoming examples. The disagreeable apprehensions arising from such conduct can by no means be attributed to timidity, as part of the contents of a loaded gun, discharged (as I suppose) at some birds, fell on me while setting at my door. Accidents have happened with those accustomed to fire arms, when they were least expected; and the practice in so populous a town is truly reprehensible. It likewise encourages boys to collect in large companies, unacquainted with the numerous accidents and horrid consequences arising from those instruments. On reflection, I hope those sportsmen who have practiced it, will immediately desist, lest some of our citizens fall a sacrifice to their rude presumption.

*The Philadelphia Minerva* (PA) 1796 10 29 p. 4 Letters addressed to Young Women (married or single) by Mrs. [Elizabeth] Griffith

Letter IX. On the importance of early cultivating the minds of children; and of giving them the earliest ideas of truth and benevolence. (Concluded from our last)

There cannot be a more blamable, I might say criminal character, than that of a mother who neglects to improve the first dawnings of reason in her own children; but what a degree of inhumanity is it, not only to neglect, but even to check a child for asking questions of the most important nature!…

One of the very first ideas that should be impressed on their infant-mind, is universal tenderness to animals, birds, and in short even to every degree of insect existence; this cannot be inculcated at too early an age: it may be made a play and amusement, by which means the child is imperceptibly led to compassion and benevolence. One cannot wonder at the cruelties practices by school-boys in general; as in the very early part of their former nurseries, they are permitted, by their simple servants, to exercise every kind of wanton cruelty on some unfortunate dog, or whatever poor animal they can obtain. Birds of all kinds they look upon as a prey, on which they amuse themselves with every kind of wanton cruelty that can be invented;—sometimes they are dragged about in a string, or given to the merciless cat. They are even taught to laugh at the torments of these poor animals; who are certainly entitled not only to our benevolence, but to our kindest care and protection…. With the glorious design of imparting happiness, the regions of inferior nature are stocked with an infinite series of sensitive beings! The waters teem with shoals of finny inhabitants—the dry land swarms with animals of every order—the firmament is occupied by multitudes of winged people…The ingenious Sir Richard Steele, author of the Idler, says, he never saw so lovely a sight "as a little boy of four years old, weeping over a beautiful butterfly his brother had just killed"…They are usually fond of birds, flowers, shells, &c. Each of which beautiful production of nature abounds with instruction.—Shew these little innocents, that they may learn improvement from the most insignificant bird that wanders in the air…

*The Philadelphia Minerva* (PA) 1796 11 05 page 4 Letters addressed to Young Women (married or single) by Mrs. [Elizabeth] Griffith

Letter X. On the early instruction of children in the beauties of nature; and in humility, compassion, industry, &c.

…I will pursue the subject of their being early initiated into the love of the beauties of nature. When their tender minds are properly impressed with the most common and familiar objects, such as birds, flowers, insects, &c. You by degrees may lead them to discourse of the stars, the moon, the glorious luminary the sun…You taste God's beneficence in the melting peach; you smell his sweetness in the fragrant honeysuckle; you hear his harmony in the nightingale's song….Listen to these little birds, which make the air resound with their sweet notes; they celebrate him who gives them melody, and who provided them daily food: the wood-lark tunes her early note in praise to him; the solitary red-breast pours forth its artless song at the last parting gleam of day in notes of gratitude: So every day should your regards and thanks be paid to that bountiful hand which protects you from the daily dangers to which you are exposed.—May the rising sun be witness to your early adoration of its Maker!…

**1797**

*Aurora General Advertiser* (PA) 1797 01 02 page 1 Advertisement. New Books. Robert Campbell & Co…are just opening a large and extensive assortment of the latest and best London editions, among which are the following new, valuable, and scarce books.

…Buffon's Natural History of Birds, 9 vol. 8vo

North Carolina Gazette 1797 01 07 page 4 "Hope" [by William Shenstone, uncredited ("A Pastoral Ballad", 1743)]

My banks, they are furnish'd with bees,
  Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
  And my hills are white-over with sheep
…
From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
  What strains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves,
  From the thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
  Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
  As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear,

She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I hear'd
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to a dove,
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love,
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she says,
Methinks I should love her the more.…

*The Centinel of Liberty and George-town Advertiser* (DC) 1797 02 21 page 1 Advertisement. Wanted to Purchase

Half a dozen Red Birds,
For which a liberal price will be given. Apply to the Printers.

*Federal Galaxy* (VT) 1797 03 17 page 4 Lines Written by an American Youth

On the releasement and return to America, of our fellow countrymen, who, for a few years past, have been confined at Algiers[54], in a most humiliating and deplorable state of wretchedness and slavery.

The bard with pleasure—with ecstatic joy
Attempts the theme—(his favorite employ)
To sing—his friends from wretched toils and pains,
From bondage, dungeon glooms, and slavery's chains
…
Not happier is the bird, escap'd his cage,
Who, fluttering off with mingled joy and rage,
Repairs direct to some sequester'd grove,
There joins his fellow warblers and his love,
With joyful strains he makes the glades resound,
His friends accord—the woods re-echo round…

*Lancaster Intelligencer* (VT) 1797 03 17 page 3 Remarks on Vindex

Surely, sir, the result of the Soliloquy of Vindex, is generally true and right, not only from principles of true Philosophy, but also from those of found Christianity.

But I shall be careful in the application of his maxim on my particular case. For instance, my good name is attacked by way of assertion, without proof, many witnesses present; past time and my present abode, it is well known, speak to my favour, that I injured no man, on the contrary that I have been injured, and did not retaliate the injury,

except that I left the injurer over to the punishing consequences of his own folly. Is this not enough to vindicate my character? Moreover, if it is well known, that the nature of my antagonist is that of a Shrike (*Lanius Lin*.) a Butcher Bird, the little brother of the Harpyes, Hawks and Owls...do I then want any other justification of, or is there remaining any better satisfaction for my character? I believe not....

*The Time-Piece, and Literary Companion* (NY) 1797 03 27 page 1 Travels of Abbe Robin in America, during the late war:—July 30, 1781.

(Continued from our last)

…The knowledge of the birds of this country will constitute one of the most interesting parts of its natural history. I have seen in Connecticut a kind of starling, the middle part of whose wings is of a deep red; and have observed another bird of the color of those brought from the Canary Islands, but somewhat larger. What they call the Virginia nightingale is more commonly met with as you advance to the south, but has no resemblance to ours; it is larger and its head and belly are of a red like that of the *Bouvreuil* [Bullfinch]. If nature has been more bountiful to it in respect of plumage, she has nevertheless been far from granting it so melodious a voice as ours. The mocking bird, almost the size of a thrush, spotted with white and grey, has the faculty of mimicking all other birds that it hears. The humming bird, which they say lives one on the juice of flowers, is common enough, but, by the rapidity of its motions, there are few persons that have ever had a distinct view of it….

*The Poughkeepsie Journal* (NY) 1797 04 12 page 4 Charlot's Crow

As walking abroad in the field,
To gather some berries, one day,
I met a bad boy, of our neighbours,
Who was carrying some crows eggs away.

Says I, be ashamed thus to act:
What! Rob the poor nest of a crow!
He laugh'd and said, what do I care,
I'll serve ev'ry nest I find so!

Says Charlot, I'll give you sixpence,
Of money I've laid up, as store,
If you'll put all those eggs in the nest,
And promise to you'll touch them no more.

Agreed says the boy, and I'll shew
The nest & will place the eggs there:
You may come with me Charlot & see
That my conduct is honest and fair.

The crow he sat, perch'd on a tree,
And mourning the loss of his nest:
Says Charlot, I've purchas'd the whole,

Here's the eggs, of which you've been bereft.

This boy has been hir'd to promise
He will never disturb you again:
So caw, by your hen as she sits,
I'll guard you from trouble and pain.

The crow he said nothing but caw,
But I thought he took what I did kind,
So each day as I stroll'd o'er the field,
I bore the crow's nest in my mind.

And finding the young ones were hatch'd
To get them some meat, I went home.
Now each day, when I sit down to dine,
I remember to mince the crows some.

One day, having sav'd them some meat,
Says, Georgy, come now let us go,
And feed the young birds in the nest:
I'll shew you the daddy old crow.

When we came to the nest, they were gone!
I was frighted & said they're all dead.
But the old one who set on a bough,
Cry'd caw, don't you trouble your head.

They are all gone abroad—and advis'd
To feed on each field to their mind;
So take back your meat, if you please,
For my young, you'll be sure not to find.

Pray don't you remember, says Charlot
When the boy took your eggs all away?
That I laid out my pocket-piece, six-pence;
I thought you said thank'ye, that day.

I might said the crow but that's over,
And thank'ye is easily said;
Perhaps I might say so again,
If myself or my young wanted bread.

Why says Charlot, tis strange how he acts!
I thought he'd be pleas'd when I came,
This can't be the crow I have fed!
Caw, Miss, said the crow, 'tis the same.

This conduct may seem very strange,
When older you grow, you will find,
That those whom you strive most to serve,
Will be first to forget you—this mind!

And when you've see more of the world,
You'll say I'm as good as the rest,
Nor trouble your head once again,
In purchasing eggs for their nest.

*Tablet of the Times* (VT) 1797 04 20 page 4 [Corydon: a pastoral] To the memory of W. Shenstone Esq[55]. by [John] Cunningham.

Come shepherd, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our loved Corydon laid:
Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd, in his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.
On purpose he planted yon trees
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultor'd the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell
…
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Can greet the gay season no more…

*Connecticut Gazette* (CT) 1797 04 27 page 3 Communication

The amusement of the gun is undoubtedly a healthy and pleasing recreation; and to enjoy it is the equal right of strangers and citizens. We have no game laws, but those which every gentleman carries in his heart. It must, however, be considered as a breach of hospitality when a stranger takes the liberty to shoot birds from the trees of gardens in the town; which has been repeatedly done. It endangers the persons of the citizens, and has destroyed many birds which from being in a manner domesticated were highly valued. These considerations it is expected will be sufficient to induce gentlemen strangers to desist from a practice which has already given offense, and if continued, might be productive of something more serious.

*Aurora General Advertiser* (PA) 1797 05 06 page 1 Advertisment. Information to the Public

Considerable progress is further made in the arrangement of the Museum; and neither labour or expense has been spared to render it what it ought to be—THE BEST SCHOOL OF NATURAL HISTORY...The room for the feathered tribe, has also undergone great change. The birds, which were in small cases, are now put under large glass, and arranged (as nearly as the form of the room will admit)

according to arranged according to the Linnean system. This has been very expensive, but it was however a necessary work, and is not less pleasing in the appearance to a cursory observer than useful to the students….

*The Philadelphia Minerva* (PA) 1797 05 20 page 4 New May. A Pastoral. [Aeneas Lamonte, uncredited, 1796]

As down by the wood-land I stray'd.
Where daisies enamell'd the way,
Where Flora, her frolics had play'd
Unveiling her charms to the day,
The warblers awaken'd the song,
The dew-drops hung down on the thorn,
The Zephyrs went gently along,
And Phoebus embellish'd the morn.

In rapture I went through the grove,
Delighted with richest perfume,
Saw nature devoted to love,
And the birds their fond labors resume;
The lark had its ditty retold,
The blackbird was heard from the vine,
The herdsman was driving from fold,
And sung, "'Tis a shame to repine."…

*Tablet of the Times* (VT) 1797 06 01 page 3 Method to preserve feed corn from being destroyed by birds

Gilbert Bradley, Esq. of Sunderland, in late years has never had a hill of corn destroyed by birds or other vermin, by preparing his feed in the following manner, viz. Take a quart of warm tar, and gently pour on to about 18 or 20 quarts of corn, stirring it at the same time…

*Courier of New Hampshire* (NH) 1797 07 04 page 4

We insert the following piece of poetry by particular request—The author is silent as to the time and place of the transaction.

On yesterday's important bill,
Devising means the Crows to kill,
Those ugly birds for to destroy,
So that our corn they mayn't annoy:

On second reading of the bill,
There then appear'd a blank to fill,
How much encouragement we'd show
To every one who kills a Crow.

A worthy member then arose,
And said 'twas best to kill the Crows;
And twenty-five Cents he would give,
That not a single Crow might live.

A worthy member of renown,
Who represents an upper town,
Made an objection to that sum—
It was too great a premium.

An aged member rose and said,
(Tho' palsy shook his hoary head)
That Congress must take up the matter,
And then we might come at it better.

On that a member made a motion,
For to postpone it to next session;
Which motion pass'd affirmative,
And so these ugly souls must live!

*Gazette of the United States, and Philadelphia Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1797 07 18 page 1 Advertisement. John Ormrod

Curious and elegant representations
Of a great variety of Birds
In which, their real plumage is preserved and which are sold as cheap as common prints…

*The Herald; A Gazette for the Country* (NY) 1797 08 26 page 4 Translated for the Minerva. Paris, 13 Floreal

The minister of the interior, to the citizens composing the central administration of the department of—.

The May-bugs…multiply infinitely in certain years, and do great damage....The raven, magpies and other birds, follow the laborer on the ridges turned up by the plow-share and pick up with greediness the white worm of the May-bug. This destruction, though considerable, is not sufficient to secure estates from the ravages of this insect…

*Vermont Journal* (VT) 1797 09 01 page 4 Poem by Rebeckah Reed

Wiley Waley and Devil Davey,
Would bring me to a crust of bread
...
The weaver and the weavers get,
The Devil will catch them in his act;
I must needs say without many words,
<u>America's a cage for unclean birds</u>.

*City Gazette and Daily Advertiser* (SC) 1797 09 04 page 2 Charleston, Monday, September 4, 1797

...Rice birds are a delicacy nearly equal to the Ortolan. Permit me, therefore, Messieurs Printers, to ask the Planters why the markets of Charleston are not, at this season, constantly supplied with them? For your correspondent is persuaded that they will pay well for powder and shot....

*The Spectator* (NY) 1797 12 06 page 2

The second part of the Medical Repository has lately made its appearance….The second article…relating the effects of eating pheasants [partridges] in the spring of the year, when their flesh is poisoned, as it is supposed, by eating the berries of the laurel. This article is of practical use to all descriptions of people; as there is real danger of eating those birds, from February till May. Persons, in a few hours, after swallowing the flesh that is tainted with the berries, are seized with giddiness, flushing of the face, sickness and vomiting, followed by delirium....

*The Telegraphe and Daily Advertiser* (MD) 1797 12 19 On Imprisonment for Debt [*New-York Time Piece*]

...Let us not consider man alone as a constant exemplar of the instability of things. Look at yonder hive of bees; the faculties of those ingenious winged insects are endlessly diversified. One comes home laden with honey; he baffles all the efforts of the king birds, who are in perpetual pursuit of him—evades their dexterity and deposits his treasure…

**1798**

*The Universal Gazette* (PA) 1798 01 04 page 2 On the advantages of a taste for the general beauties of nature by Dr. [Thomas] Percival of Manchester [from Moral and Literary Dissertations 1789?]

…we are charmed with the songs of birds…because these are expressions of enjoyment; and we exult in the felicity of the whole animated creation. Thus an equal and extensive benevolence is called forth into exertion; and having left a common interest in the gratification of inferior beings, we shall be no longer indifferent to their sufferings, or become wantonly instrumental in producing them....

*Federal Gazette and Daily Advertiser* (MA) 1798 01 12 page 1 Advertisement. Late Additions to the Columbian Museum

Head of the Mall, Boston. Mr. Bowen informs the public…With a variety of Natural and Artificial Curiosities—Among which are a variety of birds, beasts, reptiles, serpents,…Live owls, etc.

*The Minerva* (MA) 1798 01 25 page 4 The Calendar of Nature for the

Entertainment of Youth. January.

...The inclemency of the season is shewn by its effects on animals, particularly on the numerous tribes of birds. As the cold advances, they collect in flocks, quit their retreats, and rendered bold by want, approach the habitations of man. Larks and various other small birds shelter themselves in the warm stubble. Sparrows, yellow-hammers, and chaffinches, crowd into the farm-yards and attend the barn-door to pick their scanty fare from the chaff and straw. The redbreast ventures into the house.
…and pay to trusted man
His annual visit.
Fieldfares and thrushes in large flocks descend from the tops of trees and frequent the warm manured fields in the neighborhood of towns. Snipes, woodcocks, wild-ducks, and other waterfowl are forced from the frozen marshes, and obliged to seek their food about the rapid currents of streams which are yet unfrozen. As the cold grows more intense, various kinds of sea fowl quit the bleak open shores and come up the rivers, where they offer an unusual prey to the fowler….

*Federal Gazette & Baltimore Daily Advertiser* (MD) 1798 03 03 page 2
Congress of the United States. House of Representatives

Mr. Thatcher was afraid that a reason would operate in the repeal of this law, which was derogatory to the legislature of the United States...He recollected that in the year 1789, when it was proposed to lay a duty on goods imported, a gentleman from Georgia entertained the house a long time with urging this plea on behalf of his constituents against a duty on gunpowder, as the people of Georgia were fond of the diversion of shooting rice-birds...

*The Bee* (CT) 1798 03 07 page 4 Poem by "Irenus"

When Sol appears in northern signs,
And in refulgent splendor shines,
His genial rays, impell'd by fate,
Bid sleeping vegetation wake;
Bid plastic nature's cheerful voice
In gen'ral harmony rejoice.
Reanimated nature sings
The praises of the King of kings
The birds repeating on the spray
The op'ning joys of blooming May.
But soon must change this aspect bright,
For a dark hue, like shades of night;
A cloud appears in western skies
…
In thought profound the Deist stands
With wonder filled his soul expands,
On fancy's wing she takes her flight,

Soaring aloft in regions bright…

*The Centinel of Freedom* (Newark NJ) 1798 03 27 page 1 Law of New-Jersey

...10. And be it enacted, That the persons qualified to vote at town-meetings, are hereby authorized, at their annual meetings, or any other meeting duly held for that purpose, to make such provisions and allow such rewards for the destruction of wolves, wild-cats, foxes, crows, black-birds and other noxious wild animals and birds, as they or the major part of them, so assembled, shall deem necessary or proper....

*Federal Galaxy* (VT) 1798 05 01 page 4 Hark!—The Birds.

Hark, the birds begin their lay,
Flow'rets deck the robe of May;
See the little lambkins bound
Playful o'er the clover ground;
While the heifers sportive low,
Where the yellow cowslips blow.

Now the nymphs, and swains advance
O'er the lawns, in festive dance;
Garlands from each hawthorn brow
Grace the happy shepherds now;
While the lasses, in array
Wait upon the queen of May.

Innocence, content with love,
Fit the meadows and the grove;
Mirth, that never wears a frown,
Health, with sweetness all her own
Labour puts on pleasure's smiles,
And pale Care forgets his toils.

O, what pleasures shepherds know!
Monarchs cannot such bestow;
Love improves each happy hour,
Grandeur has not such in store.
Learn, ambition, learn from hence,

*Northern Centinel* (NY) 1798 05 07 page 3 Letter by "A friend to Indian Corn, And an Old Farmer"

Mr. Dodd, Having observed a piece in the Northern Budget, published a few weeks past, being a communication from Mr. James G. Graham to the Agricultural Society, I was in hopes to have seen it in your useful Centinel before now, but have been disappointed. As the electioneering publication is I trust now nearly over for this year, I think it will be at least of as much benefit to the Farmers in general, with whom your paper circulates, to learn how to preserve their Indian Corn from the

ravages of the Crows and other noxious birds, as it has been for some time past to read the publications between the differing party gentlemen, for & against their favorite candidates. I have therefore taken the liberty to send the inclosed as it was published in the Budget, and request you to give it a place in your next Centinel.

…"Numerous are the experiments which have been made to preserve it from the attacks of its various enemies, but among the many which have fallen under my observation, none has so happily succeeded as tarring the feed shortly before planting…I have experienced the good effects of thus preparing feed corn, principally in preserving the ravages of crows and black-birds, the most common enemies of our springing crops;…

*The Farmers' Register* (PA) 1798 05 09 page 4 On May

Messrs. Snowden & McCorkle, The following lines are the production of an unfortunate young man of this country, now in a state of insanity. If you insert them, in your paper, it will oblige. Eliza.

All hail! May-day morning, most charming and fine,
The beams of bright Phoebus refulgent now shine,
...
The blue birds, by thousands, enliven the bowers,
Whilst heaven's blest beams are unfolding the flowers....

*The Connecticut Courant* (CT) 1798 11 12 page 3

The French Government has revived the detestable laws respecting Gunning and Fishing—which were the most horrid which existed with the King. No Citizen now can kill a bird or catch a fish without purchasing a special license!!

*The Farmer's Weekly Museum: Newhampshire and Vermont Journal* (NH) 1798 12 24 page 1 Some account of [Samuel] Bisset

The extraordinary teacher of animals and a wonderful instance of eccentricity and patience.

Perhaps no period has produced so singular a character as Bisset, though, in this age of apathy, his merit was but little rewarded. At any former era of time, the man who could assume a command over the dumb creation, and make them act with a docility which went far beyond mere brutal instinct, would have been looked upon as possessed of supernatural powers according to the pagan notions, or be burned as a wizard, according to the Christian system….This success excited a desire of extending his dominion over the other animals, including even the feathered kind…He taught canary birds, linnets and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising fancies; he trained six turkey cocks to go through a regular country dance, but in doing this he confessed he adopted the eastern method, by which camels are made to dance by heating the floor…

*Porcupine's Gazette* (PA) 1798 12 27 page 3 Partridges

Wanted, a great number of live Partridges. Those who will produce any number, unhurt, at the Office of Porcupine's Gazette, shall receive for each double the price for which a dead one shall sell in the market on the same day.--Some hay should be put in the thing that they are brought in, and they should not be too much exposed to the wind and frost daring the journey, if it is long....

[Editors note] The gentlemen, who have caused the above advertisement to be inserted, intend to preserve a number of partridges, in order to turn them out in the Spring; and they take the liberty earnestly to beseech every gentleman and farmer in the country to yield a like protection to a few of these interesting and profitable birds, the breed of which, by the uncommon severity of the winter, will otherwise certainly be almost destroyed.

**1799**

*Gazette of the United States, and Philadelphia Daily Advertiser* (PA) 1799 01 04 page 2 To a regimental surgeon by "a thorough bred Doctor"

Your feeble attempt at this late period to prove that our clime and soil is too poor to produce even a yellow fever, is too absurd in itself to require an answer. Has not this city produced democrats, jacobins and United Irishmen of American growth and origin?…Add to this the odium of annual or periodical pestilence, attached to the best estates in our first cities, will secure a chance of purchase at half price whenever the true belief may be fully established. Of all this the experiment once made by a report that our pheasants had become poisonous from feeding on laurel [note citation of earlier story], is a striking proof. These birds fell to nothing in price, and of course to the exclusive use of the Faculty....

*The Monitor* (CT) 1799 01 23 page 4 Advertisement. Tho. Whitten & Stephen Delano

> Having erected a Mill in the North west part of the town of Kent, on purpose for manufacturing the Mineral Plaster…
> N.B. Said plaster will effectually keep off crows or other birds from pulling up the corn.

*The Salem Gazette* (MA) 1799 03 12 page 4 Pairing Time Anticipated. A Fable. by Cowper [Poems, by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, Esq. A New Edition. 1798]

> I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau*
> If birds confabulate or no:
> 'Tis clear that they are always able
> To hold discourse, at least in fable;
> And ev'n the child. who knows no better
> Than to interpret by the letter

A story of a Cock and Bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

It chanc'd then, on a winter's day,
But warm and bright, and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Intreated, op'ning wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And, silence publicly enjoin'd,
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind:
"My friends, be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet."
A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing and satin pole,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied
"Methinks the gentleman," quoth she,
"Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good-will would keep us single
Till yonder heav'n and earth should mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado,
My dear Dick Red-cap, what say you."

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting and fideling,
Attested, glad, his approbation.
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well exprest
Influenc'd mightily the rest,
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.

But tho' the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smil'd on their's.

The wind, of late breath'd gently forth
Now shifted east and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow,
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled;
Soon ev'ry father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learn'd, in future, to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

INSTRUCTION.
Misses! the tale that I relate,
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

*It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals, should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses ?

*Green Mountain Patriot* (VT) 1799 03 21 Page 4 Singular Bird (widely reprinted)

Among the feathered tribe, some have been taken into favor on account of the sweetness of their song; others on account of the beauty of their plumage, or some other singularity in their appearance: But the attachment these animals shew to their master is in general so very slight, that there are but few instances in which they can lay claim to any degree of favor upon this ground.

The only instance of any considerable degree of that sort of attachment, on the part of any of the birds we know of, is that which is manifested by a bird which the French call Agamee. This bird is a native of Cayenne in South America, and attaches itself to a man, with as much fidelity and warmth of affection, as even a dog does. If an Agamee is admitted into any house, it attaches itself to some one person with the utmost fidelity, and affords the most unequivocal marks of the pleasure it takes in his company. It comes to its master on all occasions with evident marks of satisfaction, caresses him with eagerness, flies before, or follows after him, and expresses, by various motions, the joy it feels at seeing or accompanying him.

It comes readily when called, in whatever manner it may chance to be engaged at the time: It loves to be caressed, and presents its head and neck to be stroked by him, with a satisfaction seemingly equal to that which a cat expresses in similar circumstances. It loves to accompany its master at table, and being extremely jealous, it never fails to drive away, if possible, all cats and dogs, or other animals that seem

to share in its master's affection, especially when it is petitioning for food; and being fierce and courageous it seldom fails to succeed. It is entertaining to see with what art it evades the bite of a dog, by soaring above its reach, and then darting suddenly down upon him while he is off his guard.

It always aims its stroke at the eyes which it attacks both with its bill and with its talons, with great fury; and when it has once obtained a victory, it pursues its enemy with the most surprising obstinacy, and would never cease tormenting it till it died, if not prevented.

In short, so strong is the attachment this bird shews to man, that in this respect, it seems to hold the same rank as the dog, among quadrupeds, and in some instances, it even seems to approach near to that surprising animal in point of docility. It is asserted, that the Agamee can be taught to guard a flock of sheep in the same manner as the dog.[56]

*Columbian Minerva* (MA) 1799 04 04 page 4 Approved method of keeping crows and rooks from corn lands [Eng. Pap]

Take a quart of Train, as much Turpentine and bruised Gun-powder; boil them together, and when hot dip pieces of rags into the mixture, and fix them on sticks in the field. About four are sufficient for an acre. The birds will assuredly not approach the spot. The expense of the above remedy for the evil occasioned by large flocks of ravenous birds infesting cornfields, is a trifle compared to the injury sometime sustained in a few hours.

*Federal Galaxy* (VT) 1799 04 09 page 4 The Blue Bird

Hail early bird, the gentle songster hail!
One of the foremost of the feather'd throng
To bring the joyful news of winter past,
And nigh approach of joy inspiring spring.
Soon as Aurora smiles along the east,
And blushing mounts the gold-bespangled sky,
Thy matin lay salutes my list'ning ear:
I hear thy song salute the rising morn,
And warbling chant the grateful hymn of praise.

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1799 05 09 page 2 Melancholy event

Miss Betsey Willard, aged 15 years, youngest daughter of Mr. Simon Willard, of Lancaster, was killed on the 19th inst. by the accidental discharge of a gun, which her youngest brother had charged for the purpose of hunting birds—after hammering the flint, and laying the gun on a table, as he was taking it up, one end struck against the table, which caused it to go off— the contents penetrated her left eye and instantly put a period to her life.

A melancholy but forcible admonition to every one who handles fire arms to guard

against such distressing events.

*Federal Galaxy* (VT) 1799 05 14 page 1 The Seeker no. III. First of May.

No sooner had I awoke this morning than the twitter of the swallow and the cheerful chirp of the martin bird assured me, that they had already sung their matins to the god of day, and that it was time for man to be "up and doing." I put forth my hand, drew aside the thick curtain that surrounded my bed, and so beautifully bright shone the sun, and so inviting was the morning, that foregoing my wonted indulgence, I determined, for once, to quit the sluggish pillow before the bell of my preceptor's clock tolled nine, or the ring of the parlour bell summoned me to the breakfast table, and to seek in the sportive field that knowledge which, trust me, can never be found beneath the curtains, however sportively we may seek it. I arose, went into the fields, all nature seemed awake, the birds were billing on every bough, the voice of the husbandman was heard in every field, industry appeared to reign in every breast, and by her influences enlivened the most cheerful labour I ever witnessed. In the easy sing song of Shenstone's ballad—

The hills were white over with sheep,
And the cattle lowed in the vales.

I declare I never before felt such pleasing sensations as then filled my breast; and I verily believe, had I possessed the power, the impulse of the moment would have prompted me to have ordained that the whole year should be as that hour.— In such a situation, while the birds

"Wave the wild wing, and glide from grove to grove,"

the soul of man is filled with sensations, which give praise to God, love to his fellow men, and happiness to himself.—Thanks to the benignant Ruler of the world, that he has so interwoven our passions, that we can (are we good men) draw pleasure, though of a different kind, from the gay scene of a May morning, and the cold air of a December night; from the frolic dance, and the solemn funeral ;— from the wanton giggle of gay sixteen, or the sober sadness of neglected sixty five.

Ye bacchanalians! who spend your nights in reveling, and your days in bed—listen, I beseech you, and when you hear of the pleasures of a May day morn, resolve once to visit your pillow at an early hour, "ere the bat hath flown," and leave it when the robin begins his whistle, and, believe me, you will eat your morning collation with a zest before unknown. For I aver upon the faith of one who seeketh the good of all his readers, and who, like you, hath for many summers courted his pillow until the sun "drank up the morning dews," never till this day relished his morning meal, and he is positive it was more owing to the morning's walk, than the goodness of madam's coffee, or the niceness of her battered biscuit.—Resolve then, ye sons of pleasure, to "GET UP EARLY," and with the Seeker, seek that which is good—for he is now determined, that while the swallow twitters, or the robin whistles, to hear their early songs, and to view their morning haunts. And should he chance, ELIZA "peerless maid," to meet thee in the meadows, he would surely greet thee with a kiss as chaste

and as holy as that of an apostle.

*The Green Mountain Patriot* (VT) 1799 05 16 page 3 Worcester, May 1. Melancholy Accidents [see *The Vermont Gazette* May 9, 1799 for different version]

A few days since a son of Mr. Willard of Lancaster, loaded a gun for birds, and placed it on a chair in a horizontal position, to hammer the flint; at the moment his sister, aged 15, entered the room; the piece went off and lodged the shot in her head just above her eyes, which instantly put an end to her existence. It is worthy a cautionary remark, that an uncle and aunt of the deceased, lost their lives by a similar accident, and both by the discharge of one gun....

*The Daily Advertiser* (NY) 1799 05 18 page 3 Advertisement. To the Curious.

The Cassowary of India
Have removed from no. 160 Fly Market to 134 Chatham Street, where he may be seen every day in the week (Sundays excepted)
That most remarkable and singular bird, the Cassowary; this is the first bird of the kind that has been exhibited in this country; he has been lately imported from Batavia, in India, to which place he had been sent from Nanga Lake, in Japan, and is one of the most extraordinary birds of the whole feathered race; this bird is near six feet high from the feet to the top of the head; he weighs upwards of a hundred weight, and his body measures above three feet in height from the ground.
This remarkable bird certainly deserves the attention of the Curious, and persons may depend on their being most perfectly satisfied with this uncommon sight.
Buffon in his history, declares this bird to out run a grey hound....

*Newhampshire Sentinel* 1799 05 18 page 3 Curious Fact [from a Portland Paper] (widely reprinted)

As the Rev. Robert Yallaly was returning from Bristol to Bath, in this District, on the 5th inst. between Capt. Tolman's & Mr. Preble's in the town of Woolwich, he saw three large Eagles, with white heads and tails, on a tree. One of them seemed to be on a nest, and all appeared to be dissatisfied. At length two of them soared into the air, and violently seizing each other with their talons, gradually came to the ground. Mr. Yallaly immediately alighting from his horse, while they were thus entangled, fell upon them, and fortunately made them both captives, without receiving any other injury than a slight wound in his left arm. The eagles in their rencounter had seized each other's talons and could not easily disengage themselves…Had not their vengeance been directed against each other, in all probability Mr. Y. would not have escaped their talons with so little injury.

The truth of the above is attested by the Rev. Mr. Yallaly, and several persons, who have seen the captives; from one of whom the foregoing account was received.

*The Green Mountain Patriot* (VT) 1799 05 30 page 4 Liberty

——When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish. Addison.

There is implanted in the breast of every man a strong desire of liberty. We claim it as our natural portion and unalienable right. Liberty gives a relish to all other enjoyments; and is the principal ingredient of human felicity. How much happier are the birds that fly in the woods and sing their notes without restraint, than those which are confined even though it be in cages of gold!...

*Federal Observer* (NH) 1799 06 06 page 4 On Sensuality [from Thomas Percival 1781, uncredited]]

Sensuality is a vice which contaminates the body…Clodius Aesopus, the most famous tragedian that ever appeared on the Roman state, and who acquired a princely fortune by his possession, had one dish which cost six thousand sestertia, that is, four thousand eight hundred pounds sterling. It consisted of the choicest and dearest singing birds, brought perhaps from the most distant provinces of the empire. The Emperor Heliogabalus, that monster of cruelty and beastiality, is said to have the brains of several hundred ostriches dressed for one dish, but It is painful to relate such instances of depravity. The mind sickens at the contemplation of rational and immortal beings sunk so low in the scale of animated nature....

*The Maryland Gazette* (MD) 1799 06 20 page 2 On the month of June by Searson

So comes the blooming month of June,
When nature all is in its bloom.
See flow'rs of various kind appear
To help the beauties of the year.
The daisies gay, the cowslips fine,
The roses bloom and in their prime,
Th' gilliflow'r and daffodilly,
How pleasing is it now to see,
How beauteous does their flow'rs show
In this season all must know.
The pretty birds raise now their song,
Harmonious is their Heav'nly tongue.
The mock bird sings ten thousand ways,
Enough its hearers to amaze,
So does the red bird, us surprize
In pleasing notes without disguise,
Poor whipperwill, loud to be heard,
Sing in the woods that's not well clear'd.
Now blooming June to all appear
Beauteous because the bloom of year.
We'll praise the God of seasons now,
Because all nature to him bow:

I see his works in ev'ry flow'r,
We should thro' them his name adore.
We'll pass along to sweet July
Our meditations to supply.

*Columbian Courier* (MA) 1799 07 17 page 1 Observations respecting the Utility of Swallows by the Rev. David Ure, Minister of Uphall, in Scotland [Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, submitted by A. Dexter]

One advantage, which this country enjoys with most others, is derived from the Swallow. These migratory birds are of an incalculable advantage to the interest of society at large, but more immediately to the husbandman. Nature has, by instinct, directed them to build their nests, and bring forth their young at the season of the year when those insects on which they live, are beginning to injure the rising crops, by depositing their eggs for the production of caterpillars. Were those myriads of insects, with which the air then swarms, allowed to fly about, without any enemy to destroy them, the caterpillars, their offspring, would, in a short time, become so numerous, that every vegetable would be totally destroyed. One of their greatest enemies is the Swallow. The most of common birds also feed their young with caterpillars, which circumstance astonishingly lessens their number.—But the Swallow feeds her young with the insect or parent of these caterpillars, and is of superior advantage for, by destroying a single fly or insect, in the beginning of summer, many thousands of vermin are prevented from coming into existence. Thus applying a remedy to the evil in the most effectual way. Every encouragement, therefore, should, by the lovers of Agriculture; be given to these friendly visitants. Some thoughtless people discourage them from frequenting the neighborhood of bee hives, from a suspicion that in their flight they pick up the bees. This perhaps is no more than a suspicion; for it is probable that Swallows will not injure bees or any other infects that are armed with stings. But although a few bees should be destroyed by them, their loss is of very little consequence, compared with the advantages arising from the destruction of the caterpillars and other devouring vermin. It is believed, by accurate observers, that one nest of Swallows will destroy, in a season, about 100,000 insects, which, with their caterpillars, would destroy an immense quantity of growing vegetables. Another advantage arising from the Swallow is, that it never lives on grain, which is not the case with most other birds.

I have been induced to hand the preceding observations to the Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for promoting Agriculture, as believing them true, and to induce every farmer in the country to make all the conveniences for swallows, in his power; as, perhaps, no country more abounds with devouring infects.

(The Editor is requested to add that Martins are a species of the Swallow)

*Farmers' Museum or Lay Preacher's Gazette* (NH) 1799 07 29 page 1 Biography: Character of James Graeme (widely reprinted)

The poet, whose life the present writer is about to delineate, has a double claim

to a place among the poets of our nation, to whose story the public attention has been called by the collection of their works, from genius and from friendship…Like other votaries of the muses, he was passionately fond of rural scenery and delighted in walking alone in the fields…

Of his elegies, moral and descriptive, the sentiments, in general, are pleasing and pathetic, and the imagery picturesque and beautiful…The amiable humanity, and tender simplicity, which distinguish the Linnet, an Elegy [1774], are attractive and affecting in the highest degree. Though the palm of merit in this species of elegy be chiefly due to Jago, he has not adopted into his performance the identical circumstances of fictitious distress employed by that power, in his "Blackbirds," nor followed him in the train of his thoughts, or in the structure of his stanza. The sentiments arise spontaneously from the subject, which is new and happily imagined, and the pathetic touches and delicate strokes of nature are such as would not discredit the pen of the humane and ingenious "poet of the birds."…

*The Intelligencer, & Weekly Advertiser* (PA) 1799 08 07 page 3 Trenton, July 29 (widely reported)

Died, on Thursday morning last, at his place in Upper Freehold,. Monmouth county (New Jersey,) general Elisha Lawrence, in the 53d year of his age.

As was usual for him, he walked out with his dog and gun, into his fields, and had killed several birds. On his way home he was leaving his orders with some men who were then employed in mowing for him, previous to his going to court, which was to open on that day. But a few moments after having given his directions to his men, who were at the instant within a few yards of him, engaged in mowing, his gun by some unforeseen accident went off, and lodged its contents in his body, which in a very few moments put an end to his existence. An inquest was immediately summoned and held on the occasion, and a verdict found of accidental death.

*Columbian Minerva* (MA) 1799 08 29 page 3 New York. Albany August 2. Communication.

The very extraordinary phenomenon, has lately appeared in the vicinity of Palantine, on the Mohawk river of an epidemic distemper amongst the wild Pigeons. Strong evidences, it is said, on dissection appear in the throats of these animals, and a very general apprehension of contagion has prevailed among the inhabitants from some instances of persons being afflicted with the malignant sore throat, who had improvidently fed on the flesh of the deceased birds.

*The Independent Chronicle and the Universal Advertiser* (MA) 1799 09 23 page 3 Advertisement. Phenomenon of the Bird and Rattlesnake

This wonderful discovery has given general satisfaction. It may be seen yet a week longer; but the bird and rattlesnake will be positively removed after this time.
The voracity of the sane and its antipathy for birds, is generally known in this country.

This one, however, though as voracious as any of his species, has deviated from the general instinct so far as to take under his special protection a fine little bird, tho' he has devoured many other birds presented to him, before several respectable companies. It will continue at Mr. Delisle's, opposite the Mall, ear the Hay-Market Theatre, from the o'clock in the forenoon till one, and from three in the afternoon till five....

*The Green Mountain Patriot* (VT) 1799 10 24 page 4 Little Britain [*New Jersey State Gazette*] by Peter Doggerell

In ancient times—no matter where,
A Nation liv'd of wise men;
Who lawyers fed with special care,
Bum bailiffs and excise mem!

Who made good laws to guard a hare,
A partridge or a pheasant;
But left the poor to nature's care,
Say—was not this right pleasant?
...
Who to that country would not run—
Where such like freedoms got at,
Where birds escape the fatal gun,
And men alone are shot at.

*The Green Mountain Patriot* (VT) 1799 11 07 page 1 Natural History [from the Farmer's Museum]

Mr. Editor, My friend Mr. ——has given me the following anecdote of the Wren, which I give to your readers.

Last spring a pair of Wrens took possession of a Marten's box on my coach house; here they continued peaceable inhabitants, and with industry constructed a nest, deposited in it the embryos of their future happiness. At the season of the Martens' appearance these claimed from ancient custom the right of inheritance; while the Wren grounded her claim as being the first discoverer. The Marten, unwilling to give up her ancient manor, assaulted the works with great spirit. The Wren supported by his dutiful mate fought on his own defence, for the protection of his posterity, with Yankee obstinacy; but being overpowered by superior force, evacuated the box, and made good his retreat in the face of his enemy. The Marten triumphantly entered, and, Arnold like put every soul to the sword, destroying all the works of his adversary; supposing their victory complete, and their enemy vanquished, they rested secure in their ancient habitation; a few hours changed the face of war, the vanquished Wren having engaged in his service a train of large birds, among which were several Kingbirds, returned, and himself became the assailant; the Martens defended with resolution, and advanced to the charge with great intrepidity; the works being carried the Martens retreated in disorder, while their rear was harassed with innumerable assaults from the besieging Kingbirds. The Martens being driven away, the Wren was a peaceable inhabitant.

The Kingbird, like all other Kings, seems well delighted with war, and willingly engages to defend the weak and injured, or to manifest his own superiority.

I have also another anecdote of the Marten... A pair of Martens having taken refuge in a deserted Dove's house, had constructed their nest, and reared their young, when the Doves returning, assaulted and drove the Martens out, they perched on a neighboring house, and watched the outgoing of the Doves, then returned to their habitation, brake up their nest, and the old nests of the Doves, and with the sticks of which these were built, completely barricaded the door, and that with so much ingenuity and strength as to resist the future assaults of the Doves, who soon raised the siege and left the Martens in peaceable possession of their fortress which had been rendered impregnable by a Marten Engineer.

*The Intelligencer, & Weekly Advertiser* (PA) 1799 11 20 page 4 A memoir concerning the fascinating Faculty which has been ascribed to the Rattlesnake, and other American Serpents by Benj. Smith Barton, M.D….[(review) of Benjamin Barton's (1796)] [from the *Analytical Review*]

There is, perhaps, no way in which more service can be rendered to society, than by the dissipation and removal of those popular prejudices, which have long fettered the understandings of mankind. This well-written Memoir of Professor Barton, by exposing the weakness and absurdity of the notion, that serpents posses the power of fascinating other animals, must have considerable influence in shaking those conclusions, which the credulity of Naturalists, as well as of the People in general, have too long cherished and supported. The existence of such a strong propensity to propagate errors of this kind, in the more uninformed part of our species, the ingenious Author thinks, is not in the least extraordinary, or to be wondered at. The cause is too clear and obvious, to admit of much surprise.

P. 11. "The human mind, unenlightened by science, or by considerable reflection, is a soil rich in the weeds of superstition and credulity. It is ever prone to believe in the wonderful; even when this belief, as is often the case, brings with it fears, and cares, and misery. The bondage of the mind in superstitious credulity is great and heavy. Neither religion nor virtue can give it freedom. It obtains from Science. How important, then, even in this point of view, is the enlargement of the mind by Science!"

But that men of observation, understanding, and genius should entertain such extravagant opinions, the Doctor considers as a circumstance of great astonishment; and which deserves more investigation than it has hither-to received. It is probable, however, that, if the matter were fully inquired into, it would be found to originate pretty much from the same causes. In men of information, as well as those whose habits of life lead them to think but little on subjects of this nature, the same inertia, or want of inclination to examine with minuteness opinions, that have been handed down from one Author to another for a great length of time, are frequently observable. And Naturalists have not been more free from this mental inactivity, or want of disposition to ascertain the truth, than others. From this cause, and in this way, many of those popular errors and absurd notions, which lesson the dignity of the human character,

seem to have been propagated and continued. A careful examination of the different facts and circumstances, must, at any time, have placed the matter in its true point of view; however the notions might at first have arisen.

On this point Dr. B. remarks:
P. 18. It seems very probable to me, that the veneration for the Rattlesnake had its birth in fear, and not in the belief that that Reptile possessed the power of fascinating animals. If, as some Writers have asserted, the Indians were in possession of absolute specifics for the bite of the Rattlesnake, I am of opinion that the veneration for this Animal would not have existed; or, at least, that it would not long have continued. But the Indians are often unable to prevent or to cure the effects of the active poison of this Serpent; which not infrequently destroys them."

He has found no traces of the existence of this notion among the Indians of South-America: And Piso, the Historian, has not mentioned a single circumstance respecting the matter. Therefore, says our Author,

P. 20. "Whatever may have been the native country of the notion which I am considering, it would have been well had it been confined to Savages. It is a tale which seems nicely adapted to the wit and society of rude and uncultivated nations. Unfortunately, the progress of error and of credulity is extremely rapid. Their dominions is extensive. The belief in the fascinating faculty of Serpents has spread through almost all the civilized parts of North-America. Nor is it confined to America. It has made its way into Europe; and has there taken possession of the minds of Scholars, of Naturalists, and of Philosophers."

The opinions and conclusions of Mr. de la Cepede are examined with great candour and fairness; and the Doctor, with much justice, rejects them as incompetent to the solution of the question. This has been our opinion of the reasonings of this ingenious Naturalist, ever since we first examined them.

The Birds, which are generally said to be most under the power of Snakes, D. B. has found to be those that build their nests on the ground, on the lower branches of trees, or on low bushes, near the sides of rivers, creeks, and waters frequented by different kinds of Serpents. The season of the year, too, in which this influence has been said to be the greatest, he has also found to be that in which the Birds are either laying their eggs, hatching, or rearing their young. Hence, ingeniously suspects, that the cries and fears of Birds, supposed to be fascinated, originate from an endeavour to protect their nests or Young.

P. 57. "I have already observed, that the Rattlesnake does not climb up trees. But the Blacksnake and some other species of the genus celuber do. When impelled by hunger, and incapable of satisfying it by the capture of animals on the ground, they begin to glide up trees or bushes, upon which a Bird has its nest. The Bird is not ignorant of the Serpent's object. She leaves her nest, whether it contains eggs or young ones, and endeavours to oppose the Reptile's progress. In doing this, the is actuated by the strength of her instinctive attachment to her eggs, or of affection to her young. Her cry is melancholy; her motions are tremulous. She exposes herself to the most imminent danger. Sometimes, she approaches so near the Reptile that he seizes her as

his prey. But this is far from being universally the case. Often she compels the Serpent to leave the tree; and then returns to her nest."

"It is a well-known fact, that, among some species of Birds, the Female, at a certain period, is accustomed to compel the young ones to leave the nest; that is, when the Young have acquired so much strength that they are no longer entitled to all her care. But they still claim some of her attention. Their flights are awkward, and soon broken by fatigue. They fall to the ground, where they are frequently exposed to the attacks of the Serpent, which attempts to devour them. In this situation of affairs, the Mother will place herself upon a branch of a tree, or bush, in the vicinity of the Serpent. She will dart upon the Serpent, in order to prevent the destruction of her young: But fear, the instinct of self-preservation, will compel her to retire. She leaves the Serpent, however, but for a short time, and then returns again. Oftentimes, she prevents the destruction of her young, attacking the Snake, with her wing, her beak, or her claws. Should the Reptile succeed in capturing the Young, the Mother is exposed to less danger. For, whilst engaged in swallowing them, he has neither inclination nor power to seize upon the Old One. But the appetite of the Serpent-tribe is great: The capacity of their stomachs is not less so. The danger of the Mother is at hand, when the Young are devoured. The Snake seizes upon her: And this is the catastrophe, which crowns the tale of fascination!" In this interesting Paper, the Author has shown much ingenuity of reasoning, and acuteness of observation, with a mind strongly bent on the investigation of Truth.

*Farmers' Museum or Lay Preacher's Gazette* (NH) 1799 11 25 page 4 The Wanderer [from the *European Magazine*]

A rueful sonneteer here takes his stand,
Tears in his eyes, and verses in his hand;
He wraps him in the mantle of distress,
And tells his poor heart— "this is happiness!"
Than whom, more bent on rhyme in reason's spite,
None ere have written, and none ere shall write.

"To be merry and wise," is a proverb which we are every day in the habit of hearing...The present race of bards, like the harpies of old, taint every object they touch with the sickly hue of melancholy, and very kindly take upon themselves the talk of manufacturing miseries, where the bounty of nature meant to bestow happiness....When by the bounty of Providence a dearth of misery takes place among the human species, it might be supposed that these sighing swains would lay down the pen...Having crossed two fields, annoyed by the gay carol of the birds and tormented by the smiling face of nature, he happens to espy an ass grazing on a common, with her foal innocently frisking by her side, this is thought sufficient provocation for a dirge of six and thirty lines...

*The Intelligencer, & Weekly Advertiser* (PA) 1799 11 27 page 4 To a favorite Canary bird

SWEET Bird! devoid of ev'ry care,
  You feel no idle rage
To wander in the fields of air;
  You're happy in your cage.

You cheerful hop, and plume your wing,
  And all your wants assuage;
Pick up your food, and drink and sing,
  And revel in your cage.

Your heart no female charms allure,
  No vain desires engage;
And many evils, I endure,
  Are strangers to your cage.

Though free to rove, I cannot find,
  On life's disastrous stage,
Such calm content and peace of mind,
  As rest within your cage.

Then well you may your song pursue;
  With ills no war you wage;
And Kings, my Bird! may envy you
  The blessings of your cage.

**1800**

*Rutland Herald* 1800 02 03 page 4 The Two Red-Breasts by "OSMIN" [from the *Messenger*]

In Fairy lands where trees could walk,
Where hills could dance and Robins talk,
A gallant Red-Breast, chanc'd to stray,
Among the flowers of beauteous May.
As light he hop'd, and peck'd the ground,
A female Red Breast, flutter'd round,
Her sparkling eye, of mildest fire,
Her motions form'd to move desire,
Her glowing breast, of brightest red,
Her graceful neck and rolling head,
Her yellow bill and breathing throat,
Her brownish back, and mellow note,
His little breast, with trembling fill'd,
And thro' his nerves, soft pleasure thrill'd,
He gaz'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd again,
Then sweetly sung, his amrous strain,
"Fairest of birds, as good as fair,
No bird so charming wings the air!

The mighty eagle, mounts the skies,
And swift as wind, the pigeon flies,
The dove delights, in pensive strains,
And yellow birds, flit o'er the plains,
But you dear Red Breast, all excel,
For none can sing or fly as well."
Her colours brighten'd, while he sung,
She caught the praises, of his tongue,
While he exulting, flutter'd gay;
With bill in bill, they coo and play,
Then flew, enraptur'd, to the grove,
And sung, all day, the joys of love.
Now on some poplar's top, they sung,
And now the shrubs, with music rung!
Sitting, dying, chirping, wooing,
Flitting, hopping, billing, cooing.
Sportive, thus, they pass'd the day,
No birds so true and blest as they!
As blithe one morn; they gaily sung.
And soft, and sweet, their voices rung,
Another Red Breast, debonair,
With envious eyes, survey'd the pair.
He plum'd his quills, and clear'd his throat,
Each gallant art, each mellow note,
And sprightly grace, this Red Breast knew,
She sweetly sung, and swiftly flew.
Around the fair, he flew and sung,
Love and music, fir'd his tongue.
Her charms he told, with artful strain,
"How sweet, to love, and love again!
Pleasure springs, from freely ranging,
Highest rapture, flows from changing."
With list'ning ears she heard him sing,
With him she flew, on gayest wings
And soon amid a Laurel's shade,
Forgot the vows, she once had made
There they sung in sweetest measure,
Toy'd and glanc'd, with amrous pleasure,
'Till nestling, on a dusky spray,
They sunk to rest, with sinking day.
But she no sooner clos'd her eyes,
Than round, her injur'd lover flies *[Dreaming]
With wings his eyes, he seems to bird,
And now, her faithless vows to chide;
Bleeding now, she sees him lying,
Wounded flutt'ring, gasping, dying!

Distress'd, she stars, but wakes to woe,
Remorseful tears begin to flow,
And soon, she spies the rising day,
And mournful soon, she flies away,
Flies to seek, her injur'd lover,
Where in the grove, they us'd to hover,
But oh! Before she found his nest,
With lead, a fowler pierc'd her breast.
Down she flutter'd, bleeding, dying,
On the ground behold her lying,
His name she moans, with dying breath,
Her faithless vows, lament in death;
"Oh injur'd bird," she panting cry'd,
Then gasp'd and struggled, droop'd and died!

MORAL.

Ye fair ones, and gay, whom variety charms,
Who wake ev'ry month, new swains to your arms,
Poor little Red Breast, to you will discover
How dang'rous it is, to sport with a lover.

*City-Gazette and Daily Advertiser* (Charleston SC) 1800 02 27 page 3

A citizen of Charleston, in behalf of himself and many neighbors, presents his respects to the Intendant and Wardens of the city, and informs them, that not only a flagrant abuse of the Sabbath is constantly committed on the Federal Green, by firing of guns on that day; but if some measure is not taken, the inhabitants in and about that place may be shot in their houses, as they are daily in danger from the firing of guns with shot in them, the people shooting at birds about the dwellings on the green; and that a late practice of shooting at marks by pistols, against the fences of the lots, is another danger of an alarming nature, and demands their attention.

*Farmer's Museum, or Literary Gazette* (NH) 1800 03 17 page 4 The Nightingale [from a *Collection of Lyrical Ballads*—Coleridge, 1798]

The following beautiful lines are copied from a *Collection of Lyrical Ballads*, lately published in London. The Reviewers in their character of the work, remark that it is "Miltonic, yet original; reflective and interesting in an uncommon degree."

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently.
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still.
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,

Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy*" bird!
A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
—But some night-wandering man whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows) he, and such as he,
First nam'd these notes a melancholy strain;
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest dell,
By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! —But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
In ball rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My Friend, and my friend's sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music! And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king cups grow within the paths.

But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales; and far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony,
That should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half-disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle Maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the Castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vow'd and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle Maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, a hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a nightingale perch giddily
On bloss'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.
Farewell! O Warbler! till tomorrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me!— My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star; and once, when he awoke

In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy. Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends farewell.

* "Most musical, most melancholy bird." This passage in Milton possesses an excellence far superior to that of mere description: it is spoken in the character of the melancholy Man, and has therefore a dramatic propriety. The author makes this remark, to rescue himself from the charge of having alluded with levity to a line in Milton; a charge than which none could be more painful to him, except perhaps that of having ridiculed his Bible.

*Georgia Gazette* (GA) 1800 03 20 page 3 To keep Crows from Corn Lands

Take a quart of train oil, as much turpentine and bruised gunpowder, boil them together and when hot dip pieces of rags into the mixture and fix them on sticks in the field. About four are sufficient for an acre; the birds will not approach the spot.

*Wilkesbarre Gazette and Luzerne Advertiser* (PA) 1800 04 08 page 2 The Scotch Nightingale

One evening at a coffee house in London, two Englishmen were conversing about the feathered tribe of England—in particular, they both allowed that the Nightingale surpassed all other birds in Europe, for the beauty of its plumage and variety of its notes. Aye, says an old Scotchman, who had listened to their discourse, they are very beautiful indeed, but ye are out a' ane point, for ye have nae sic Nightingales in England as we have a' the North. One of the Englishmen, a little nettled at this interruption, asked him, sharply, if he had ever seen a Nightingale. Aye have I, says Sawney, we have thoosands in Scotland.' Pray describe one. Why, it's aboat as big as a pudgen, has head and eyes like a cat, and cries whoo! whoo! whoo!'

*The Vermont Gazette* (VT) 1800 04 28 page 6 Invitation to the Feathered Race by Greaves (sic) [Richard Graves]

Again the balmy Zephyr blows,
  Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
  And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly,
  And shun the noon-tide heat;
My shrubs a cooling shade supply,
  My groves a safe retreat.

Here freely hop, from spray to spray,
  Or weave the mossy nest;
Here rove and sing the live long day,
  At night, here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill,
  That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
  And revel in the shade.

No schoolboy rude, to mischief prone,
  E'er shews his ruddy face,
Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone
  In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs,
  Secure the linnet sings,
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
  To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah quit thy haunt,
  Yon distant woods among,
And, round my friendly grotto, chant
  Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,
  Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here,
  With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
  Shall store of fruit preserve;
O! let me thus your friendship bribe!
  Come feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect,
To you these plums belong;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd
But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made,
  Our mutual interests guard,
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
  Your songs be my reward.

*Federal Observer* (NH) 1800 05 01 page 4 Sketches of Natural History: The Canary Bird

About six years since my Hostess was presented with a beautiful pair of canary birds, which for some time, lived in great harmony, till the desultory conduct of the wife so exasperated the male, that he beat her so unmercifully that she soon died, not of a broaken heart, but of a bruised bone. This tyranical treatment arose from the neglect of the wife, to raise up a family, the blessings of a marriage state, and the comforts of old age; she was so insolent as to drop her eggs from the top perch of the cage, that they might be dashed in pieces against the rough bottom, if by chance one escaped this purgatorial leap, she flew down and with her own back pierced its tender shell, in one moment destroying all one moment the fond hopes of her partners joys, while he good easy man thought himself most secure in the blessings of his future progeny. This the male beheld with astonishment and indignation, that were heightened into fury by the levity of her conduct, she perched from place to place, singing a careless note; which her geneal mien indicated her lascivious heart, triumphing over the best of husbands. She was caged, or we know not what a life she would have lead. At the death of this gossip, the husband never shed a tear, but, like an insulted lover, swore eternal enmity to the whole female race.

Ninety days after the doleful knell, the sable shroud was cast off, and a wife of virgin purity was given to him, but far from cherishing her as "the partner of all his joys," he attacked her in a most unprovoked manner, and beat her so unmercifully that she soon expired: such was the revengeful disposition of the canary, when his first love was slighted.

The poor bird has now paid a five years penance, for his rash conduct and cruelty; but we hope that his mistress' tender heart will be so moved by love, as to wed him to an agreeable partner for life, that their nestlings may hail the happy morn that gave them birth, and warble their discordant notes on the bow, while on the dawny pillow beneath, the smiling babe smiffles the passing gale.

*Farmer's Museum, or Literary Gazette* (NH) 1800 06 02 page 1 Ad for Walpole Bookstore.

Three years Travels throughout the interior parts of North America, for more than five thousand miles; giving a description of the birds, beasts, reptiles, insects and fishes peculiar to the country; together with a concise history of the genius, manners, and customs of the Indians, inhabiting the lands that lie adjacent to the heads and to the westward of the great river Mississippi, and an appendix, describing the uncultivated parts of America that are the most proper for forming settlements. By Captain Jonathan Carver[57]

*Federal Galaxy* (Brattleborough, VT) 1800 05 03 page 4 The Complaint (by P. Felmat, uncredited 1791)

Cease, cease, ye sweet birds of the grove,

Your melody pleases no more;
It serves but to waken my love,
To think on the maid I adore;
Since together we fondly have stray'd,
To hear the wild notes of your song,
When my fair one was charm'd with the shade,
And wish'd ev'ry note to prolong...

View the sweets of yon flow'ret that blows
Surcharg'd with the dew of the morn,
Yet you'll find that there is not a rose,
Without its attendant, the thorn;
So Chloe is blooming and fair,
As the rose bending soft with the dew;
But O ye fond shepherds beware,
Tho' blooming, yet Chloe's untrue.

Ye swains of the village beware
How you tread in the mazes of love,
'Tis a path that's bewilder'd with care,
And the more so the farther you rove;
Suppose that your charmer's sincere,
That you read the fond wish in her eye,
Yet still you have reason to fear,
And forego the pursuit if you're wise.

How tuneful was Corydon's reed,
When his love deign'd to listen the while;
When a look of regard was his meed,
And each note was return'd with a smile;
Yet no more shall I breathe the gay strain,
No more with the nightingale vie,
I'll teach it the way to complain,
And mourn the sweet nymph with a sigh.

What beauties remain in my cot,
Or the vine that o'er shadows my door,
Since I and its shades are forgot,
Since Chloe is constant no more?
Each linnet shall droop with its wing,
For my love was the theme of its lay;
The goldfinch no longer shall sing,
For no longer is Corydon gay.

*Newburyport Herald and Country Gazette* (MA) 1800 06 10 page 3 (widely reprinted)

On Thursday, the day following Election, a number of the inhabitants of the upper

parish in Boxford assembled for the purpose of destroying black-birds which have been extremely pernicious to the interest of the farmers in destroying corn, grain, &c. their efforts proved very successful, having in the course of the day destroyed 1575 birds and eggs. It would be advantageous for our farmers generally, where these pernicious birds abound, to turn out at the same season, annually, for a similar purpose[58].

*Columbian Minerva* (MA) 1800 06 19 page 3 From a Newbury Port Paper. [reprints June 10, 1800 Newburyport Herald article]

Editor adds critical note: "*But hark'e,* our Farmers*—such advice comes from neither* reason *nor* philosophy. Brutality *esteems nothing* good *and* sweet *but the* blood *which follows the* knife*. These birds, we acknowledge, will take a kernel of corn, when exposed in the open field, not being chided by any conscious sense of pillage or wrong.* Man*, that noble animal, tho without wings, yet he possesses* conscience *and* understanding*, is frequently known to pillage, not only in the fields, but to force open his neighbor's door, and take unlawful goods and sometimes a* woman*, which are none of his. For this, he sometimes suffers a reprimand, but seldom a deprivation of* Life*, without a fair trial. But these innocent, harmless* Birds *must suffer a wanton DEATH, for no other cause than that of taking a corn, to appease an appetite give by Him who made the fowls of the air! Shame on human nature! Let the* Farmer *therefore determine rather to multiply, than diminish these, and most of other kinds of birds; not merely because they have* musical throats*, but because they destroy Worms & Insects, when they follow his plough in the spring, his rake in the summer, his sickle in autumn etc., which, on calculation, will be found infinitely more destructive to grain, grass, etc than these birds. Let it be sufficient, that the same time that is spent in destroying these birds, appropriated to setting up* mock-boys*, or rags dipped in gunpowder and train, will effectually deprive these terrible little birds of their scanty fare, and more and more convince mankind of the impropriety, of the injustice of needlessly sporting with the lives of any living creature."*

*Claypoole's American Daily Advertiser* 1800 06 21 Page 3 An Address to the Inhabitants of Boxford Parish, Massachusetts by W.C. Peale (Widely circulated)

A paragraph, under the Newburyport head of June 10th, which slates that a number of the inhabitants of Upper Boxford Parish assembled the day after the election, for the purpose of killing *black-birds*; that in the course of that day, they destroyed 1575 birds and eggs. The account concluded with a "*recommendation for our farmers generally, where those pernicious birds abound, to turn out at the same season annually, for a similar purpose*."

As an American, having the agricultural interest at heart, I offer this address to the farmers generally, and hope they will appreciate the motive.

The study of nature has been my favorite pursuit of late years, and while collecting subjects of natural history for my Museum, I have always been delighted in viewing the economy and manners of various animals whose support and very existence depend on

each other: thus forming a grand system of unity manifesting the Boundless wisdoms and goodness of the great Creator.

In one of my lectures on birds, which I delivered last winter, describing black-birds, X quoted Pennant, p. 256, who says, some of the colonies have established a reward of three pence a dozen, for the extirpation of the jackdaws and in New-England, the intent was almost effected to the cost of the inhabitants; who at length discovered that Providence had not formed even these seemingly destructive birds in vain. Notwithstanding they caused such havoc among the grain, they made ample recompence by clearing it of noxious worms, the caterpillar of the *bruchus pisi*, or pea beatle, in particular [footnote: See Kalm, I. 173, 176.]; as soon as the birds were destroyed, the reptiles had full leave to multiply: the consequence was the total loss of the grass, in 1749; when the New Englanders, late repentants, were obliged to get their hay from Pennsylvania, and even from G. Britain,"

This may be considered as a cafe in point. Many other animals also claim your protection, and I am sorry to find several celebrated authors have suffered their prejudices to suspend their enquiry after truth, while they describe animals as noxious, which, on a fuller investigation would be found highly useful to man: such are the woodpeckers.

They are surely superficial observers who say, those birds destroy our fruit trees. If they pick holes in the bark, what is it for ? but to get the worms that they hear gnawing within, which if left alone, would speedily sap whole orchards: thus, instead of such quantities of choice pippins, we should not have a single apple tree left to give us fruit. Besides, does not the beautifully variegated plumage of the woodpecker delight the eye, as we pass along the road, or ramble through the forest? Are not their thrill notes a fine, contrast to the cooing turtle-dove? How pleasing these varieties of warblers! Even the rattle which the wood peckers sometimes make on the roof of the barn is infinitely more pleasing to my ear, than the rub-a-dub of the soldiers drum, or the clangor of the trumpet's sound; the fore-runners of rapine and murder.

Those numerous birds that live on flies, of various kinds, how immensely useful to man and other animals who have a considerable dependence on the vegetable creation for food! Then wherefore kill the bird which destroys a numerous and subtle enemy?

The chain of mutual dependance may be traced in a thousand turns, and the discontented grumbler should be taught to know, that this world was not made for him alone.

Not to extend further in a newspaper address, I will conclude with an earnest endeavor to defend a very harmless and useful, though hated reptile, I mean the black and garter snakes. They are the farmer's best friends, as they feed on field mice and other animals, which might otherwise increase too fast. Examine their mouths, and you will find that they have no fangs to inflict poison—their small teeth will not hurt so much as the scratch of a brass pin. An extended acquaintance with these and numbers of other animals of our country, would have at least the advantage of curing us of useless fears and slavish antipathies, and thus give us freedom to contemplate the beauties of nature; thereby to promote sentiments of benevolence to all.

Such is the wish of C. W. PEALE. MUSEUM June 18, 1800.

J. Russell's Gazette (Boston) 1800 06 30 page 2 An Apalogue, by Dr. Johnson ["The Vulture" By Samuel Johnson, Idler No. 22]

Many naturalists are of opinion, that the animals which we commonly consider as mute, have the power of imparting their thoughts, to one another. That they can express general sensations is very certain; every being that can utter sounds, has a different voice for pleasure and for pain. The hound informs his fellows when he scents his game; the hen calls her chickens to their food by her cluck, and drives them from danger by her scream.

Birds have the greatest variety of notes; they have indeed a variety, which seems almost sufficient to make a speech adequate to the purposes of a life which is regulated by instinct, and can admit little change or improvement. To the cries of birds, curiosity or superstition has always been attentive; many have studied the language of the feathered tribes, and some have boasted that they understood it.

The most skilful or most confident interpreters of the sylvan dialogues have been commonly found among the philosophers of the east, in a country where the calmness of the air, and the mildness of the seasons, allow the student to pass a great part of the year in groves and bowers. But what may be done in one place by peculiar opportunities, may be performed in another by peculiar diligence. A shepherd of Bohemia has, by long abode in the forests, enabled himself to understand the voice of birds; at least he relates with great confidence a story, of which the credibility is left to be considered by the learned.

"As I was sitting," said he, "within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures interchangeably crying on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock; I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance.

"I soon perceived that my labour would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by the last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

" 'My children,' said the old vulture, 'you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food; I have often regaled you with the taste of man.' 'Tell us,' said the young vultures, 'where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of the vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?' 'He is too bulky,' said the mother: 'when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground.' 'Since man is so big,' said the young ones, 'how do you kill him?

You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear, by what power are vultures superior to man? is man more defenceless than a sheep?' 'We have not the strength of a man,' returned the mother, 'and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtilty; and the vultures would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood and covered with carcasses; of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vulture.' 'But when men have killed their prey,' said the pupil, 'why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he is satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf?' 'Man,' said the mother, 'is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species.' 'If men kill our prey and lay it in our way,' said the young one, 'what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves?' 'Because man will, sometimes,' replied the mother, 'remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood.' 'But still,' said the young one, 'I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat.' 'My child,' said the mother, 'this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the aerie of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover more closely round them, pretend, that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to the vultures.' "

*The Salem Gazette* (MA) 1800 07 08 page 1 Letter from "Z." (reprinted in other papers, including *Claypoole's*)

Mr. Cushing, I was pleased to see the Address of C.W. Peale, of Philadelphia, to the inhabitants of Boxford, on their destroying the Blackbirds.When I formerly read the extract he gave from Pennant, [see Arctic Zoology, vol 1. p. 300] I could not but reflect how often good intentions were frustrated, and well meant actions were productive of evil instead of benefit, through the ignorance of man and how much we are indebted

to those patient investigators and searchers into the works of nature, who bring us to a better acquaintance with them.

Every one may be said to deserve well of his country, who communicates to the public any thing tending to correct the errors and mistakes of mankind, and give them useful information, on so important a subject as natural history. This noble science, which the creative genius of LINNEUS has reduced to systematic order, and the eloquence of BUFFON has recommended to the notice of mankind, is now much attended to, and become a fashionable study. It is to be hoped this kind of knowlege will become more general, and that man will find himself more at home in this world, by cultivating an acquaintance with the things around him; that he will not in future, as heretofore, walk through the apartments of this noble house, which a beneficent Architect has built for his residence, so ignorant of this , and unconscious of the beauty, of many things with which it is furnished for his comfort and pleasure. To extend this useful knowlege among us, and aid the views of the ingenious and benevolent Mr. PEALE, I request you to publish in your useful Gazette the following extracts from a work entitled Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania, lately published by Dr. BARTON, M. D. Professor of Natural History, &c. in the University at Philadelphia, Yours, &c. Z. SALEM, JULY 5.

Many of the birds of Pennsylvania, and other parts the United States: are so extremely useful to man, by destroying insects and reptiles of various kinds, that they ought studiously to be preserved, if not by the laws, at least by the good sense, of the country. It would require many observations to give a complete list and history of these Useful Birds. I am not in possession of a sufficient quantity of facts for this purpose: but some observations I can offer as materials for future inquirers.

It may, in the first place, be observed, that insects appear to be the first food of almost all the birds of our country. The more I have inquired, the more I have been convinced, that almost all birds live, in some measure, upon insects. Even those species which consume considerable quantities of seeds, berries, and fruit, also consume large quantities of insects: and there are reasons to believe, that others, whose principal food is the nectar of plants, also live partly upon these infects. Thus M. Brandis found the vestiges of insects in the stomach of the Trochilus, or Humming Bird, one of the last birds one would have suspected of feeding on animal food.

The greater number of our smaller birds of the order of *Passeres*, seem to demand our attention and protection. Some of them feed pretty entirely upon insects, and others upon a mixed food, that is, insects and the vegetable seeds, &c. Many of them contribute much to our pleasure by the melody of their notes. I believe the injury they do us is but small compared to the good they render us. I shall mention, under six different heads, a few of the useful birds of this and some other orders.

I. Muscicapa acadica of Gmelin. This is the Lesser Crested Flycatcher of Pennant. It is called in Pennsylvania the Lesser or Wood Pewe. This little bird builds in woods and in forests. After the young have left the nests, the parents conduct them to the gardens and habitations of men. Here the whole brood dwells in trees near the houses, where they are fed with the common house-fly, and other infects, that are caught by the

old birds. The young ones are soon capable of obtaining their food in the same way. This species of Muscicapa visits us in the spring, and commonly continues with us until late in September, when it retires southerly to winter.

II. The Motacilla Sialis, or Blue Bird, feeds principally, if not entirely, upon insects, both such as are flying and such as are reptile. It is said they eat currants.

III. Most of our species of Picus, or Woodpecker, appear to me to be very useful in destroying insects, particularly those which injure our forest and orchard trees. It is true, these birds are sometimes injurious to us, by eating some of our finest fruits, particularly our cherries, and therefore pains are taken to expel them from our gardens. But they devour vast numbers of insects, particularly some of those species which prove so destructive to the trunk of the trees, such as the coleopterous insects, which, perhaps, do as much mischief as the caterpillars.

IV. As a devourer of pernicious insects; one of the most useful birds with which I am acquainted, is the House Wren, or Certhia familiaris. This little bird seems peculiarly fond of the society of man, and it must be confessed, that it is often protected by his interested care. From observing the usefulness of this bird in destroying insects, it has long been a custom, in many parts of our country, to fix a small box at the end of a long pole in gardens, about houses, &c. as a place for it to build in. In these boxes they build and hatch their young. When the young are hatched, the parent birds feed them with a variety of different insects, particularly such as are injurious in gardens. One of my friends [note: Mr. John Heckeweider, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.]was at the trouble to observe the number of times that a pair of these birds came from their box, and returned with insects for their young. He found that they did this from forty to sixty times in an hour; and in one particular hour the birds carried food to their young, seventy-one times. In this business, they were engaged the greater part of the day; say twelve hours. Taking the medium, therefore, of fifty times an hour, it appeared that a single pair of these birds took from the cabbage, salad, beans, peas and other vegetables in the garden, at least six hundred insects in the course of one day. This calculation proceeds upon the supposition, that the two birds took each only a single insect each time. But it is highly probable they often took several at a time.

The species of Certhia of which I am speaking, generally hatches twice during the course of the summer. They are very numerous about Philadelphia, and in other parts of the United States.

The fact just related is well calculated to how the importance of attending to the preservation of some of our native birds. The esculent vegetables of a whole garden may, perhaps, be preserved from the depredations of different species of insects, by ten or fifteen pair of these small birds and independently of this essential service, they are an extremely agreeable companion to man: for their note is pleasing. A gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, thinks he has already reaped much advantage from the services of these Wrens. About his fruit trees he has placed a number of boxes for their nests. In these boxes they very readily breed, and feed themselves and their young with the insects, which are so destructive to the various kinds of fruit trees, and other vegetables.

V. The services of the Ibis in devouring the reptiles of Egypt are well known. They procured to this bird a veneration and regard which form an interesting fact in its history, and in the history of human superstitions. The Storks are, perhaps, not less useful. Pliny tells us, that these birds were so much regarded for destroying serpents, that in Thessaly, in his age, it was a capital crime to kill them, and that the punishment was the same as that for murder. Virgil hints at the usefulness of the stork, when he describes it as "longis invisa colubris." In Holland, even in our times, they go wild, protected by the government, from a sense of their usefulness in the way I have mentioned.

In Britain, if it were not for the Herons, and some other birds of this tribe, the frogs, the toads, and other reptiles, would increase to so great a degree, as to prove a real nuisance. North America abounds with birds of this order; and we even have some species of Ibis, very nearly allied to the Ibis of Egypt, such as the Tantalus Loculator, or Wood Pelican; the Tantalus ruber, or Scarlet Ibis; the Tantalus fuscus, or Brown Ibis; and the Tantalus albus, or White Ibis. Mr. Bartram informs us, that the first of these birds feed "on serpents, young alligators, frogs and other reptiles." It is commonly seen "near the banks of great rivers, in vast marshes or meadows, especially such as are caused by inundations, and also in the vast deserted Rice plantations."

*The Salem Gazette* 1800 07 11 page 1 Usefulness of Birds (concluded) [Barton]

Many of the pernicious insects of the U. States seem to be increasing, instead of diminishing. Some of these insects, which originally confined their ravages to the native or wild vegetables, have since begun their depredations upon the foreign vegetables, which are often more agreeable to their palates. Thus the *Bruchus Pisi*, or Pea-Fly, is a native, and seems originally to have led, in a great measure unnoticed, upon the indigenous vegetables which are allied to the Pea: but since the introduction of this last among us, it is the principal, if not the only, vegetable which suffers from the ravages of this insect. The Hessian-Fly could not originally have inhabited the Wheat, the Rye, and other similar gramin of this kind, for these vegetables are not natives of America. It is now more formidable to us than would be an army of twenty thousand Hessians, or of any other twenty thousand hirelings, supplied with all the implements of war. The caterpillar, which has begun its ravages upon the leaves of the Lombardy Poplar, that contributes so much to beautify our city, is most probably a native of our woods. It prefers this fine foreigner to the less palatable leaves upon which it has been formerly accustomed to feed. Other instances of this kind might be mentioned. They show how very necessary it is to watch the migrations of insects from the native to the introduced vegetables; and teach us a truth, not I think sufficiently attended to by naturalists, that different kinds of insects are much less confined to vegetables of the same species, or to species of the fame genus, than has been commonly imagined. It is certain, that the same species of insects, in America, often feeds indiscriminately, and in succession, upon plants of very opposite genera, and even of very different natural orders.

Hitherto, too little progress has been made among us in the discovery of remedies for the great mischiefs occasioned by insects. The subject has not been examined with

sufficient attention. It has given place to discussions and inquiries of very inferior utility; and I fear it will not claim all that industrious attention which it so well merits, until the evil shall have spread still further. It is, doubtless, difficult, but it is by no means impossible, to prevent the ravages of noxious insects. In this important business, something has already been done in our country. We have discovered a method of diminishing the depredations of the little bug, called Cucumber Fly, which proves so destructive to the cucurbitaceous vines, particularly those of the Cucumber, and Musk melon.*By manuring our wheat lands, and thereby increasing the strength and vigour of the wheat, we have lessened the evil of the Hessian-Fly. By suspending to our young apple and other trees pieces of tow, impregnated with a mixture of brimstone and train-oil, we have learned how to frighten away the periodical Locusts (Cicada septemdecim of Linnæus,) which often do so much injury to our orchards.†The American Philosophical Society, by calling the attention of the public to the decay of our Peach-trees, has brought us to a better acquaintance with the causes of this decay, and with the means of preventing it. Insects are no doubt one of these causes. ** We have made some progress in preventing the mischief of the *Bruchus Pisi*, or Pea Fly, which proves so destructive to one of the finest esculent vegetables. But all that has yet been done is very little compared to that which remains to be done. The subject is as new as it is important.

I am very far from imagining, that the preservation of some of those species of birds which I have mentioned would be the only means of guarding against, or of limiting, the depredations of any of our noxious insects. In a system so complex, and so difficult, as this, many agents must be employed. Most of them have a necessary connection with the industry of man, which is an implement that gives him an immense, an almost unlimited, command over all the living objects of this earth. It is in his power to increase or, diminish the number of animals and vegetables about him; and even to destroy whole species. Some of these means must be suggested, if they cannot be put into immediate practice, by the ingenuity of philosophers, or observers. The few facts which I have mentioned will be sufficient to show, that some good in the prevention of mischievous insects, may be expected from different species of birds. Every American farmer's experience will furnish him with some additional fact in support of this notion. If careful observations on this subject are made, we shall soon know which are our friends, and which are our enemies: which deserve to be cherished and preserved, and which it will be our interest to banish or destroy.

*A species of *Chrysomnola*, called Cucumber- Fly, now begins its ravages upon the vines of the Cucumbers, Musk-Melon, Water-Melon, Pompion, &c. but especially upon the Cucumber. They scrape off the rind, and suck out the juice. Against the depredations of this insect (which has an extensive range through North-America) nothing has been found so beneficial as a mixture of tobacco and capsicum (Red-Pepper) sprinkled over the vines.

†It is only the female *Cicada septemdecimn* that does mischief to our orchards, &c. This she does by making incisions into the tender branches, to deposit her eggs. In consequence of this operation, the leaves perish. The insect does no mischief "by devouring the leaves," as has been asserted by some respectable writers. See

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society." Vol Ill. Introduction. Page Xxii.

**The peach insect (it is an Ichneumon) is observed to injure young trees more than old ones. Perhaps the best remedy against the mischief of this insect is to dig up the ground about the roots in the spring-season, and to take out the larva or worm. This may be done without much difficulty, and the operation does not injure the tree. Do not the peach-trees suffer more from our late night frosts, than from insects? These night frosts, especially after rainy weather, in the months of February and March when the sap is ascending, are certainly very pernicious. They occasion the bark to crack so that the sap is permitted to run out. I suspect that this is one of the principal causes of the decay of our peach-trees.

*Salem Gazette* 1800 07 15 page 2 Araneology (letter from unnamed correspondent)

Mr. Cushing, As you have published in your Gazette, observations on the usefulness of birds, further to promote the knowledge of natural history, I send you the following observations on the USEFULNESS OF SPIDERS: ....

*The Vergennes Gazette and Vermont and New-York Advertiser*. 1800 07 17 page 4 The Captive Thrush

Once in a garden spread with flowers,
Enamell'd walks and sylvan bowers,
A warbling, self-enraptur'd thrush,
Pour'd out his sonnet from a bush,
And sung with that unlabor'd fire,
Which only genius can inspire.

Into a cool umbrageous grot,
The lord of this delectant spot,
On summer days would oft retreat,
To shun the scorching, solar heat,
He heard the songster tune his note,
He saw him swell his trilling throat;
For now he sung in dying strains,
And now he rent the woods and plains;
But then, alas! what pleasures yield
The sweetest sonnets of the field,
When foul suspicion, foe to peace,
Bids joy aboate, and cares increase.
In such a case as now exprest,
My lord appear'd nor could he rest;
Tho' music sweetly charm'd his ears,
His mind was filled with anxious fears.
" 'Tis true, says he, this warbler's strains
Are yet confin'd in my domains;

And when he sings so bold and free,
I raptures feel, as well as he:
But what of that? I shall not long
Enjoy his sweetly soothing song;
For when the summer's bloom is past,
And Boreas blows his surly blast,
And all the trees are stript of green,
The songster will no more be seen.

"Yet hold! a project fills my mind,
By which I some relief may find:
It is in early morn to lay
A slimy twig on yonder spray;
Which, when he perches there to sing,
Will useless make his agile wing;
I have him then, and in a cage,
Perhaps he'll sing for half an age."

The snare was laid, the bird was caught,
But now, alas! he's good for nought:
The cause that rais'd his finest tone,
Sweet Liberty! no more is known.
The wiry tenement can yield
No graces like the grove or field;
He never tunes a single lay,
But pining mopes his life away,
Which makes the captor curse the hour
He exercises his wanton pow'r.

From hence we learn, that tyrants oft employ
Unlawful arms, which their own schemes destroy;
For proudly thinking what is giv'n, too small,
They war with right for more, and forfeit all.

*The Wilmington Gazette* (NC) 1800 07 31 page 4 Narrative of a Citizen of Philadelphia

...We are informed that Thomas Fitzsimons, Esq. a respected Merchant of this city has presented to Peale's Museum an elegant collection...

They are arranged in a glass case, by themselves, and maybe studied to advantage, having a catalogue descriptive of each specimen where found.

This, among many others, is a striking instance of the utility of a Museum; as by a display of natural productions, knowledge is diffused in an easy, cheap, and entertaining manner, to thousands of individuals whose circumstances will not allow them to travel into foreign countries, or receive an expensive system of education, when even with those advantages their progress would be slow and uncertain without

the aid of some well-stored and arranged Museum.

A repository on the foundation now established, when aided by a generous public, may soon possess specimens of the earth, stores, minerals and fossil bodies and vegetables. The quadrupeds, the amphibious animals, birds, fishes and insects, not only of this but of every other country, thus affording an extensive & comprehensive view of the wonderful works on an all-wise Creator, where the splendor of colors, the infinite variety of form, the magnitude and minuteness of animated nature exhibiting amidst all this astonishing variety, the harmony and perfection of each subject for the various purposes of existence.

So pleasing and assemblage in one view must forcibly tend to lead the mind to serious reflection, and confirm sentiments of good will and charity to each fellow being.

*Federal Galaxy* (Brattleborough, VT) 1800 08 02 page 4 Thomas & Susan—a song.

'Twas at the peaceful death of the day,
When nightingales begin their lay,
When on the weeping willow's spray
  The turtle dove is cooing;
When from the lake the dismal loon
Halloos a welcome to the moon;
The whistling cow boy drives so boon
  His heifers homeward lowing:...

*The Republican Ledger* (Portsmouth, NH) 1800 08 05 page 4 Elegiac lines. Occasioned by seeing a school-boy robbing a bird's nest by "Corydon" [*New-York Weekly Museum*]

Sweet bird! who sites on the bending spray,
  Dost cheer with songs the labors of thy mate;
Well pleas'd, she hears thy tender artless lay,
  Ah! too regardless of thy future fate.

See from the covert of the neighb'ring wood,
  With savage joy, the truant boy appears;
Who, little us'd to pity's melting mood,
  Nor parents' voice, nor birchen rod he fears.

Then cease, fond bird, thy tuneful strain give o'er,
  Ah! little dost thou heed a friend's command;
Too soon, alas! and thou shalt sing no more,
  For lo! the fell despoiler is at hand.

Long has he mark'd the hapless parents toil,
  From morn 'till eve their callow young to feed;
But now he comes to seize the unfledg'd spoil,

Nor ponders long upon the guilty deed.

In vain the father's, vain the mother's cries!
The murderous gun he levels with his eye,
Swifter than thought the leaden vengeance flies,
And low on earth the bleeding songsters die!

The mossy nest, with downy feathers warm,
Where, close conceal'd, their little treasure lay,
And fondly thought not of approaching harm,
He, more than savage—cruel bears away.

For him, may never peach, nor juicy pear,
Assuage his thirst in summer's fervid heat;
But frequently may he shed the bitter tear,
And daily whippings from his master get.

*The Intelligencer, & Weekly Advertiser* (Lancaster, PA) 1800 08 20 page 3 (widely circulated)

Died, in this Borough, on Monday night last, Mr. Christian Bender, son of Mr. Michael Bender, in the prime of life, being about 22 years of Age. The circumstances of his Death, we are informed, as follow. On Saturday evening last, a young Man who was shooting Birds had wounded one; and, being in a great hurry to load his Gun again, after putting in the wadding, on top of the Powder, forgot to draw the Rammer, and poured in the shot, which occasioned the Rammer to stick fast. Mr. Bender, who as on the opposite side of the Rammer while the other held the Butt of the Gun; and, in their exertion to draw the Rammer, the Gun went off, lodged a part of its contents in his Groin and put a period to a useful Life; the loss of which will be severely felt by his mourning Relatives and Friends.

*Jenks' Portland Gazette* (ME) 1800 09 01 page 2 Usefulness of Birds [Address to the Inhabitants of Boxford Parish, Massachusetts, from a Philadelphia paper]

Editor's Note: There is more importance and useful observation in this short essay than will at first view occur to the reader. It should be particularly read and reflected on by the lovers of agriculture; as it contains facts and suggestions, which may prove it of material consequence to the agricultural interest. Besides, the great destruction of almost every species of the feathered race, is subject of serious regret with the admirers of nature; especially when even such of them as warble notes of melody to delight the ear, and those whose variegated plumage charm the eye, are hunted from their nicely-constructed dwellings, robbed of their young, and driven from the trees of almost every town and village.

*The Philadelphia Gazette* (PA) 1800 09 05 page 3 No. IV. By Tom the Tinker, Poet Laureat to the State Executive.

...

On the Portrait of a Great Man

When Tommy's portrait, was to Tommy shewn,
Adorn'd with smiles and beauty all his own;
Where P—le, who copying nature, justly made
Such smiles bewitching, as Tom ever had...

Lines address to Ti….y M…k, on the loss of his Canary Birds, turned out by a governor, in a paroxysm of rage for Liberty.

Dear Tim, for pity's sake forbear
To mourn thy fate in wild despair—
Thy little warblers, starving, sigh
For their lost friend, poor Timothy—
Poor T,I,M,O,T,H,Y!

*Wilkesbarre Gazette and Luzurne Advertiser* (PA) 1800 09 30 page 4 Early Morning

" 'Tis sweet to breathe at this neglected hour
The mount's pure air! to trace the landscape wide.
Soothing it is and calm! the scatter'd cots,
Sprinkling the vallies round, most gaily look,
And seem as never anguish pass'd them near;
The very trees wave concord; and invite
To meditation, whilst ten thousand birds
Pay their best homage to the Deity."

*The Sun* (Pittsfield, MA) 1800 10 14 page 4 "On Hope" [by William Shenstone "A Pastoral Ballad"—uncredited]

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have hear'd her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove;
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,

Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,

And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1800 11 01 page 2 Toasts

...The memory of Washington.
"His praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above,"

*Columbian Centinel* (MA) 1800 12 24 page 3 Ad for Federal-street Theatre

...C.E. Whitlock, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Boston, and its vicinity, that he has engaged Mr. Robinson, from the Amphitheatre, London, to perform a few nighs, at a considerable salary; his first-appearance is meant to supply the place of an Afterpiece, and will be thus arranged,

The Wonderful Imitation of various Birds
As performed in London by the celebrated Rosenali.
Also,
Whistles a Grand Overture, accompanied by the band.
After which, he will dance
The astonishing Egg Hornpipe, blindfolded.
Likewise,
His astonishing feats of Activity.
The whole to conclude with an exertion peculiar to himself called,
The Antipodean Whirligig.
He stands upon his head, upon a table, and goes round at the rate of 60 to 100 times a minute, without the assistance of his hands.

## Endnotes

1 Who the "priest" is referring to is obscure. If the reference is metaphorical, it is possible it is John Trumbull, the publisher of the *Norwich Packet*, who had just taken sole ownership of the paper. His partners had been loyalists while Trumbull supported independence.

2 The Prologue was printed July 15, 1776 in the same issue of the *Packet* as the Declaration of Independence.

"The world's turn'd up-side down throughout the Nation,
"No mortal is contented with his station;
"Gentry take whip in hand, and coaches drive:
"The footman apes the manners of his master,
"And every scribbler turns poetaster:
"Poor John himself, has left the stage and shuttle,
"To tell the world he's made of better mettle;
"He'll storm the pulpit, and have the people know,
"Tho' an imposter, yet equal to his show.
"So great the crop of knaves, in this our day,
"There cannot be a dearth, for want of pay:
"Freely to give, is all the Gospel word,
"Except, freely receive when they say Lord;
"If learned well, enthusiastic, better;
"Nothing's to do but weave, sigh and feel clever.
"Fie, on taking priest for better, or for worse;
"'Tis greating his belly, and spurring his horse. * [Priest-craft]

3 [Goldsmith 1779—The Second Edition—was in eight volumes.

From the introduction: "Natural History, considered in its utmost extent, comprehends two objects. First, that of discovering, ascertaining, and naming all the various productions of nature. Secondly, that of describing the properties, manners, and relations, which they bear to us, and to each other. The first, which is the most difficult part of this science, is systematical, dry, mechanical, and incomplete. The second is more amusing, exhibits new pictures to the imagination, and improves our relish for existence, by widening the prospect of nature around us."

Volume 5 begins the *Encyclopedia*'s discussion of birds; it is continued in the first two parts of Volume 6. Part III of Volume 5 is "Birds of the Pie Kind." An excerpt follows:

"Under this class of birds, we may arrange all that noisy, restless, chattering, teasing tribe… that…flutter round our habitations, and, rather with the spirit of pilferers than of robbers, make free with the fruits of human industry….Of all the other classes, this seems to be that which the least contributes to furnish out the pleasure or supply the necessities of man. The falcon hunts for him; the poultry tribe supplies him with luxurious food; and the little sparrow race delight him with the melody of their warbling. The crane kind make a studied variety in his entertainments; and the class of ducks are not only many of them delicate in their flesh but very useful for their feathers. But in the class of the pie kind there are few except the pigeon that are any way useful. They serve rather to tease man than to assist or amuse him. Like faithless servants, they are fond of his neighborhood, because they mostly live by his labor; but their chief study is what they can plunder in his absence, while their deaths make him no atonement for their depredation.

"But though, with respect to man, this whole class is rather noxious than beneficial; though he may consider them in this light, as false, noisy, troublesome neighbors, yet, with respect to each other, no class of birds are so ingenious, so active, or so well fitted for society. Could we suppose a kind of morality among birds, we should find these are by far the most industrious, the most faithful, the most constant, and the most connubial…They live in harmony with each other; every species is true to its kind, and transmits an unpolluted race to posterity...

"They sometimes live in societies; and in these there are general laws observed, and *a kind of republican form of government established among them* [my emphasis]. They watch not only for the general safety, but for that of every other bird of the grove…."

Part IV of Volume 5 is "Birds of the Sparrow Kind." An excerpt follows:

"The birds which compose this class chiefly live in the neighborhood of man, and are his greatest favorites. The falcon may be more esteemed, and the turkey more useful; but these he considers as servants, not as friends; as animals reclaimed merely to supply him with some of the conveniences of life; but these little painted songsters have his affections, as well from their beauty as their melody; it is this delightful class that fill his groves with harmony and lift his heart to sympathize with their raptures…As they are the favorites of man, so they are chiefly seen near him…Autumn is the principal season when the bird-catcher employs his art to catch these wanderers…There even appears a malicious joy in these call-birds to bring the wild ones into the same state of captivity…

"Addison, in some beautiful Latin lines, inserted in the *Spectator*, is entirely of the opinion that birds observe a strict chastity of manners, and never admit the caresses of a different tribe. "Chaste are their instincts, etc." But whatever may be the poet's opinion, the probability is against this fidelity among the smaller tenants of the grove…Willughby (sic) has divided all the smaller birds into those that have slender bills, and those that have short and thick bills…All these, as was said, live for the most part upon insects, and are consequently of particular benefit to man….But this is not the only merit of this tribe: in it we have the sweetest songsters of the grove…"

In the Thrush chapter, Goldsmith mentions the American mock-bird. "It would seem, if accounts be true, that the deficiency of most other song-birds in that country is made up by this bird alone…"

It is unclear which volume of Pennant is being referred to in this ad. Possibilities include: The *British Zoology* (four volumes 1768-1770), *History of Quadrupeds* (two volumes 1781), *Genera of Birds* (1781). While Pennant does allude to cultural aspects (Milton's love of the nightingale, e.g.) overall he is less opinionated about birds' worth for humans than Goldsmith.

Extracts from later editions of Goldsmith would be inserted into newspapers later in the century and as we will see, Pennant's works were widely read among American naturalists.

4 *The effusions of friendship and fancy*, letters by J. Langhorne, 1766, put to song; sheet music with new verses replaced the original, dismal ending:

Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all my boy!]

5 The original was a complaint about would-be poets, connecting the "flight" of birds with the "heights" of poetry. In the original, the ape gets revenge on the daw by killing his family. It begins:
I hold it rash at any time

To deal with fools disposed to rhyme;
Dissuasive arguments provoke
Their utmost rage as soon as spoke:
Encourage them, and for a day
Or two you're safe by giving way;
But when they find themselves betrayed,
On you at last the blame is laid.
They hate and scorn you as a traitor,
The common lot of those who flatter:
But can a scribbler, Sir, be shunned?
What will you do when teased and dunned?
When watched, and caught, and closely pressed,
When complimented and caressed:
When Bavius greets you with a bow,
"Sir, please to read a line or two."
If you approve and say they're clever,
"You make me happy, Sir, for ever."
What can be done? the case is plain,
No methods of escape remain:
You're fairly noosed, and must content
To bear, what nothing can prevent,
A coxcomb's anger; and your fate
Will be to suffer soon or late

…

The story shows the certain fate
Of every mortal soon or late,
Whose evil genius for his crimes
Connects with any fop that rhymes.

6 This line first appeared in John Tapner's 1770 *A New Collection of Fables in Verse*.

7 Cook's travels are full of bird observations. "loata"appears to a Samoan word for ant, not a species of bird. This passage appears in a section about the natives of the "Friendly Islands" (Tonga).

8 This passage was "inserted by request of a reader, who believes the circumstance related to be true, and sees it as a forcible argument for abolition, and invokes Declaration of Independence." In fact, it was fictionalized. Nevertheless, was widely reprinted in newspapers.

The author's love of birds is clearly exhibited in the book overall. In particular, there is a kingbird passage, in which the author notes the species's love of bees, which is balanced: "these birds preserve our fields from the depredation of crows which they pursue on the wing with great vigilance and astonishing dexterity." Nevertheless, the narrator kills some and releases the bees inside the birds. He also allows quails to shelter in his barn: "I do not know an instance in which the singular barbarity of man is so strongly delineated, as in the catching and murdering those harmless birds, at that cruel season of the year…," also remarks on pleasure from "the warbling of the birds (robins and cat birds) in the spring…"; observes conflict between swallows and wrens; finds humming birds amusing. Many abolitionists were also advocates of bird protection,

as will be seen.

9 Other examples of sentimental poetry during this time include “Epitaph on Miss Shipley’s Squirrel, killed by her Dog.” By Dr. Benjamin Franklin. “Alas! poor Mungo!”

10 This passage is about the Comoros Islands. The white-faced whistling duck seems to be the only duck native to the Comoros.

11 The Dodo had been extinct for a hundred years when this was written.

12 The Banians were probably Jainist. Some question whether their objection was based on metempsychosis or just benevolence. See Henry Lord (1630) “A discovery of the sect of the Banians.” “Banyan” was a word sometimes used for “vegetarian.”

13 Mr. Willman reemerged in New York in 1788.

14 From Charles Churchill, “The Rosciad.”

15 This is a U.S. adaptation of an adaptation of “Shrove-Tuesday” by “M.” published as a “fugitive” poem in *The Westminster Magazine*, 1776.

16 The name “bobolink” was not yet in common use.

17 Regretably, no answers were provided.

18 There is a note at the bottom of the page: “the judicious farmer in America will make all due allowance for the difference of climate between this country and Great-Britain.”

19 This is a fairly transparent allegory for expedient loyalty for both sides during the war. Francis Hopkinson signed the Declaration of Independence, contributed to the design of the US flag.

20 John Aikin, *The Calendar of Nature; Designed for the Instruction and Entertainment of Young Persons*. Third edition published in 1787. Many U.S. newspapers reprinted the seasonal essays from this book.

21 From “The Swallows,” written September 1748 and April 1749, source of “thrice happy race.”

Jago’s whole poem includes these stanzas related to the swallow’s status as a messenger:

“Again I’ll listen to your grave debates,
I’ll think I hear your various maxims told,
Your numbers, leaders, policies, and states,
Your limits settled, and your tribes enroll’d.

I’ll think I hear you tell of distant lands,
What insect-nations rise from Egypt’s mud,
What painted swarms subsist on Lybia’s sands,
What mild Euphrates yields, and Ganges’ flood.”

22 From “Il Penseroso.”

23 “Ode to the Cuckoo,” 1770 version; may be by Michael Bruce, not by Rev. John Logan.

24 Benjamin Stillingfleet, *The English Calendar of Flora*, 1755

25 The original is introduced by dialogue in which little Simon steals the bird with intent to lock it in a cage. His mother compares that to putting it in prison.

26 *New Sylph* was published in 1788. The author was Georgiana Cavendish, Duchess of Cornwall. The song is represented as an old ballad common to laborers in Burgundy.

27 This article was attributed to Josiah Blakely, reprinted from the *American Magazine*, July 1788. "Swallow stories tended to spread, it appears, through the frequent reprinting of an account written for one newspaper or journal to another, intriguing people who were unaware of the theory and reinforcing the beliefs of those who already considered the theory true." Andrew J. Lewis (2011) *A Democracy of Facts: Natural History in the Early Republic*. p. 27

28 Included in Daniel Diez Couch (2022) *American Fragments: The Political Aesthetic of Unfinished Forms in the Early Republic*.

29 Horace's version is ironic, and this "imitation" does not include winter scenes where the speaker catches thrushes and cranes to eat. (*Horace* by Theodore Martin, 1870.

30 This does not include some interesting passages from the original review: "We could not read without emotion, his observations on the damage done to the crops in Norfolk, by the multitudes of game there preserved in kept covers, and the mischiefs, considered in a moral and political light, that are thus occasioned in the community, by the increase of poachers that these necessarily produce…[He] supposes there are destroyed, annually, in the single county of Norfolk by pheasants, and hares, from kept covers, at least a thousand acres of wheat—one thousand acres of turnips—one thousand acres of barley, and one thousand acres of clover; the value of which he estimates at no less than twenty-three thousand pounds, besides the disorders produced by driving many hundred persons annually to destruction, and reducing their families to misery. What dread havock for the indulgence of a mere childish gratification—to a few wealthy inhabitants—after all—what is that gratification?—The diversion of shooting game in a kept cover is just equivalent to that of shooting small birds in a rickyard, or fowling at a barn door.

Men of sense laugh at the childishness of the favorite amusement of the present monarch of a great kingdom, who daily shoots with his own hand, some hundreds of chickens kept on purpose in a poultry-yard! Is not the sport of our great men almost as childish, though not equally harmless?

Marshall's 1787 (vol. 1) book discusses rooks and sparrows:

"If rooks make an attack after feed-time, or when they take, generally, to the crop before harvest, a boy is set to scare them; they being seldom attempted to be shot at in Norfolk; where a notion prevails, and is perhaps well-founded, that rooks are essentially useful to the farmer, in picking up worms and grubs; especially the grub of the cockchafer, which, it is believed, is frequently injurious to the meadows and marshes of this country."

"I confess, that having preconceived some idea of the mischiefs that must necessarily arise from an inordinate quantity of game, the clouds of sparrows which are suffered to prey upon the produce of this country, were to me the greater cause of surprise....But shameful as is the waste arising from sparrows, it is inconsiderable, when compared with the devastation which is caused by hares and pheasants, in the neighborhoods of kept-covers…"

31 The earlier excerpt published in the *Newport Herald* (May 3, 1787) stops at "lay."

32 A fuller version of this story was printed in *The Herald of Freedom* (August 14) DIED-On Wednesday last, in the 27th year of his age, CALEB BLODGET, Esq. of this town, merchant—The circumstances of the death of this amiable young gentleman are very affecting. He was at his favourite diversion of shooting, near Hog Island, in a Canoe, with Capt. GARDINER of this town; a flock of birds passing over, they both fired at the same instant, the shock threw Mr. Blodget out of the Canoe, and catching hold of the side, she filled and sunk. They both swam toward the shore, which Capt. Gardiner reached, but Mr. Blodget being encumbered with his shot-bag, powder flask and boots, from which he could not disengage himself, sunk.—A boat, with some gentlemen passng at a distance, were hailed by Capt. Gardiner, and with their assistance the body was recovered, after it had lain in the water about 30 minutes; it was two hours before they got him ashore—the methods recommended by the Humane Society were tried with persevering assiduity by several Physicians and other gentlemen, but no signs of animation appeared, to reward their friendly and patient efforts. Mr. BLODGET was universally beloved, and his numerous friends sincerely lament the unhappy stroke which has severed him from them.

The funeral will be THIS DAY (Friday) at half past four, P. M. from his brother's house (Mr. Gilman's) in Old North Square. The heat of the weather and state of the Corps will not permit a longer detention from the "House appointed for all living."

The Members of the Society of the Cincinnati are requested to attend the Funeral.

33 This is a parody of a book-length poem by "A Gentleman" (Richard Gardiner) published in 1780 titled "September: A Rural poem."

*Critical Review* says "Never, we believe, was that distemper called the *cacoethes scribendi* so common amongst us as in the present age; nor do we remember to have met with a more melancholy instance of its destructive power, than in the unfortunate author of the very contemptible piece now before us, who, without the least spark of genius, or one glimmering ray of poetical spirit, has sent into the world not less than two or three hundred verses called September, and which he might with much more propriety have published under the name of April (the first), it being in truth the most vapid composition we ever perused."

*Monthly Review* says "This good-humored satirist is a tolerably fair sportsman, seldom firing at anything but lawful game…His principal objects are the sportsmen…whose lust for diversion is suffered to swallow up almost every other passion."

Some passages follow:

Go then, ye coursers! shake your loaded sides,
The good Sir Loin repays your morning rides;
With many a wink the circling glass goes round,
And each applauds, how well the Parson found.
Say, first! what dæmon, with infernal flame,
Has fir'd this earth with such a lust for game:
Unmov'd by age, by widows', orphans' tears,
We feel all o'er for partridges and hares;
E'en gaunty quakers, now is garish grown,
Can squint the eye, and pounce the partridge down.

Mad in our sports, we mix in fierce disputes,
And blood of man atones for blood of brutes.

…

But they live most, and nobler ends pursue,
Who live to pleasure, and their maker too
Flush'd with rude health, and clos'd in triple steel,
Young fiery sportsmen lose their pow'rs to feel
To save their young, the screaming covies rise,
Unmanly shot too near the mother dies.
The anxious fire exerts a father's care,
Wings off, and leaves his little soull in air.
O! where must now their wretched offspring fly?
No bush, no brake escapes the sportsman's eye:
In turn progressive each resigns its breath,
And close their eyes in agonizing death.
Is this a triumph? This that manly pride,
Which boasts so much of reason for its guide?
To view unmov'd the mangled covies die,
And rob Creation to enrich a pye. ["pure bathos," remarks *Critical Review*]

O, turn your arms to save a sinking land!
Britannia calls, and claims each active hand;
Leave fields of pleasure for the fields of fame,
The foes of Britain are the noblest game,

…

Ye sons of rapine! tyrants of the chase!
Descended down from Nimrod's bloody race;
Know, mercy is the attribute divine;
'Tis Heav'n's own gift; and make that virtue thine.
Forbear, rash youth! nor with exulting eye,
Smile to behold thy feather'd victim die:
Nor with proud pleasure crush the quiv'ring brain;
Or, unprovok'd, prolong one lingering pain;
The meanest insect, with expiring breath,
Feels, as thou must, the bitter pangs of death.
See at thy foot! in agonizing round,
In leaden death, the flutt'rer beats the ground!
Say, now, wherein the mighty diff'rence lies!
Tomorrow thou, today the partridge dies.
Speak! is it pleasure, or the lust of food?
That makes thy arm thus prodigal of blood.
The new-fleg'd birds, now breathless at thy side,
This morn, like thee, were all their parents' pride;
Stretch'd their young wings, and fondly bask'd around,

And felt no torture, till thou gav'st the wound.

34 This is a book-length poem about Benevolence. Pratt was an animal welfare reformer and the writer of "The Partridges: An Elegy." This poem mentions but does not feature birds.

35 A book-length poem filled with classical references. In the afterword, Pye cites George Markland's *Pteriplegia: Or, the Art of Shooting-Flying* as the first example of the hunting poem.

36 As far as I can tell, the reason for this ad, which was repeated on three consecutive days, was not revealed.

37 This was a response to "Impartial account of the Ohio Country" (*Essex Journal & New Hampshire Packet*, Sep 30, 1789) in which author complains that the richness of land is a tale told by would-be land sellers.

"There are some ducks, 'tis very true,
So shy they'll nothing have to do with
With any mortal near the land,
But keep at distance on the strand.
There's dippers, loons, ravens and crows,
In thickest place that mortal knows;
As also owls and whip-o-will,
That sound their evening notes so shrill.
These are the chief of beasts and birds,
(Not now to make too many words)
That you will find within that Waste
To cheer your mind or please your taste.
Thus friends, who think on Ohio,
Of wish unto that place to go;
Go view the same before you buy,
Then come and tell me if I lie."

38 Printed in other Boston papers as well, as early as April 13 and as late as May 15.

39 Bradley's original [...] Chain appears to be as follows: William Smellie's The Philosophy of Natural History (1790), vol 2.; The July 1790 edition of The English Review paraphrases the passage; UK newspapers excerpted that, these then reprinted in US papers.

40 This was taken directly from *Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure* December 1788, which excerpted from *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne in the County of Southampton* by the Rev. Gilbert White, A.M. Note that this was a preview of White, which was officially published Jan 31 1789.

41 This was followed in the same issue by "Letter of the Celebrated Sterne,": which includes the passage "Sensibility is the source of those delicious feelings which give a higher colour to our joys, and turn our tears to rapture." This is letter XX as collected in *The Works of Laurence Sterne, A.M*., and is a defense of sensibility.

42 James Thomson, *The Seasons*

43 The utility of swallows was a popular topic in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1790: Jan. 1790, "The Utility of encouraging the breed of swallows &c." (the last letter by the prolific

correspondent Thomas Holt White, the brother of Gilbert White); Feb. 1790, "Humanity to Birds repaid" by Benvoglio; June 1790: "The Swallow, Swift, and Martin" by "S"; "Lines written on seeing the first swallow in the spring" by "S."

44 The book was published as planned in 1793.

45 Milton, *Paradise Lost*.

46 The book was an argument for intelligent design. Some birds discussed.

47 Later reprinted as "Shooting."

48 This is the entry for "Cankerworms" in Samuel Deane's dictionary. *New England Farmer* first edition: 1790—it began advertising in 1787. Deane was VP at Bowdoin. Published by Isaiah Thomas. Note that overall Deane is full of suggestions for preventing birds from damaging agriculture:

"Noxious animals, such as beasts of prey, ravenous birds, and devouring insects, have too much connexion with agriculture, as the farmer knows by his sorrowful experience. He ought therefore to be instructed in the most effectual methods of defending his property against them. This arduous talk, to which no one perhaps can pretend to be fully equal, the reader will find attempted, and it is hoped, in some good degree performed, in the following pages." (p. 5)

49 Baya Weaver (*Ploceus phillippinus*)

50 This Mother Carey's Chickens episode is told in an 1979 article in *Early American Literature* by Pete Kyle McCarter: "Mother Carey's Jacobin Chickens." The chickens are Jeffersonian Republicans, and their "unpleasant noisiness may be intended to point especially to the Republican printers and their writers. Their cries are sarcastic renditions, in slogan form, of the issues that the Republicans had been pursuing most doggedly in the winter and spring of 1792-93: the Federalist conspiracy to restore a King, Lords, and Commons to America; the favoritism, discrimination, and corruption in Hamilton's fiscal system; the monarchism of President Washington's style; the plight of the war veteran—swindled by Hamilton and the "Speculators" out of the pay due him from his state and denied relief by the new national government; and the fast-spreading fever generated in the United States by the French Revolution and the turmoil of Europe." (p 165)

The "philosopher" was Jefferson, "whose eclectic intellectual interests were the butt of Federalist derision throughout his public career…" (p 166). The officers are members of the Federal Executive, the crew are members of congress, the captain is Washington, and Jemmy Turncoat is likely James Madison, the officer who proposes firing is likely Henry Knox. Who the chickens were is unknown. In 1796, according to McCarter, the chickens appear again in Jeremy Belknap's *The Foresters*, second edition. John Fenno was editor of the *Gazette of the United States* at the time and was friendly with Belknap, but he probably didn't write the first piece, but may have remembered reading it…

McCarter concludes

"Such an examination would show that neither writer, though both lived in a seaboard culture, seems to have cared about scientific realism or verisimilitude in describing his marine birds. As is common in the beast-fable, the fun lies in ascribing human qualities to the birds; the avian qualities that fit the satirists' purpose are that these particular birds are known to be obnoxiously dirty and to be associated with foul weather and bad luck, and these details are enough to make them useful for caricaturing the opposing political party. Beyond these

characteristics, the differences outweigh the similarities. The 1793 Chickens call out political slogans, speak in sentences, and sing songs with melody and words. Belknap's Chickens squawk triads of single words and are capable of neither sentences nor song." (p. 169-170)

In a note (p. 171) McCarter cites Brewer's *The Reader's Handbook*: "the fish-fags of Paris in the first Great Revolution were so called because, like the stormy petrel, whenever they appeared in force in the streets of Paris, they always foreboded a tumult or political storm." McCarter does not address the fact that actual storm petrel vocalizations can sound like human speech from a distance.

51 The *Mercury* was a Federalist paper.

52 It then includes passage from the *Chronicle* with this note: "This first rate specimens of genuine wit has been reprinted in a paper called "The Federal Spy," published at Springfield—no doubt with a view to preserve such strong traits of native genius from oblivion—Neither of the paragraphs which gave rise to the display of *Chronicle* wit, have appeared in the "Spy."

53 This quote is from W. Smith, 1768. A Dissertation Upon the Nerves

54 Held by the so-called Barbary Pirates.

55 Shenstone died in 1763

56 Common trumpeter, aka Gray-winged trumpeter (*Sophia crepitans*). Indigenous people tame trumpeters to be sentinels

57 The book includes descriptions of birds near and west of Mississippi (1766 to 1768) including Eagle, Night Hawk, Fish Hawk, Whippoorwill, Owl, Crane, Ducks, Teal, Loon, Partridge, Woodpecker, Wood Pigeon, Blue Jay, Wakon Bird (mythical, though may be Scissor-tailed Flycatcher), Blackbird, Redbird, Whetsaw, King Bird, Humming Bird.

58 The *Farmer's Monitor* (July 8, 1800) added, "an excellent use for powder.".